What to Do With Criminals • Women in Love

by H. L. MENCKEN by FANNIE HURST

JULY 28, 1934

# ★Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Leslie Thrasher

VIÑA DELMAR • RICHARD CONNELL • ERLE STANLEY GARDNER •
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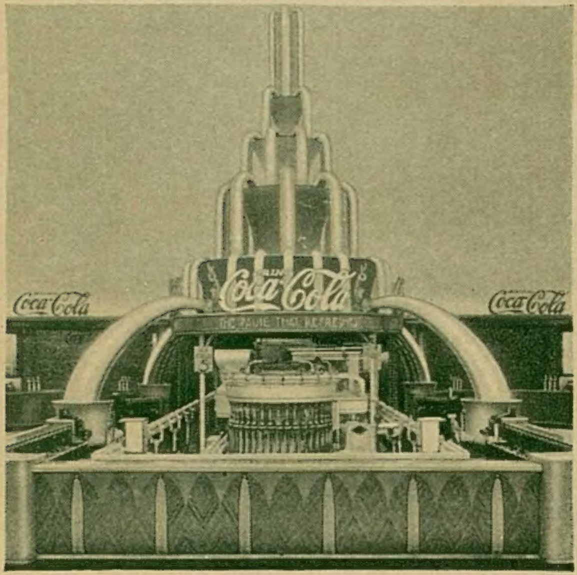
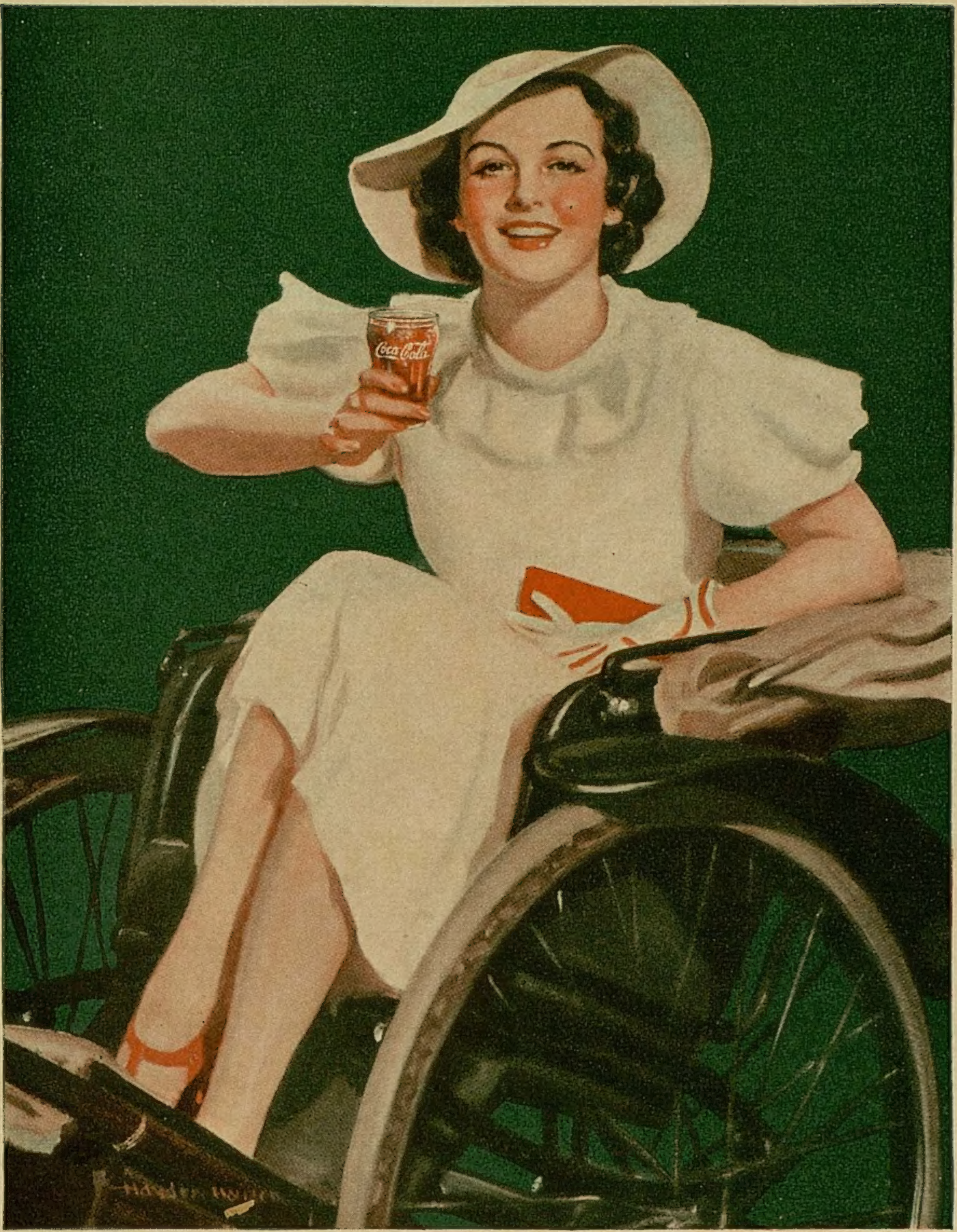
Again this year—approximately one of every three at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition pause and refresh themselves with ice-cold Coca-Cola. In 1933 more than twenty-two million people attended, and at the soda fountains and refreshment stands within the fair grounds more than six million, five hundred thousand drinks of Coca-Cola were served. Because its life and sparkle go quickly into energy. It keeps you going—feeling fit for what's ahead.



*Coca-Cola Bottling Plant in the Food and Agricultural Building at Chicago's 1934 Fair.*



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

*"Meet me at Chicago's Fair"*

# The drink that keeps you feeling fit — everywhere

Coca-Cola
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Drink

**Coca-Cola**

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

- You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

BOUNCE BACK TO NORMAL

# YOU DON'T PAY ONE EXTRA RED CENT

## FOR PLYMOUTH'S FOUR GREAT ADVANTAGES

ARE YOU ONE of those who thought Plymouth cost more than its two competitors? That is a mistaken idea we want to correct.

Actually, today *the prices of "All Three" low-priced cars are virtually the same.*

There may be a few dollars' difference, one way or the other. But when it comes to signing a check, it will be about the same, no matter which car you buy.

So dismiss the price question from your mind. There isn't any. What you should think about is what each low-priced car offers . . . in engineering . . . in performance . . . in comfort and appearance.

If you buy this way, you'll have to consider seriously the new Plymouth Special Six.

It has steel artillery wheels . . . double horns and tail lights. Chromium headlamps . . . a glove box . . . things that make you proud to own this car. And without paying one extra red cent, you get Hydraulic Brakes . . . a Safety-Steel Body . . . Floating Power . . . and the same type of Individual Wheel Springing as used on the most expensive cars.

Each of Plymouth's two competitors offers one of these major features . . . but in no other low-priced car can you get all four. Go see the Special Six at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. Buy no car until you do.

### PRICES AND FEATURES OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH SPECIAL SIX

| | |
|---|---|
| Four-Door Sedan . . . | $620 |
| Town Sedan. . . . . . | $655 |
| Two-Door Sedan . . . | $580 |
| Rumble Seat Coupe . | $590 |
| Business Coupe. . . . | $560 |

HYDRAULIC BRAKES. The safest kind. Always equalized. End dangerous swerving. Save frequent relining jobs.

SAFETY-STEEL BODY. Best safety insurance you can have on today's busy highways.

FLOATING POWER Engine Mountings. They absorb vibration. You ride relaxed.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING. The best of the so-called "knee-type" springs, as used on the most expensive cars, for a more comfortable back-seat ride.

Four piston rings instead of the usual three. Four-bearing Crankshaft—Valve-seat Inserts—Oil Filter—Temperature Indicator on Instrument Panel—Steel Artillery Wheels.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

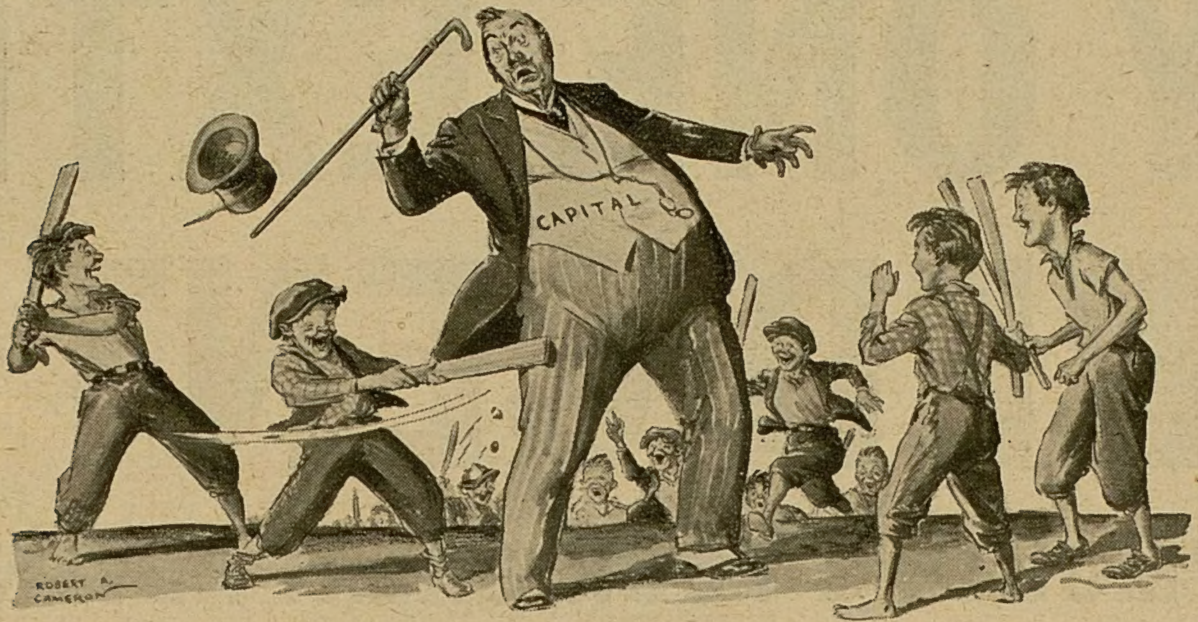
## PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

JULY 28, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 30

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

# LAMBASTING CAPITAL—A FOOLISH POLICY



WE are all hoping for the revival of what we call " good business."

But we must remember that the movement toward the upward trend comes from capital. Money must be released for investment. Business cannot be promoted without the aid of capital. And we cannot aim sledge-hammer blows at capital and expect consideration and confidence in return.

Under ideal conditions capital and labor should work together.

But the owners of capital cannot be induced to invest and advance their business interests when they believe they are being unfairly restricted by legislation or by threats of labor dictation.

Wages will increase automatically when business improves. There was no governmental force in operation during the boom period when the price of labor soared sky-high in activities of all kinds throughout the entire country.

The demand to raise wages by the NRA has been followed to a limited extent. But the percentage of increase in the price of all merchandise has been far greater. In other words, the limited boost in wages is insignificant when compared to the percentage of increase in the cost of living. And when the cost of merchandise of any kind is increased the demand is lessened automatically.

Naturally our sympathies are with the workers.

But there is no need of being blind fools.

If we expect favors from capital it should be given kindly consideration.

We should deal fairly with business. Investors will not build factories, increase their output, and advance their business interests if they believe they will face unfair legislation or other restrictions.

Executives who control capital are human, just the same as those who work for wages. They have the same prejudices, the same ability to appreciate favors.

And you might just as well expect consideration from a man after you have punched him in the nose as to expect those who control capital to extend their investments in industry when business is being attacked from legislative and other sources.

Our lawmakers should make extraordinary efforts to avoid hampering or scaring business. Capital should be encouraged to seek every possible outlet, and there should be no need for additional restrictions if the laws were rigidly enforced which have been on our statute books almost since the beginning of our national life.

And when the government gives appropriate attention to the law enforcement, the one outstanding responsibility in which it has failed to an appalling degree, and lets business and capital work out their own salvation in accordance with the laws that guided this nation for more than a century and a half, then the average business man will face the future more confidently.

And the problem of today is not so much a minimum wage, but some kind of wage for those who are unemployed. Wages for everybody, not for a few. We believe in high wages if there is money on the profit side of the ledger to pay them. And we do not believe in starvation for a few and plenty for others.

There can be no aristocracy when unemployment brings us gaunt, hungry faces. The administration must be given credit for giving us a good start on the way out of this depression, and if we should ever turn backward it will probably be due to our failure to realize that capital and labor are partners and both are entitled to fair, kindly consideration.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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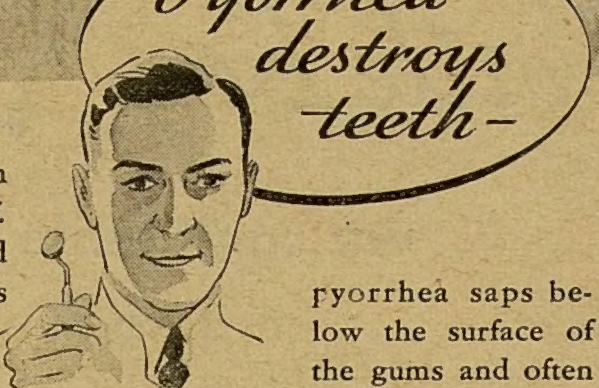
I feel so old when I take my dentures out



YOU may conceal it from others, but not *from yourself.* Nothing makes you feel old and grow old like a couple of plates or "removable bridges." They are always on your mind.

Pyorrhea is a relentless foe. It destroys clean, healthy-looking teeth. It undermines the gums. It is responsible for *more than half* the losses of adult teeth in this country.

Take the offensive against pyorrhea! Don't wait. Have an immediate consultation with your dentist. You owe it to yourself to do this, even if there are as yet no signs in your case. You are not different from other folks, and the dentist is the only one who can detect pyorrhea symptoms in advance.

Your dentist right now is giving *prevention treatment* to many people who have no visible decay—no need for repair work. *He* knows how pyorrhea saps below the surface of the gums and often takes years to show itself to the non-professional.

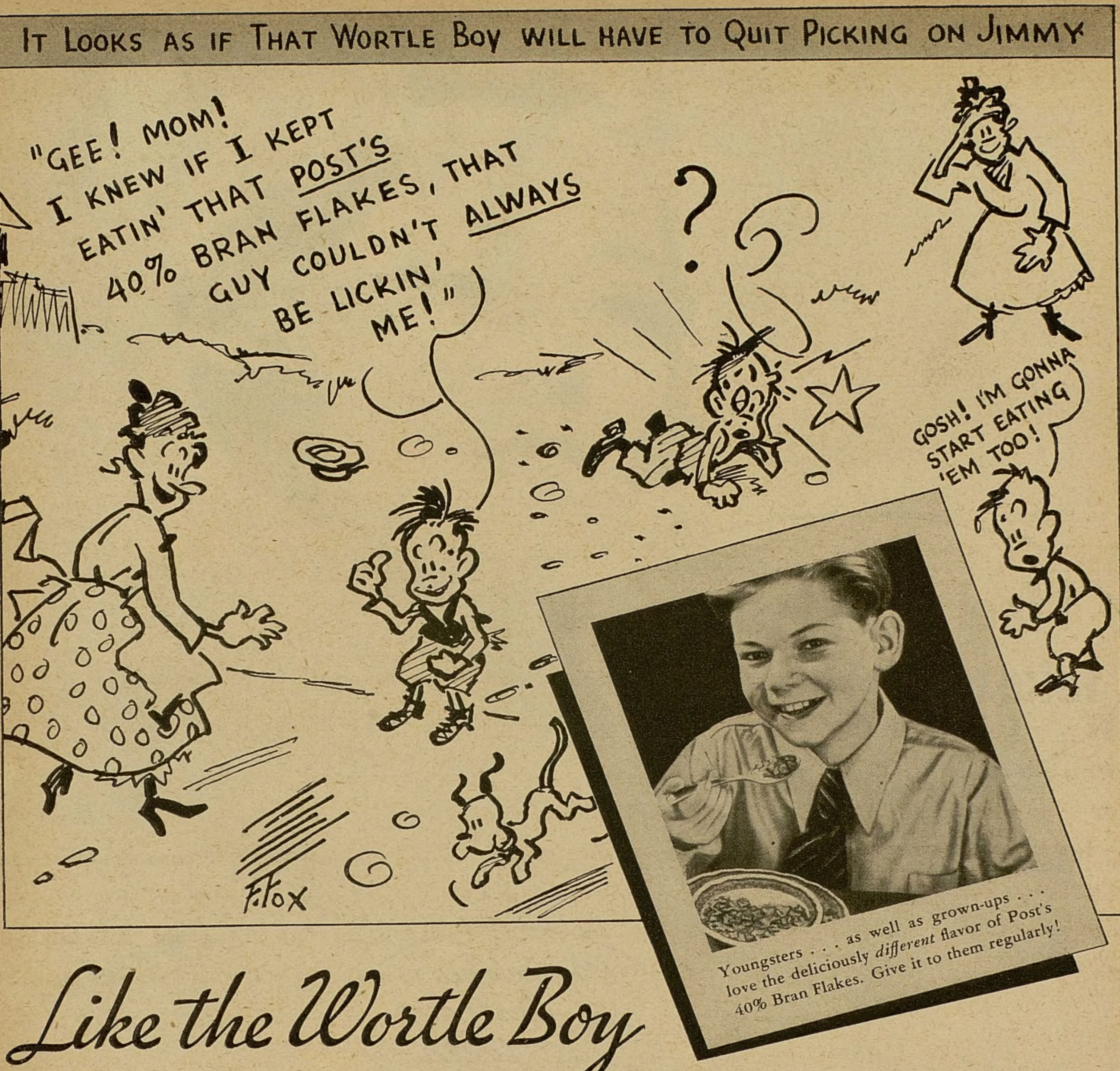
Consult your dentist from this angle and take his advice. You will find that pyorrhea is a big subject. One authority (Dr. R. J. Forhan) spent 26 years in the service of pyorrhea-sufferers. Probably your own dentist is using his treatment in his office; thousands of dentists are.

And millions of men, women and children have used Dr. Forhan's *home treatment,* which is embodied in Forhan's Toothpaste formula. Don't think this is just a cleanser, or a sweet-flavored cosmetic. Forhan's is a *serious* toothpaste, intended to supplement the dentist's care. It is worth while for you to get the best, when the dental health of your family is concerned.

Don't treat the teeth (and especially the gums) too lightly. Don't wait for bleeding gums. Be serious about it *now.* Put the whole family on Forhan's twice a day. Forhan's Toothpaste is the best that can be made. It is pleasant to taste, and just thick enough to be economical. Look for Forhan's in the big, brown tube, at *all* drug stores. Read the directions for teeth *and* gums. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

*Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of*

Forhan's


It Looks as if That Wortle Boy will have to Quit Picking on Jimmy
"GEE! MOM! I KNEW IF I KEPT EATIN' THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES, THAT GUY COULDN'T ALWAYS BE LICKIN' ME!"
?
GOSH! I'M GONNA START EATING 'EM TOO!
F. Fox

Youngsters . . . as well as grown-ups . . . love the deliciously *different* flavor of Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Give it to them regularly!

# *Like the Wortle Boy*

A Delicious Cereal
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Gentle Laxative

## we can't quite believe it ourselves . . . and so we hasten to explain

WE don't want to claim *too* much for our Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . But who can control the gusto of an artist like Mr. Fox!

For ourselves, we are content to say: Here is an unusually delicious cereal that you certainly ought to try without delay if you lack "git up and go"—if you are feeling logy, headachy and generally not quite up to par.

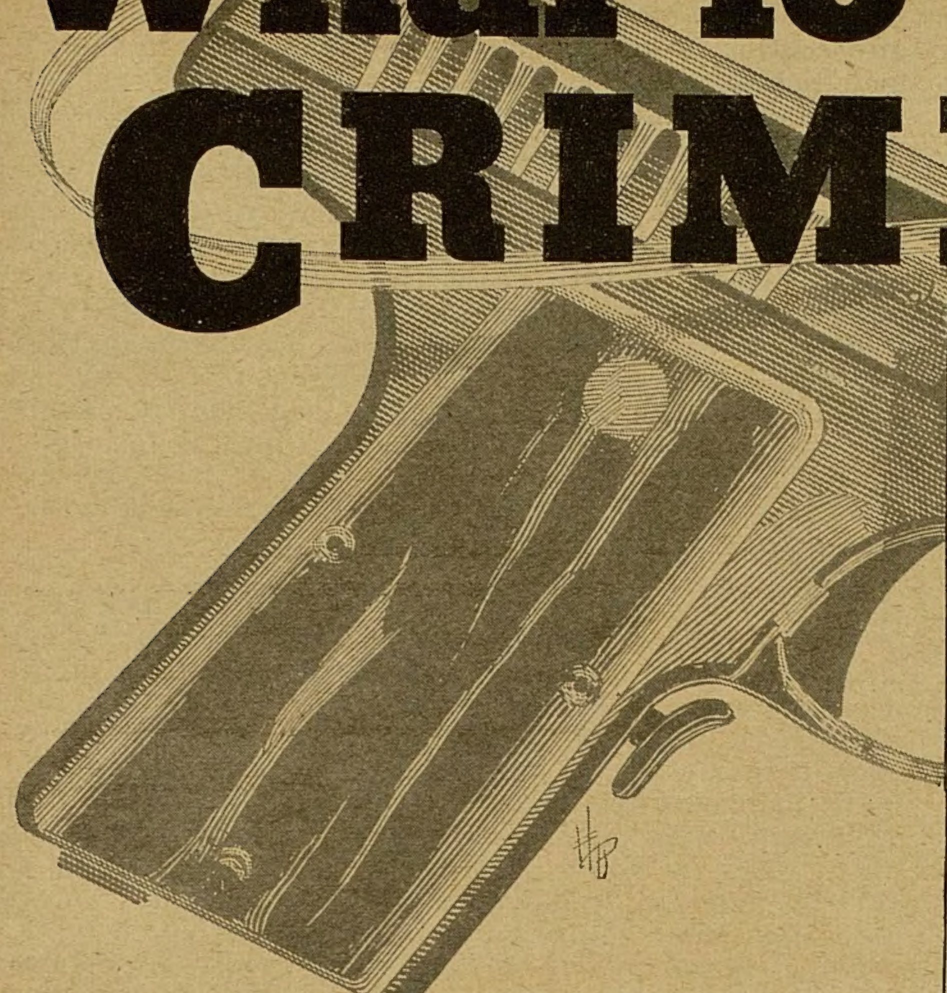
Such a condition is frequently due to a sluggish intestine. And lack of bulk in the diet is very frequently the cause.

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat contains bran to supply this bulk. To give you the bulk that is needed to keep food wastes moving naturally, easily, along the intestinal tract—to promote normal elimination.

Why not try it every morning for awhile? It may make a big difference in the way you feel.

And you'll vote it one of the finest tasting cereals that ever brightened up your breakfast table! Just try it with fruit or berries! You can get Post's 40% Bran Flakes at all grocers. And it costs so little! A product of General Foods.

# What to do with CRIMINALS



WE KNOW YOU HAVE SEEN THIS PICTURE
BEFORE, BUT PLEASE LOOK AT IT AGAIN

Sheriff Lillian Holley, Prosecutor Estill, and Dillinger in the jail at Crown Point.

## H. L. MENCKEN

**Proposes the Novel Experiment of Enforcing the Laws We Have**

***"Killing a Man Is Safer Here than Anywhere Else on Earth," He Says. "When a Conspicuous Criminal Is at Large, It Is Because Getting Loose, Under the Grotesque System Which Now Prevails Among Us, Is at Least Twice as Easy as Staying in Jail" . . . You'll Be Reminded of What He Means by a Glance at the Picture Above***

IN crime, as in industry, overproduction has unpleasant consequences, and from them we now suffer in the United States. Just how many criminals are roving the country seeking whom they may snatch, stick up, or bump off, I do not know and neither does any one else; but certainly the number goes far beyond a sufficiency. The front pages of the newspapers are black with their felonious capers, and inside, on the editorial pages, there is a constant boiling of the subject. Nor is our native press alone in giving it ink. All over the world the news that people get from America today has to do mainly with murders, robberies, and kidnapings. A few years ago it was Henry Ford that they thought of whenever their fancy turned this way, and when they got tired of Ford they thought of the gods and goddesses of Hollywood, but now they think of Machine-Gun Kelly, the Tuohys, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Dillinger.

At home this pest has naturally brought forth a great flood of remedies. Virtually every publicist in practice among us has taken a hand, from presidents and governors down to the editors of little country weeklies and the pastors of run-down churches behind the railroad tracks. The Brain Trust, led by the gifted Professor Raymond Moley, has grappled with it in a brave and free-hand manner, and out of the riches of a universal expertness; and the most subtle minds in Congress have followed suit. Some time ago the Senate testified to the virulence of its interest by passing seven new laws against gunmen in twenty minutes, no two of them alike.

The remedies have tended to fall into a few well defined classes. One class has the aim of taking the detection and prosecution of crime away from the states and handing it over to federal agents, apparently on the theory that they are more enterprising and intelligent than the local cops, and not so much hampered by political entanglements and state lines. Another proposes that all criminals (if, when, and as they are caught) be exposed to psychiatrists for psychoanalysis, and that those found to be *mashuggah* be quartered in comfortable hospitals and reëducated. A third urges that all Americans be registered, fingerprinted, and maybe even licensed, so that the cops will be able to put their hands on any one at a moment's notice.

A fourth seeks to distinguish between professional criminals and chance amateurs, and urges that the latter be kept away from the former, to prevent them really learning their trade. A fifth favors reviving the whipping post; a sixth argues for deportation to Alaska, the Virgin Islands, or Guam; a seventh calls for a revival of religion; an eighth advocates prohibiting the sale of firearms; a ninth is for sterilization; a tenth is for lynching.

After all this, I greatly fear that my own remedy will sound somewhat feeble. It involves but one change in the existing laws, and that is a small one. Otherwise it proposes only *the simple experiment of executing those laws as they stand.* Let them be enforced for one year running, diligently, resolutely, and according to their letter, and crime will become so hazardous that only actual lunatics will engage in it. Let them be enforced in any given state for even so little as six months, and criminals will avoid it.

The blame for the current terror, it seems to me, is always laid at the wrong door. The poor cops are the common goats. When a conspicuous criminal is at large, they are denounced for not taking him at once, and not uncommonly it is hinted that they are afraid to tackle him or have been bribed to let him go. But in nearly every such case they have actually taken him already, not once but half a dozen times. He is not loose because *they* have failed but because the whole machinery of justice *above* them has failed—because it has fallen, in only too many American states, into the hands of incompetent, unfaithful, and only too often crooked men. He is loose because getting loose, with the grotesque system which now prevails among us, is at least twice as easy as staying in jail.

Why are there so many more murders in the United States than in any other civilized country? For the obvious reason that killing a man is safer here than anywhere else on earth. But is that because the cops do not do their duty? Many Americans, I suppose, would answer yes, but if so they would answer wrong. The returns of the United States Bureau of Investigation, covering 596 American cities, exhibit the plain facts. They show that in all the cases of murder reported in 1933 arrests were made in 80.5 per cent, and that in all the cases of manslaughter they were made in 89.4 per cent.

Certainly there is no sign of neglect of duty here. The cops go out at the risk of their lives and drag the scoundrels in. Scores of them are killed at the business every year, and unnumbered hundreds are shot, mauled, and crippled. In the year 1932, according to the Bureau of the Census, there were 11,000 homicides in the United States, and during the same year, if we take the figures of the Bureau of Investigation, the cops arrested 9,000 of the murderers. But of the 9,000 only 130 went to the gallows or the chair, and of the rest probably not more than a third even went to prison.

And how many, having got behind the bars, stayed there? The answer is to be found in another report of the Census Bureau. It shows that the normal prison population of the country is about 125,000, and that in an average year about 75,000 new prisoners are dressed in, and about the same number are turned loose. And how and why are they turned loose? A hundred or so, as I have just said, depart in coffins, executed for their crimes. A thousand die from natural causes. Two thousand take French leave over the wall. Twenty-five thousand, or only about *one third,* finish their sentences. All the rest, *running to more than 40,000 in an average year,* are pardoned, paroled, or " otherwise released."

TWO things are responsible for this wholesale and intolerable cheating of justice. The first and foremost is the chaotic state of legal procedure in the United States—not of law, mind you, but of mere procedure. The law is everywhere sufficient to deal with every kind of serious crime. In forty of the forty-eight states the punishment for deliberate murder is death, and in all there are severe penalties for the lesser crimes of violence. If these laws were enforced for a year at least 2,000 murderers would go to the gallows instead of 130. But they are nowhere enforced adequately, and in many states scarcely at all.

What stands in the way of their execution is simply the almost incredible imbecility and lack of conscience of so many American judges and lawyers. A murder trial in most states is no longer an orderly effort to discover the guilty man and bring him to punishment. It is, instead, a gaudy public combat between two gangs of primadonna lawyers, with a decayed ex-lawyer on the bench to act as referee. As likely as not the chief lawyer for the defense is a professional jury fixer, with no more respect for the law than the prisoner in the dock. And almost certainly the chief lawyer for the prosecution is a political hack seeking publicity, and hopeful of higher office.

There are, of course, exceptions in both directions. We are refreshed now and then by the spectacle of a prosecuting officer who knows his business and tries to carry it on in a dignified and efficient manner, and there are even examples of defense lawyers who are scrupulous and disdain to violate their oaths. But certainly they are not numerous. The average is precisely as I have described it. The defense is carried on without the slightest regard for either the law or the facts, and the prosecution is hardly more than a show put on for the newspapers. And on the bench sits an elderly vacuum who, having failed at the bar, now sweats and suffers on the bench, scarcely knowing what it is all about.

In England a judge actually runs his court. If a shyster defending a criminal resorts to trickery and obfuscation he is hauled up at once, and if he persists he is as good as disbarred. And if a prosecuting officer, forgetting the solemnity of the inquiry before him, begins to strike attitudes and tear his hair, he is hauled up just as quickly, and thereafter he prosecutes no more. An English judge is supposed to know the law, and he does know it. There is no way to deceive him, and there is no way to intimidate him. He makes up his mind without delay, he sees that his orders are obeyed instantly, and it is seldom that his judgments are upset on appeal.

IN the United States a criminal trial is a tin-pot melodrama while it is going on, and before and after it there are almost endless delays. It takes an average of at least a year to bring a well heeled criminal to trial, and after he is convicted it takes another year, and maybe even two or three, to get him into jail, even though his guilt may be gross and glaring. Back in 1931 a rich Southern politician, banker, and general rogue was put in the dock in North Carolina for a series of swindles, and by some accident was promptly convicted. But it was May, 1934, before he was actually behind the bars. During the same year of 1931 a rich crook of the same kidney was brought to trial in England. He was arraigned on July 20, convicted on July 31, and jailed on August 31, and in jail he remained until the end of his term.

How can any one argue that the American system is rational, or that it serves the ends of justice? By the time the criminal comes to trial half the witnesses against him have disappeared, and before he gets into jail the rest are dying of old age. And once he is behind the bars, if he ever arrives there, it is at least two to one that he will be out again before his term has expired.

The blame for all this rests squarely upon the bench and bar of the country. Half the delays in justice among us are due to the failure of lawyers to show a reasonable professional conscience, and the other half are due to the failure of judges to bring them to book. There are so many shysters in practice everywhere that even decent lawyers must resort to dodges in order to get an even break. And there is so much incompetence on the bench that the central object of all criminal law, to bring evildoers to punishment, is allowed to be forgotten, and a prosecution becomes no more than a preliminary to a long and scandalous conspiracy to cheat justice.

Under cover of this wholesale failure there is lush opportunity for the quacks and sentimentalists who regard all criminals as poor unfortunates who ought to be coddled instead of punished. We have a great swarm of such professors in the United States, and they are chiefly responsible for the fact that the odds against a felon staying in prison, once he ever gets there, are lengthening. They whoop up various complicated and improbable theories about the causes and nature of crime, some of them political, some economic, and some alleged to be medical; but all of those theories resolve themselves into the doctrine that a criminal deserves sympathy rather than detestation, and that it is somehow disgraceful to believe that he should be punished.

In this doctrine I can discover nothing save hooey. It is against human nature and it is against common sense. When a bold and atrocious crime has been committed normal people are not interested in hearing a long discourse on the criminal's psychology, couched in muddy, pseudoscientific language; what they are interested in is hearing that he has been promptly and adequately punished. And by adequate they do not mean merely sufficient to make him transiently sorry; they mean sufficient to make his victims and the public feel that he has got what he gave, and that the account is thus squared.

The sentimentalists argue that the desire for revenge is unworthy of civilized man, and is hence confined to a small and backward minority of the population. But that is only more hooey. The desire for revenge is quite as natural an emotion as any other, and it is universal in mankind. No healthy human being ever suffers a wanton injury without feeling a powerful impulse to revenge it. People who lack that impulse are not normal men and women; they are saints, and the number of them is almost infinitesimally small. The rest of us, when we are put upon, try to strike back, and if the putting upon is violent we strike back just as violently.

What is thus natural to individuals is quite as natural to society as a whole. When a Dillinger runs amuck in a community he menaces every man, woman, and child in it, and the whole population demands that he be put down. It wants the cops to seize him at once, and the courts to punish him quickly and severely. No one save a few soft-heads calls for a report on his psychology, or a study of how he might have been saved from crime by feeding him on better victuals or sending him to a different school. What is demanded is simply his condign and adequate punishment, that he may pay up for his crimes and be prevented from repeating them. No one is interested in reforming him, for no one really believes that he can be reformed; what every one wants is to get rid of him.

The effort of the theorizers to prove that criminality is a disease is the thing mainly responsible for that gross abuse of the parole system which turns loose more than half of all the criminals of the United States every year. But the more elaborately they describe their "psychopathic personalities" and other such laboratory confectionery, the more plain it becomes that they are simply describing what all rational men call criminals. And the more they argue that these criminals ought to be treated as invalids, the more convinced all rational men become that they ought to be sent to prison for life, and if possible hanged.

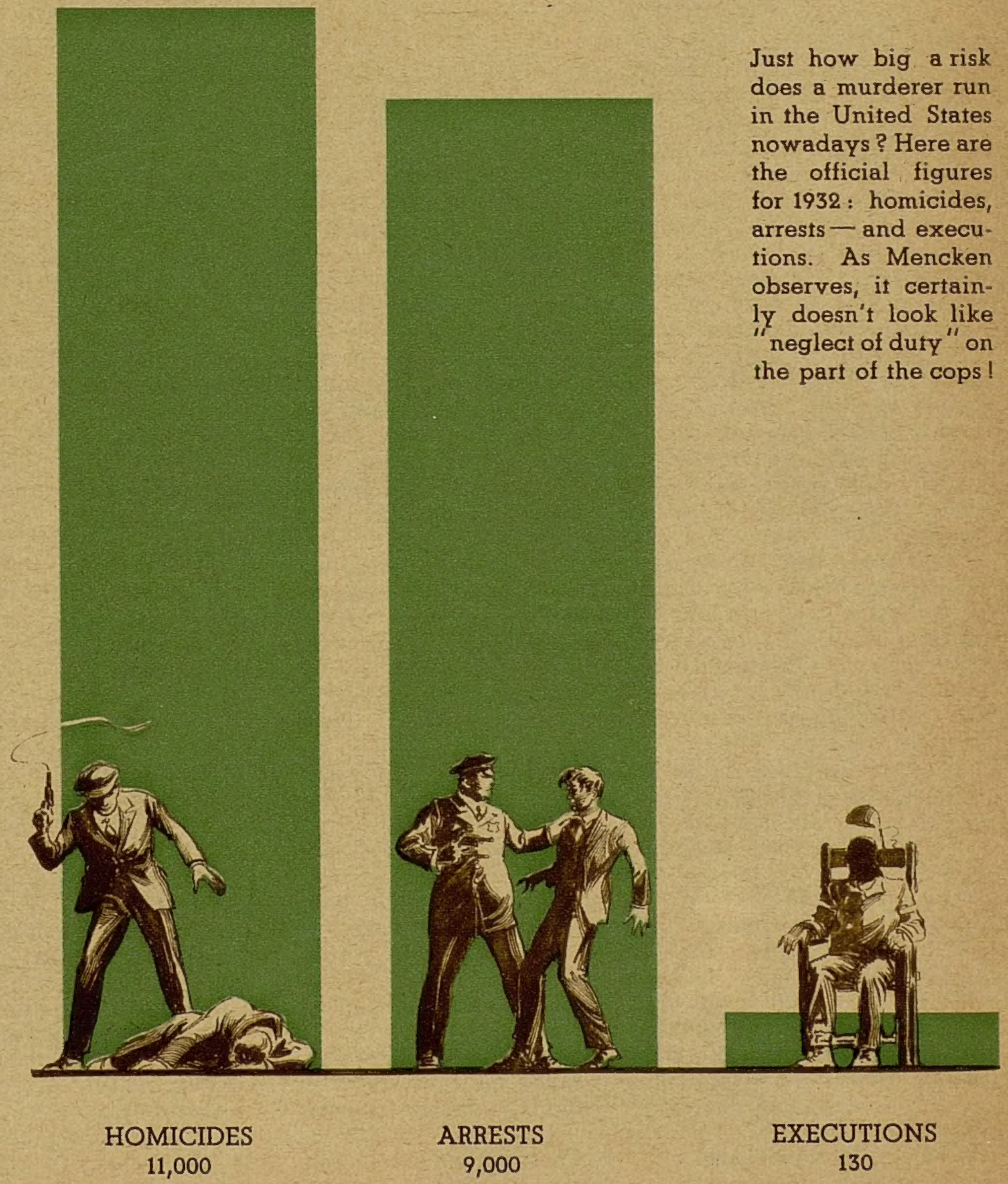
THE same wizards are unanimously opposed to capital punishment. Their chief argument is that it is not an effective deterrent—that it really doesn't prevent murders. But if it doesn't prevent them, then it is only because we have never given it a fair trial. We hang only 130 murderers out of 11,000, a proceeding almost as silly as trying to hold back Niagara with a tennis racket. What if we hanged 1,000, or 2,000, or 3,000? Would it dissuade the "psychopathic personalities" of the year following from committing other murders? Perhaps not all of them, but certainly some—and meanwhile we'd be rid of 1,000, 2,000 or 3,000 murderers. Society would be relieved of their menace once and for all time.

The English, at the close of the seventeenth century, faced a wave of crime far worse than our own. All the roads of their country became so unsafe as to be almost impassable, and in London itself there were endless robberies and murders in the streets. They got rid of the nuisance during the century following by the simple process of hanging it out. When a robber or murderer was caught he was turned over to Jack Ketch. It was a brutal business, and in some of its details it was undoubtedly carried on with undue ferocity, but it worked. By the end of the eighteenth century almost every criminal strain in England had been obliterated, and the country has been notably free from crimes of violence ever since. But it does not relax its vigilance. Commit a murder in England tomorrow, and you will be hanged almost infallibly within six months.

Here I come to the one change that I would propose in our laws. Let them be so modified that a professional brigand will be put to death as soon as his adoption of the trade can be proved, whether he has actually killed or not. Let the fact that he is ready to do so be taken as sufficient evidence that he will. I do not suggest depriving him of his first bite; no doubt he has an inalienable right to it, like any other dog. Let him go to a comfortable jail or reformatory for his first offense, and let him be paroled in due course. But if he is caught with a gun in his hands a second time, ready and willing to take the lives of innocent people, let him go to the gallows or the chair instanter.

I see no objection to parole for amateur and accidental criminals. It works, in fact, pretty well, and a large proportion of them, given another chance, try to make decent livings. But it is manifestly absurd to turn loose professionals. What good would it do to parole Machine-Gun Kelly—as will be actually done, no doubt, on some near tomorrow? The only fit dose for such foul and incorrigible criminals is death. They will keep on killing, whether in prison or out, so long as they are alive. The only way is to get rid of them as soon as possible, finally and forever.

THE END



Just how big a risk does a murderer run in the United States nowadays? Here are the official figures for 1932: homicides, arrests — and executions. As Mencken observes, it certainly doesn't look like "neglect of duty" on the part of the cops!

# Devoted

***In Which Love Takes the Detour Marked "Doubt," and the Unexpected Happens—Here's a Revealing Story of Heartache on a Holiday***

### by RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

WITH the usual flurry of excitements and emotions the S.S. Majestic made ready to leave Southampton that amiable spring day. Prudent passengers besieged the dining room, clamoring for choice tables. Thirsty passengers beset the bar for a first one or a last one. Most of the passengers, though, stayed on deck in the sunshine. Now and again they stole quick, appraising glances at each other, and sniffed a little. Even the veteran ocean crosser is apt to forget that his first sight of his fellow passengers is sure to be dismaying, though experience should have taught him that by the time the liner is two days at sea that doleful-faced man in the revolting ulster will cease to look like an abandoned beagle and will turn out to be a distinguished artist and a most amusing companion. Little does the toothy young man now glaring with such distaste at that leggy girl imagine that before the tugs nudge the ship into its New York berth he will be ardently proposing to her. Yet he will.

Two there were on board that day who did not seem greatly to care whether their shipmates looked like angels or porcupines. They had found a secluded nook on the topmost deck, and they were leaning against the rail, talking to each other with gay animation.

Her dark mink coat and tight little tan suit were Paris; his clothes were London; but their faces were New York.

Past them trudged a beefy small boy bearing a basket of flowers and piping trebly that he had wild violets and yellow primroses for sale.

"Come here, son," beckoned the man. Then, "I'll take the lot."

"It'll come to sixteen shillings, sir," said the boy, unbelieving. The man handed him a one-pound note.

"Never mind about the change," he said.

Like a happy beetle the boy scuttled away.

"Our last English flowers, Possum," said the man.

The girl gave him a short, odd look.

"They're lovely, Jim, and thank you," she said. "But do you know it's years since you called me Possum?"

"I'm afraid it is," he said. "Shall I take the flowers down to our cabin?"

"No. Not now," she said. "You've filled our room with flowers already. Stay here with me, Jim, so we can get our last glimpse of England together."

"That's what I'd like to do," he said. He was watching the men on the pier cast off the heavy hawsers. "Sorry to be going home, Cynthia?"

"I don't know," she said. "I loved England—most of the time. But I never could quite get used to overhearing people say, 'Come to dinner Friday. We're having the Claytons. They're Americans—but really quate nace, y'know.'"

Jim laughed.

"As if they'd ever meet a nicer person than my Cynthia," he said.

"Do you really mean that, Jim?"

"Of course I do," he said. "Are you surprised?"

"Well, you haven't mentioned it very often of late," she said.

"I know, Possum, I know," said Jim. "I'm afraid my conversation has been pretty much limited to investment trusts and mortgages for the last four years. But when they sent me over to the London branch, I made up my mind I was going to make a swell record there— Remember how once, during a spat, you told me I had a one-track mind?"

"Let's forget the spats, dear."

"All right. But you just about summed me up, at that. I go after one thing hard and forget everything else. Otherwise I'd never have earned a partnership in Ravenhill Brothers at thirty—"

"It means a lot to you, Jim, that partnership?"

"Of course it does."

"Does it mean you'll have to bury yourself in that old granite tomb on Wall Street and work twice as hard as ever before?"

"No. I can let up a bit now, I hope. And I'll make more money, a lot more," said Jim.

"It won't do you much good if you're too busy to enjoy it," said Cynthia.

"You know, Possum," said Jim, "we ought to be the ideal married couple. I get my chief fun out of making money, you out of spending it. What a team! Why, we should be as satisfied as Jack Sprat and his wife."

"We should be, yes," said Cynthia.

"I hope we're going to be," he said.

"I hope so."

THE red-roofed town faded away in the distance as the liner headed out toward the open sea.

"Jim," Cynthia said, "I want you to remember what you promised in the train. No business. No high finance. Or low finance. Rest and enjoy yourself. Remember, this is your first real vacation in three years."

"I solemnly promise," said Jim, "that I will spend my entire time on this boat doing just one thing."

"What's that?"

"Making love to you," he said.

"You've done pretty well already today," smiled Cynthia.

"A mere beginning," he said. "Just wait."

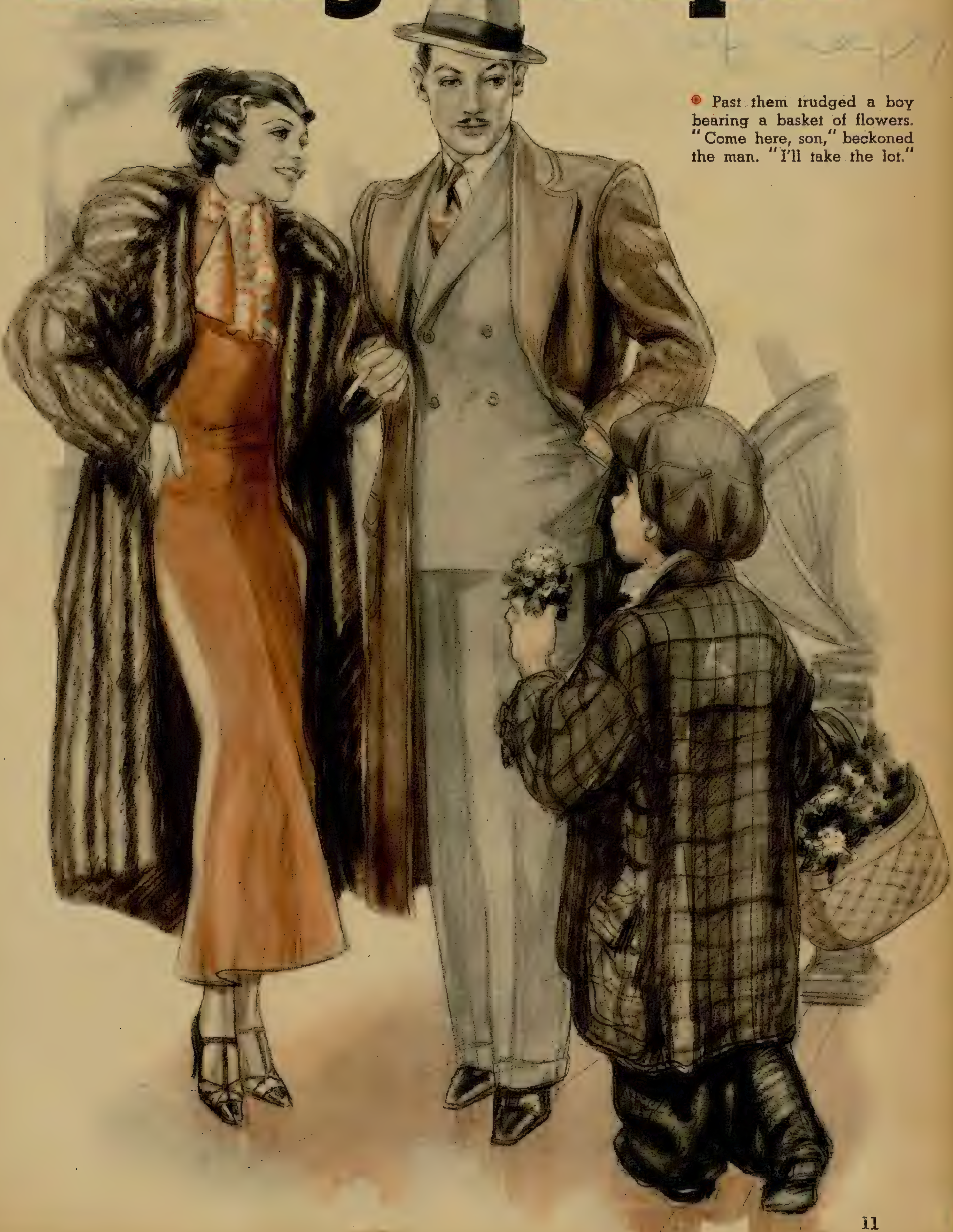
Venerable Mrs. Van Slyke, looking like a minor mountain range in her deck chair, nudged her husband.

"Look, Manfred! That handsome young couple over there! Did you ever see a more devoted pair? I'll bet they're on their honeymoon."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about that?" said Mr. Van Slyke, and dived back into his book.

When the first pre-dinner dressing gong rang that evening, Jim Clayton had already donned his evening clothes and was standing before the stateroom mirror, giving the final tweaks to his white tie.

# Young Couple



Past them trudged a boy bearing a basket of flowers. "Come here, son," beckoned the man. "I'll take the lot."

Cynthia was curled up on her bed, wrapped in a light-blue negligee that matched her eyes. He turned and looked at her.

" Why, honey," he exclaimed, " what makes you stare at me like that? Have I soup on my shirt, or something? "

" Sorry," she said hastily. " Was I staring? I guess I was thinking how well you've kept your figure."

" In our five years in London I put on only four pounds," said Jim. " Simple. Squash racquets and golf."

" Tell me, Jim," said Cynthia, " did you really enjoy them—as games, I mean? "

" You're a funny child," he said. " Matter of fact I'm not keen on games. But exercise keeps a fellow fit."

" Is that why you walked me round the deck? "

" Not at all."

" Why, then? "

" Well, if you must know," said Jim, " I enjoy your society; and it was never any more charming than it is today."

" More compliments? "

" Oh, I know," said Jim. " I'm a better banker than a lover. But, nevertheless, I'm crazy about you, Cynthia."

He stooped down swiftly, took her in his arms, held her close, and kissed her.

" You are sweet, Jim," she whispered.

" And you're beautiful, and bright, and precious."

He sat beside her, holding both her hands in his.

The second warning gong sounded.

" Oh, dear," sighed Cynthia, " that means I'll have to hurry with my dressing."

" I'd better clear out and give you room," said Jim. " We'll continue this discussion at our next meeting."

" When will that be? "

" On the stroke of eight in the bar," said Jim, and went out.

A few seconds later there was a tap on the door. " Almost forgot something," said Jim as he entered.

" What? "

" This."

He kissed her gently behind her left ear, and left the cabin.

Cynthia Clayton began slowly and carefully to make up. Poor Jim. Did he know? No. How could he? She had given him no hints; and he was not at all intuitive. Maybe, she thought, as she sketched in her eyebrows, that was her chief complaint against him: he saw only what was plainly in front of him, and sometimes he did not see that if it did not concern him directly and personally. That singleness of purpose had made for success in his work; but it had not made their marriage a success. So, as soon as they reached New York, Cynthia was going to leave Jim.

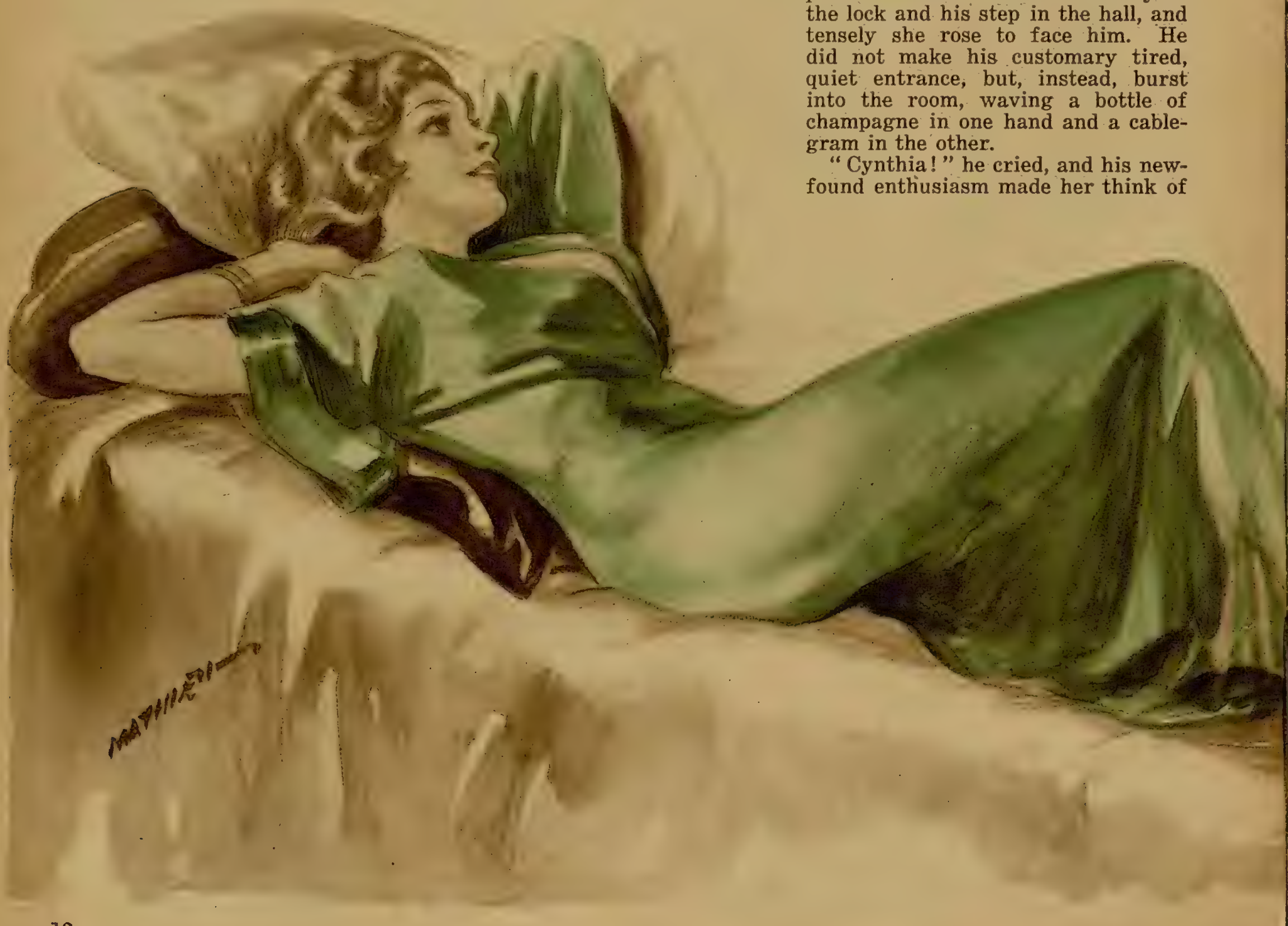
For rather more than a year now she had felt that there was something wrong in their life together. To go on with a marriage which had no real basis, no common interest, no love was as unfair to him as it was to her, she decided.

She had no wish to hurt Jim. She did not hate him. By his own lights and standards he had been a good husband, indifferent to her perhaps, but not unkind; generous enough in money matters; and, she was certain, entirely faithful to her. In their life together there had been no bitter battles, no wild scenes. Jim was as unexcitable as he was unexciting.

She wondered if it had been weak of her not to announce her decision when first she had made it, two weeks before. She remembered how she had waited for him to come home from his office, sitting in the pleasant living room of their Mayfair flat, her bags packed, upstairs. She remembered how her lips had kept getting dry as she rehearsed her opening speech: " Now, Jim, there's something I must talk to you about, and we might as well be businesslike about it."

Businesslike. His own favorite phrase. Then she heard his key in the lock and his step in the hall, and tensely she rose to face him. He did not make his customary tired, quiet entrance, but, instead, burst into the room, waving a bottle of champagne in one hand and a cablegram in the other.

" Cynthia! " he cried, and his new-found enthusiasm made her think of



him as she had first known him. "Look! I'm a partner! And I must report at the New York office as soon as possible. Tomorrow we'll have to hustle; but tonight we'll celebrate. Get some glasses."

This was the hour of triumph for which he had worked so hard and it would have been utterly heartless of her to destroy it. So she funked telling him that day. Another time she must go through with it. That time was coming soon. Her plan was made, and now she reëxamined it for perhaps the tenth time.

Immediately upon arriving in New York they would go to the Thornley-Plaza until they found a Park Avenue apartment suitable to a partner in the country's oldest and most conservative banking house. His promotion, she reflected, was going to make it easier for her to leave him. He could not say, no one could say now, that she had deserted him when he was down on his luck.

She would go to the hotel with him, but she would not unpack. When they were alone she would begin as she had planned to in London, and she could hear him say, "All right. What shall we be businesslike about? You want a bigger allowance, is that it? Well, sure. Things cost more in New York—"

THEN she would tell him. She would say:

"Jim, I'm going to leave you."

He would not believe her at first. He was sure to say she was tired, perhaps a bit hysterical after the trip; that it was just a mood; but she would make him believe her.

Without haste or rancor, as matter-of-factly as if she were checking off the laundry list, she would enumerate her reasons.

"I'm twenty-six," she would say. "We've been married five years. I married you because I was in love with you. I assume you married me because you were in love with me."

He would probably interrupt her to say that he had loved her, and still did. She would go on:

"Jim, you know nothing about love. To you it is just an incident, a passing necessity. For four years now, in our tenderest moments, I've always felt you were much more interested in balance sheets and the discount rate than in me. Success is what you love, and dollars are the measure of success with you. I'm not blaming you, Jim. You're made that way. You've neglected me. For weeks at a time you've acted as if you were barely aware of my existence. Mink coats, champagne, luxuries don't make a marriage for a woman like me. A kept woman could take them and give no part of her soul in return; but I'm not like that. I want to love and to be loved."

She hoped he would not then break into the conventional protestations. She hoped that if he did she could stay on the course and finish what she knew she must say.

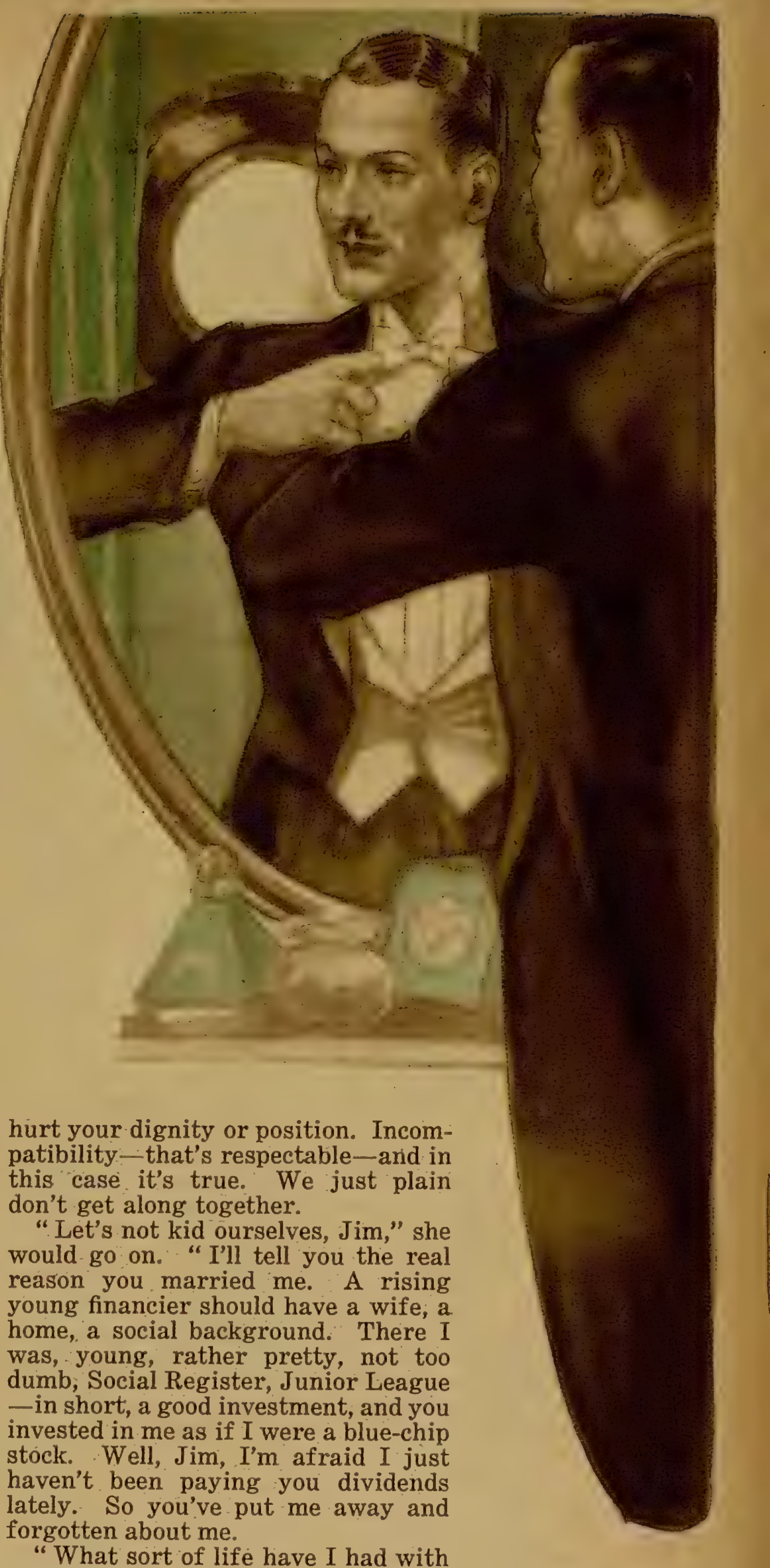
"I married you," she would say, "because I sincerely loved you. The other men I knew didn't have your brains or character. I respected you and admired you. Everybody said you were going somewhere. Jim, I wanted to go with you. Not because of the money you were sure to make. You know I have always been used to plenty, and I've enough of my own to live on rather more than decently. I don't want a penny of alimony. We'll arrange the divorce any way you say. I'll do nothing to hurt your dignity or position. Incompatibility—that's respectable—and in this case it's true. We just plain don't get along together.

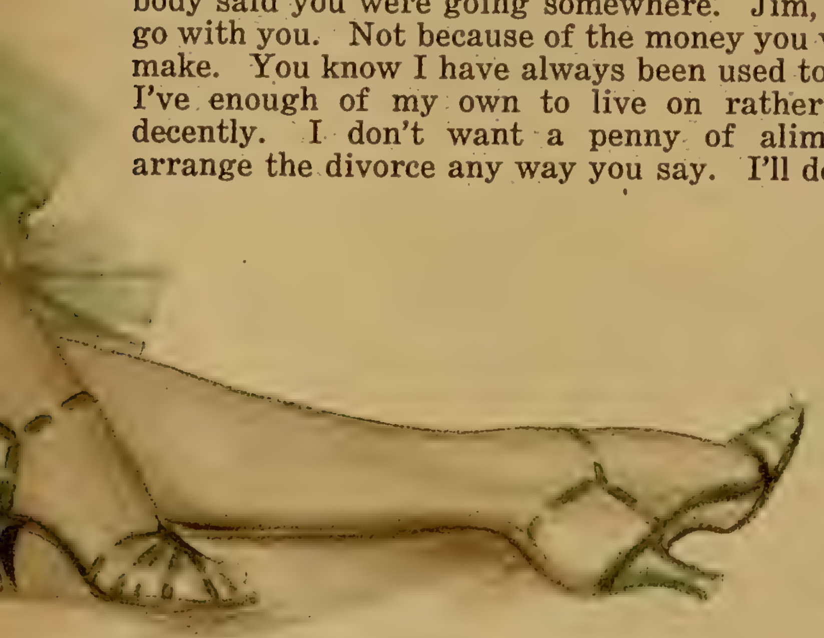
"Let's not kid ourselves, Jim," she would go on. "I'll tell you the real reason you married me. A rising young financier should have a wife, a home, a social background. There I was, young, rather pretty, not too dumb, Social Register, Junior League—in short, a good investment, and you invested in me as if I were a blue-chip stock. Well, Jim, I'm afraid I just haven't been paying you dividends lately. So you've put me away and forgotten about me.

"What sort of life have I had with you in the past three or four years? When we had a dinner party you never invited guests who might conceivably stimulate or interest me. No. They were always stuffy old buzzards you hoped to sell something to. You stopped showing me any little tenderness or attentions. For weeks on end I saw you only when you were gulping your dinner. You grumbled because I used to go out and play around with a crowd of simple-minded nobodies who didn't know a merger from an oyster. You forgot that a modern young woman has to be amused in the style to which she is accustomed—"

Here, she thought, Jim would be orthodox enough to ask her if she was in love with another man. She could reply, with entire truth:

"No. I'm not. There's nobody else. Oh, I haven't been entirely ignored. That Guards captain with the big chin—Colin Logan, remember him?—begged me to elope to Iceland with him. Why Iceland, I don't know.





"Honey," he exclaimed, "what makes you stare at me like that? Have I soup on my shirt?"

Anyhow, I said it sounded too cold. And there were others—including Sir George Randell—if you must know. Do you think he came to our house just to talk about railroad bonds with you? Now don't get hot and he-man. I never let you down. Perhaps I did sneak in a few luncheons at Boulestin's and the Ivy; or slid out for an evening at Ciro's or the Kit-Kat; and perhaps some of my escorts helped themselves to a casual kiss or two, but I never deceived you, Jim. Technically, at any rate, I've been what is called a good wife. I'm not in love with any man, and that includes you."

Poor Jim. It would be a nasty jar to him; he was so entirely sure of her. As she put on her flame-hued evening gown Cynthia wondered if perhaps she could soften the blow by preparing him for it in some way. But she could think of no way. She began to speculate if it were at all possible that Jim sensed what was in her mind. Since the start of the trip he had been so eager to please her, almost pathetically eager. From the moment when they left London he had been so attentive to her. It was not like the Jim of the past four years to call her pet names, to notice her clothes and praise them, to shower her with flowers, to chat with her, really quite entertainingly, about things which interested her; no, it was not like Jim at all. Indeed, that day she had had to keep reminding herself that he was really Jim and not a stranger, and a distinctly pleasing stranger, at that. It must be that he was in a holiday mood, she decided.

She would play up to that mood. She would be as nice, as responsive, as charming to him as ever she could. This was his holiday, the first in a long time, and one greatly needed. It would be mean of her to blight it. Besides, it seemed to Cynthia that she should do her best to make their last days together happy days. She hoped they could part as friends; she wanted their last memories not to be black ones.

RICHARD CONNELL
*was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and was graduated from Harvard. Following some newspaper and advertising work, he saw service in the World War. He began writing fiction in 1920 and has been a contributor to the leading magazines.*

In the bar she found Jim, two glasses of sherry in front of him. He raised his glass to her.

"To the loveliest sight in the world," he said.

"Aren't you nice!"

"I hope you think so, Possum."

"I do, Jim."

"I've ordered a special dinner just for us," he said. "Those sweetbreads d'Annunzio you're so fond of, and for wine, your favorite, Valpolicella."

They lingered over the dinner. Afterward they danced.

"My dancing is a bit rusty, I'm afraid," Jim said.

"Why, Jim Clayton, you dance like a gigolo!"

She saw that he was pleased.

When the last rhumba had been played they went out on deck. There was a moon that night. They sat for a time in their deck chairs, with her head resting on his shoulder, and he spoke to her as he had not spoken since their first ocean trip together, a week after their wedding.

INTO New York harbor the giant ship poked its big sharp nose. Mr. Van Slyke was biliously peering at the Manhattan sky line. His wife prodded him in the ribs.

"Look, Manfred!" she said. "At those Claytons. Still billing and cooing. Did you ever in all your born days see such a pair?"

"Well," said Mr. Van Slyke, "why shouldn't they?" He returned to his moody scrutiny of the sky line.

Cynthia and Jim Clayton reached their hotel suite.

"Darling," said Jim, "it's early—not yet six—so you'll have plenty of time to hang up your dresses before dinner. Never mind about my things. I'll attend to them later. I'm going out now."

"Out? Where?"

"Bit of business to do," said Jim. "I'll be back in about half an hour. Good-by."

He kissed her and went out. She went to a seat near the window and sat there, looking out over the green grass and paler green lakes of Central Park.

When she heard Jim at the door she sprang up. He strode in, a bit breathlessly, and held out to her a basket wrapped in paper.

"Wild violets and yellow primroses," he said. "Just like the ones we had in our cabin."

"How thoughtful of you, Jim!" said Cynthia. "Was that the bit of business you had to do?"

"Well, yes," he said. "It was. Had to hunt around before I found them."

"I'll put them in water right away," Cynthia said. "You haven't begun to unpack, I see."

"No."

"Well, there's no hurry."

She came back to the living room with the violets and primroses arranged in bowls.

"Sit down, Cynthia," Jim said. "I want to talk to you about something."

She started slightly, then sank down on a divan.

"Well, Jim, what is it?" she said.

"We might as well be businesslike about it," she heard him say.

"By all means."

He seemed flushed, ill at ease.

"I've got to tell you," Jim said. "I've got a load on my mind and I won't feel right till I get it off."

"I'm listening."

"HERE it is, then," said Jim. "A month ago I made up my mind to leave you. I decided to tell you so tonight."

"Jim—"

"Now, wait. Let me finish," he said. "It struck me—oh, as far back as a year ago—that our marriage was all wrong. You weren't interested in me any longer. I could see that. So I decided that it was silly for us to go on sticking together from a sense of duty. I saw that I was a rotten husband, and—well, to be frank, Cynthia, it seemed to me that you weren't rating any blue ribbons as a wife.

"I was all snarled up in my work and putting every ounce of energy I had into it, and when I'd come home at night, all in, you'd get sore at me because I didn't want to go out and jazz around some night club with a flock of nit-wits. You showed no interest in me, or my career, or anything about me. You never seemed to get the idea that the big reason why I was plugging away so hard was to win a partnership and the chance to make a safe future for my wife and, yes, for my children. But you didn't want children. You wanted to have a good time. Nothing but that. I honestly couldn't see any chance that we could ever get back on a sound basis. Remember the day the news of my partnership came through?"

Faintly Cynthia said, "Of course I do."

"Well," said Jim Clayton, "I was going to tell you that day. I knew it would hurt—me as well as you; but I thought it had to be done. But you were so glad about the news, so much like your old dear self, that I decided to postpone telling you until we arrived in New York. On the boat I did my best to be nice to you. I owed you that—for old times' sake. Now—wait—let me talk—

"Coming over on the boat," said Jim, "I met a girl, and I fell in love with her—in love as I have never been before. She was a girl I'd known years ago and hadn't seen for a long, long time. She was terribly sweet to me. She made me feel that if I changed myself some I need not make a failure of marriage after all—"

"Oh, Jim," said Cynthia, "you can't mean me?"

He came over to where she was sitting and put his arms around her and kissed her lips.

"I can't mean anybody else," he said. "Possum, I fell in love with you all over again. I want you to marry me all over again. We'll start from scratch. We know each other now. We know why we bungled our first marriage. I know we can make a go of our new one. I know it. What do you say, dearest love?"

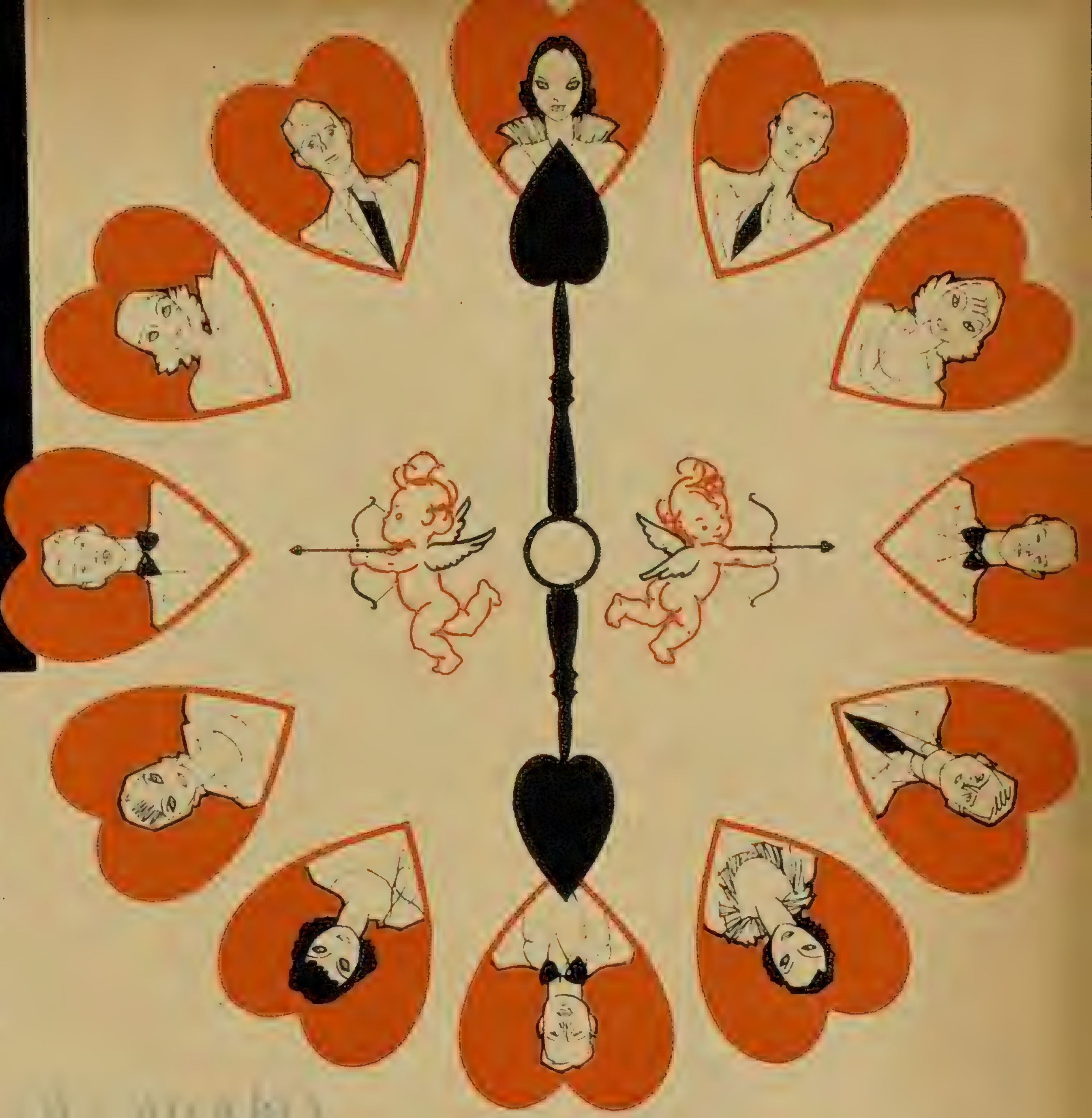
She clung to him, trembling and sobbing a little, and for a time she did not answer.

He said, "Can't you make up your mind?"

"I made it up on the boat," said Cynthia. "I just tumbled right back into love with you. Let's unpack."

THE END

Fannie Hurst



**A Distinguished Author and Feminist Breaks Down and Confesses—Twenty-Four Hours a Day and Forever, She Says, It Will Always Be Sex O'Clock!**

# Women in LOVE

### by Fannie Hurst

> God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
> Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her!
> —*Browning.*

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LET us assume for the sake of argument that there have been five men in my life who have altered its course.

True to form, they have exercised every well known male and human trait of which men have been capable in all the centuries of their involvement with women in the business of love. They have enriched my life, they have depleted it; they have ennobled me, they have belittled me, and the sum-total of my conclusion is that I have won if I have lost.

In almost every case I have given more than I have received, and, mind you, liked it.

There never has been a time when anything on earth has been more important to me than love. I hope there never will be. I hope there never can be. I know there never should be.

All things pass. Time never misses a trick. Yet, paradoxically, pathologically, psychologically, throughout the passing of the ages it remains sex o'clock.

Those hands which indicate this particular hour on the round old face of the round old globe, never budge.

Like it or not—and you will like it—immobile they stand across the ashamed face of time.

Sex o'clock. When it is noon in Singapore it is midnight in New York. But when it is sex o'clock in Singapore, Painted Post, Revel, Vladivostok, Bangkok, Bangor, Tunis, Nome, Ragusa, Delphi, or Ravenna, it is sex o'clock in New York.

Imagine it remaining eight o'clock in the evening for all the remainder of eternity! Fancy lingering longer than necessary over that pool of melting baked alaska on the dessert plate; or beside the stale breath of bulbous dinner partners of bulging shirt fronts; or prolonging the hour of the vacuous observations of ladies with ridges down the centers of their bare backs!

What if it were to freeze itself into perpetual seven o'clock in the morning, that stroke of day when people gargle or awaken greenly to face the back view of last night's indiscretions!

What hour but sex o'clock could continue for twenty-four hours a day and get away with it!

Is it any wonder that sex o'clock is taken seriously not only by guinea pigs, motion-picture censors, ladies in psychoanalysts' Park Avenue waiting rooms, jowled men who hire secretaries, but by all of us who need to know how to love on twenty-four hours a day?

Frankly afraid of its fallacies, wary of its pitfalls, I remain a strong champion of sex o'clock. It has done me wrong. It has, alas, too often turned upon me and become my zero hour. It has bitten the hand that strokes it. It has plunged me to the depths, all but broken my spirit, caused me to sit upon the edge of a chair hours on end waiting for that telephone call from him.

It has jeopardized my peace, that hateful, fateful, darling hour of sex o'clock; riddled my universe, put me on to the fact that the male half of the human race is nothing much to leave home about. Yet what human hour could conceivably be drearier than the day a woman looks at her wrist watch and discovers it is six instead of sex o'clock?

Out of woman's habit of observing sex o'clock on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis has sprung such bathos as: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence."

It is true that in all the welter of talk about equal rights of the sexes there has been no emphasis placed upon this blatant inequality.

Has the time come for all good women, and women-not-so-good, to rebel against their twenty-four-hour day of love observance as opposed to man's theory that his love is of his life a thing apart?

Theoretically, what is sex o'clock for the goose should be sex o'clock for the gander. Why not shorter hours and more pay?

Shall love, under the new economic status of women, continue to be a twenty-four-hour day and night, as opposed to the male eight-hour night?

One grows rather wistful at the thought. Who wants love a thing apart? Apart from what? The price of wheat? The stuffy concerns of law practice? Politics? Cloak-and-suit business?

Have women been cheated by concentrating on this twenty-four-hour business of love?

What edge has the man who unwinds his wife's arms from about his neck as he catches the eight-forty-five for town, there to forget her very existence, on the woman who returns to the bungalow to concern herself with the multifarious duties of being in love with her mate?

Married love, unmarried love, forbidden love is anybody's full-time job and worth it.

Only a woman who has known the delicious punishment of sitting on the edge of that chair waiting for the telephone call, or has relived throughout the day the intensity—or lack of it—of his good-by kiss, can know the pangs that go with her even being expected, in the name of equal rights, to relinquish her twenty-four-hour régime of loving.

ONE'S intellectual reaction to the male may not be commensurate with the emotional, but it is quite another question to be expected to forgo any—well, much—of the castigation, insanity, obsession, heartburn, heartache, heartbreak that go with the ecstasy of loving that male.

Sex o'clock remains the witching hour. Few, if any, of the women who daily buckle on their armor and go out into the marts of men to conquer their dependence upon the male, really in their heart of hearts dote on that dependence half as much as they dote on the male.

And this, mind you, from one who fancies that she dotes minimum on him; this from one who thinks that for her all too many entanglements of the emotions she has paid too dearly!

Therein lurks the devilishness of it. Intellectually this one is aware that in the last analysis man is not such an admirable bird. Who wants to live around a human being who is dominated by two such traits as his greatest ones, self-fulness and selfishness?

Women do.

Man matters more to himself than his love matters to him, or his pride matters to him, or his passion.

He wants what he wants when he wants it.

So do women, but not selfishly enough to achieve it at the cost of another.

My only reason for ever having wished myself not a woman is that by not being one I could more disinterestedly seem to champion what I regard as the infinitely more valuable traits of the female of the species.

The average female who prates that she dislikes women is on a plane with the Swiss herdsman in the Alps who seldom raises his eyes to the heights except to remark dourly on the prospect of rain.

Why, the loveliness of even the lesser good traits of the female outweigh her negative ones, large and small! Her capacity for tenderness, her gallant stoicism against pain, her love of love, her quality of mercy, her ability to forgive, her patience, her endurance. Pit against these her alleged shortcomings and, legion though they be, the qualities of the female of the species are well worth what the average man has to pay for them in pettiness, cattiness, greed, naggingness, suspiciousness, jealousies, and unreasonableness.

Idiots, we women, not to demand expiation for the long centuries of our twenty-four-hour day.

One could shake us for not trumping up sufficient spirit to cause the worm of our sex to turn.

INTELLECTUALLY I withdraw in distaste from this complementary servitude to a sex not wholly admirable to me. But emotionally, if I must confess it, a universe devoid of that kind of servitude isn't worth being a worm in. Although one realizes that if change is to come, it must find its roots in the less conservative of the sexes—the female.

Man, the male, is the most static element in our modern civilization. Governments rise and fall, women become people, but the male, in his immense complacency, goes on, secure no doubt in his, alas, justifiable conviction that in us there nest few possibilities of revolt against our twenty-four-hour love-a-day.

Price of wheat? Stubbornness of editors? Lackadaisicality of plot? Cussedness of stock market? Multiplicity of business affairs? Catch me sharing with any of them the private monopolistic ecstasy of yearning for the ring of the telephone bell!

Yearning for that telephone, mind you, knowing perfectly well that the male voice at the other end of the wire, if or when it comes, is going to be plated over with the selfishness and self-fulness of my male. Knowing perfectly well that I had far better be poring over that manuscript, or accepting that invitation to luncheon, or refusing to answer the telephone when it does ring, than sitting there trying to keep from suffocating of heartbeat should it finally jangle.

Who wants to organize against the twenty-four-hour love-a-day! Who wants love a thing apart? Who will tolerate it a thing apart?

The second best of the two sexes will. He wants it that way.

He is geared that way. He's got it that way. He won't conform to the twenty-four-hour régime because he constitutionally can't!

He *is* the second best of the two sexes! I love him best, but I like women best.

Woman is his inferior in the superficial characteristics. She shows up badly, she cheats in small affairs, she is cattily, treacherously at her female worst in the little things.

But try out man for his sterling qualities, and then woman, and see which takes the better test.

Women are nicer people. Kinder. More enduring. More patient. More forgiving. Tenderer. Sweeter. Truer. More sacrificing. Less ruthless.

We have all the petty vices, some of the major ones; but—now you take it from me—we also have most of the major virtues.

I am glad I belong to the sex that will not have its love a thing apart.

Catch me putting eighteen holes before the sublime punishment of sitting waiting beside that telephone! I love loving not wisely but well.

I don't think a great deal of men. But I would rather think about them twenty-four hours a day than about anything else I can think of.

THE END

# THE SUMMER MEAL WITH REAL APPEAL

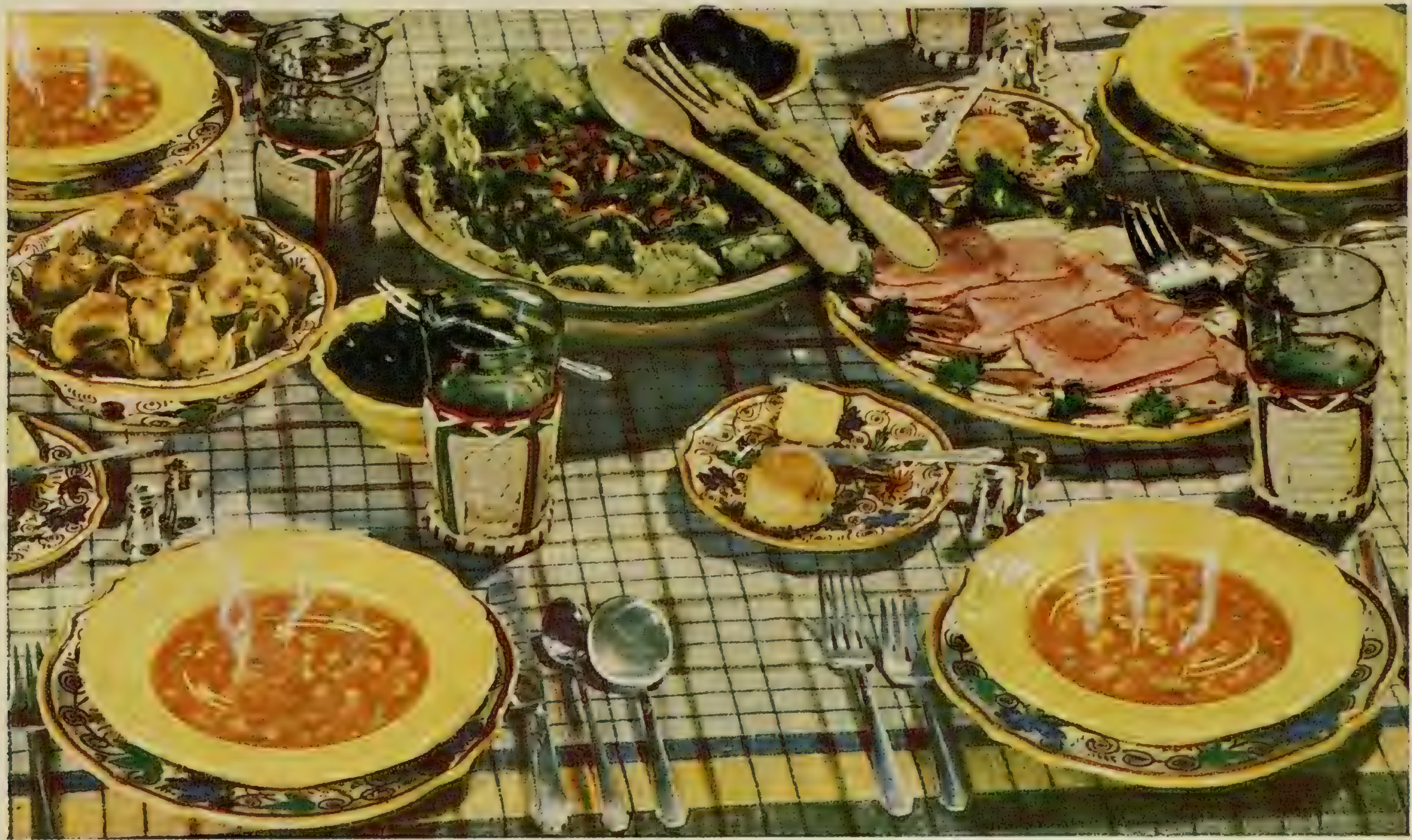
## *. . . is the meal with one-hot-dish!*

MAKE this simple and easy comparison. Serve an "all-cold" meal to your family today—a meal made up entirely of the cold meats, salads, iced beverages and desserts so popular at this time of year. Then tomorrow serve a similar meal, except that a sparkling hot soup is included. You will be astonished and delighted at the result. Although both meals are so strikingly similar, yet there really is a world of difference.

The presence of the hot soup, acting as an enlivening and invigorating prelude to the cold enticements that follow, transforms the whole picture. The appetite is made keen and alert. The sense of taste is more eager. The very contrast between the hot soup and the cold foods make them more enjoyable. Their savors and their flavors have a new appeal. Monotony and sameness of effect have been avoided. And digestion has been aided, too!

Including soup in summertime meals improves them so much that you will make it your regular rule. Nothing difficult about it—no matter where you are—in seashore or mountain bungalow or "back home". For Campbell's Soups may be had everywhere—supremely delicious—splendidly convenient—as Campbell's Vegetable Soup will prove to you on many a summer's day!

And remember that Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness—double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost. Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.



*Supper No. 1 as described*

21 kinds to choose from . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom
 (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle
 with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

Campbell's
CONDENSED
10½ OZ
NET WT
VEGETABLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

« [ *Cool menus for warm days* ] »

### LUNCHEONS

1
Vegetable Chowder
Whole Wheat Crackers
(Canned vegetable soup with an equal amount of milk added)
Canned Grapefruit Sections
Packaged Cookies   Iced Coffee

2
Vegetable Soup
Sliced Salmon Loaf
Potato Chips
Cucumber Salad with Roquefort Dressing
Bread and Butter
Peach Shortcake

3
Vegetable Soup
Bread and Butter
Fresh Pineapple Salad
Iced Chocolate

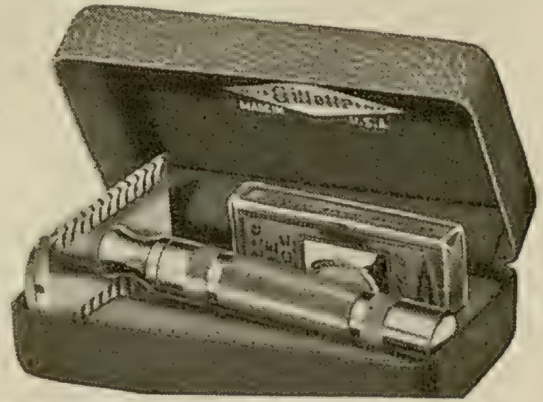
### SUPPERS

1 *{illustrated above}*
Vegetable Soup
Cold Sliced Chicken and Ham
Potato Chips
String Bean Salad   Ripe Olives
Raspberry Ice Cream Shortcake
(Sponge cake, ice cream and fresh raspberries)
Iced Tea

2
Vegetable Soup
Orange Marmalade and Nut Sandwiches
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Iced Watermelon
Iced Coffee

3
Vegetable Soup
Frankfurter, Potato and Cucumber Salad
Mustard Pickle or Sliced Tomatoes
Bread and Butter
Blueberry Cake
Iced Tea

Leave now? Why the party's just beginning



"Few women care to be seen with a man *who needs a shave*"

SAYS GRACE PERKINS, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "NIGHT NURSE"

GRACE PERKINS

Who can blame the girl for walking out on the party! Women agree that the humiliation of a half-shaved escort is hard to bear! Few people will deny that stubble is inexcusable —yet many men risk the respect of others by failing to shave well and often.

Let Grace Perkins, the famous author of "Night Nurse," and other best-selling novels give you the woman's viewpoint. "Few women care to be seen with a man who needs a shave," says Miss Perkins. "If a man hasn't enough respect to shave carefully before he goes out with a girl, he cannot value her friendship very highly. I don't think anyone would blame her for not seeing him again."

*Made for tender skin*

With today's Gillette "Blue Blade" there's no excuse for stubble. Here's a razor blade that's made for men with tender skin. It is especially processed to permit clean, close shaving every day—or twice a day, when necessary, with perfect comfort. Special automatic honing and stropping processes give the "Blue Blade" its marvelous, free stroking edge. No other razor blade is produced by this exclusive method. Only today's Gillette "Blue Blade" can give you the keenness that makes frequent shaving so much easier—so much more pleasant.

If you haven't a Gillette razor, or need a new one, ask your dealer for the "Red and Black" Special—or see coupon below.

**Remember—the Gillette Razor with its flexible blade, is adjustable to the special requirements of your beard.** A slight twist of the handle adjusts the blade to the exact shaving edge desired for clean, close shaving. Without this essential feature no razor can be entirely satisfactory.

**Gillette**
**BLUE BLADES**
*Now* **5 FOR 25¢**
**10 FOR 49¢**

Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette "Blue Blades" Only 49c

● Heavily gold-plated with new-style "husky" handle. Comes in handsome red and black case with 5 Gillette "Blue Blades." If your dealer cannot supply you, send coupon and 49 cents to:—
The Gillette
Safety Razor Co.
Boston, Mass.

L18-5

*Name*..........
*Address*..........
*City*..........
*State*..........

U. & U. photo

General Fechet (at right) with his successor, Major General B. D. Foulois, whom he champions in this article.

# Don't Wreck the AIR CORPS!

*A Fighting Plea for the Case of the "Real Forgotten Man"—the Army Flyer*

by

**MAJOR GENERAL JAMES E. FECHET**

U. S. A., RETIRED, CHIEF OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS, 1927-1931

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A LARGE cross section of the American people has lately been doing a very un-American thing. If I told you that I had seen a group of normal men beating up a slight invalid who had one hand tied behind his back, you wouldn't say, "How unusual," or "Why didn't some one interfere?"—you would, as is the good old American custom, rise in righteous wrath and strike out boldly to do something about it.

But that beating up is exactly what the politicians, the press, and the people have been doing to the Army Air Corps. On February 15 that valiant little group of air fighting men, which is all we have left of an air force, was gathered into its permanent stations, flying the few hours for which funds had been provided, training mechanics, running Civilian Conservation Corps camps, and otherwise engaged in normal military pursuits. A few days later that threadbare little band had been scattered to the four winds, literally strewn over the length and breadth of the country in rude temporary shelters, and had set about a new task which a few hours before had been as remote as a war with Mars.

They had been told by their commander in chief to carry the air mails. They did not reason as to why the civil lines had been canceled. They did not ask for a year in which to get ready. They did not say, "We can do it if you will give us new planes, planes like those the civil flyers use." They did not grumble or hesitate or question. They set doggedly at a task wholly foreign to their training and experience, with equipment admittedly deficient for the new purpose it had to serve.

But you say, "Their leader told the President that they could do it." Admitted. But of this I am sure: that leader did not tell the President that it could be done without accident. No man in his right mind will tell you that aircraft can be flown to any extent without accident. We never have been able to do it, in peace or war. The commercial air lines have never been able to do it. It can't be done.

Now, unfortunately four men lost their lives while engaged in that assigned and unasked duty—carrying the air mails. The country rose in arms. Well meaning people started ill-advised campaigns to stop the slaughter. Telegrams deluged the White House. Newspapers started magnifying the numbers killed, laying deaths in the Army Air Corps at the air mail's door which by no stretch of imagination resulted from it. The whole propagandistic campaign grew as it progressed like a snowball rolling downhill. From a few news items dictated by press agents of air lines it grew into a rumble and eventually swelled into a roaring tide of popular clamor. The political wiseacres grew frightened. This is an election year. Congressmen bent on reëlection, with ears flattened to the ground, heard the warning echo from back home.

In the usual good old political fashion a hasty hunt was under way for a goat. It was good business to find one which could not kick back. It was safer to throw the blame where it could not be thrown back. It did not take much acumen to determine that the Army Air Corps was the logical goat. Its members cannot vote. It has no voice in government. It has no political representation or official voice. Its officers are prevented by army regulations from speaking or writing for press or publication without official censorship.

So the authors of the idea said, "But the Air Corps said it could carry the mails." All who had been shocked by the deaths cried out in hurt sympathy, "General Foulois said the army could carry the mails!" That seemed to them to cover the whole ground and to be unanswerable.

Before long I was dumfounded by the state of affairs. Apparently it never occurred to anybody to stop for breath, to find out what all the shooting was about, to analyze the matter even hastily.

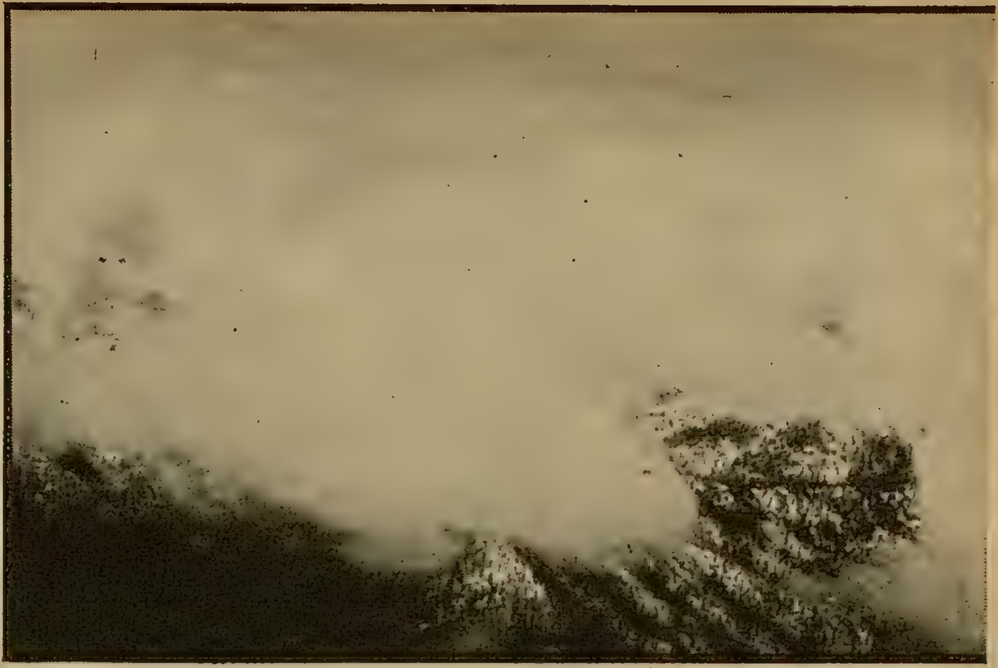
When the cry was at its crescendo, why did not some one in authority say, "The Air Corps *has* carried the mails, and done a wonderful job of it"? It took but two words to answer fairly, accurately, and decisively all that invective, abuse, and bitter criticism—it took but two words to answer adequately the statement, "The Air Corps said it could carry the mails." Those words were: "It can."

HERE are the facts in the case. During the first three weeks of operation on the air mail many of the routes had carried the mails—much larger cargoes of mail than the Post Office Department had told them might be expected—and had carried them on schedule. Many of the routes had operated without serious accident. Thousands of pounds of mail had been carried thousands of miles in a precise and workmanlike manner. Not one bag of mail had been lost, not one had been delivered at a wrong destination. Taken by and large, it was a much better beginning than any civil aircraft company had made during its first few weeks of operation. It was a much better showing than any of us who knew of the task to be done and of the state of training of the personnel and the condition of equipment expected could be made thus early in the program.

It was one of the most remarkable pieces of work which the army had accomplished since the war. It was a task which should have been recognized for its merit in face of insurmountable obstacles. That courageous little band of fighting flying men should have received the plaudits of its leaders; it should have received the gratitude of the people it so courageously served without profit, without thanks, without pay, and often, I fear, without food.

Here is why many have been led to believe that the Air Corps fell down on the job. When the air-mail contracts were canceled, air-mail contractors owned by holding companies representing billions of dollars lost ripe melons. They were hurt. First they wept, then they set about retrieving their losses. They reasoned along this line: If we can convince the people that the Air Corps is not carrying the mail efficiently, they will bring enough pressure on the political fathers to have it returned to us. If we can show up the Air Corps we shall get the job back. Hence they gathered together their high-salaried press agents, lobbyists, propagandists, and public relations counsels and began to feed to the press well edited and skillfully disguised propaganda.

The Air Corps had no publicity bureaus to counter this press effort; the Air Corps was too busy doing the job to talk much about it. It was decidedly to the interest of certain publications to aid the mail contractors, since the private operators were advertising clients. There was nothing to be gained if the military continued the operation; in that there was no profit for anybody—no stock could be sold, no unearned profits divided among dummy stockholders.



Here are the prime arguments which have been used to discredit the Army Air Corps. It has been said that the army started to operate only 40 per cent of the lines over which civil air lines had carried the mails. The army started carrying the mails over all the lines on which Post Office officials requested that the mail be carried. As a matter of cold fact it started carrying the air mail over the principal lines where a real volume of air mail existed; where the loads justified, it carried them over the most difficult and the longest routes. On some of the routes on which operations were begun it was found that there were only a paltry few pounds to be carried. On some of the lines information from the Post Office Department indicated that 100- to 200-pound loads could be expected. Planes with those capacities were assigned to such routes and located accordingly. From the first it was found that two and three times this amount of mail had to be carried. Larger planes had to be jerked hastily from other routes and pressed into service.

Much capital has been made of the fact that some of the mail on some routes was sent by rail. Nothing was said about the fact that civil air lines canceled flights over the same routes at the same time. It was news that the Air Corps had not gone out with the mails. It was not news that civil lines were not running. In fact it was decidedly good business to leave the inference that civil carriers would have carried it. There is no question but the army canceled some flights where civil carriers would have cleared. Those in authority had been told to take no chances in the early days until pilots became familiar with their routes. Also the army planes were not so suitable nor so well equipped for the job as were the civil mail planes; but nobody said anything about that when they broadcast to the world that the army air mail had not gone out.

BUT here is the really unfair thing about this cancellation-of-flight business. On those days, which were far in the majority, when the Air Corps went out on schedule and came through on schedule, nothing was said about that. That was not news. Consequently the average reader got the impression that failure to go through was the rule and scheduled runs the exception, when actually the opposite was, of course, true.

Much has been written and shouted about the unsuitability and defectiveness of Air Corps equipment. It is true that a bomber or a pursuit plane or an observation plane is not a first-class mail plane. They were never designed for that purpose. But apparently nobody has ever told the real reason why the army did not have better equipment. Year after year when I was at the head of the Air Corps I asked for sufficient suitable airplanes, showed that they were developed and could be procured from manufacturers in reasonable time at fair and reasonable costs. Year after year, when the Budget Bureau and Congress finished with the estimates, funds had shriveled to insignificance. Estimates had been cut until procurement of sufficient new aircraft was out of

Left: An army plane over Mount Shasta—always a hazardous course for any pilot.

Below: They DID fly the mails, General Fechet insists. Here is an army pilot at the end of a record Cleveland-to-Newark flight made with air mail.

U. & U. photo

the question. The blame for the present shocking state of Air Corps equipment lies in but one place—governmental false economy. The army is not to blame. The national fathers who now express such surprise and indignation were told by me and by the present Chief of Air Corps in Congressional committee hearings, time after time, at every opportunity, that the Air Corps had defective equipment, that funds must be allotted for new planes or the corps must suffer. The Congressional Record and committee reports are replete with the testimony of experienced army officers telling of the grave necessity for new planes and warning of disastrous results sure to follow from failure to supply them.

You have been told in headlines of late that army pilots are not trained. Why are they inadequately trained? In the first place their training, such as has been possible, has been army training for military purposes. Who could foresee that the Air Corps should have been trained to carry the mails? But even military training has not been possible, for one reason—because funds were not available. Outraged officials have said, "Why can't the Air Corps officers fly cross-country?" "Let the civil flyers train them," and other equally insulting and unfair remarks. At many of the flying fields all cross-country had been canceled for lack of funds for gasoline and oil. Many pilots had been reduced to four hours flying per month because of shortage of funds. No pilot can keep in training on that paltry amount of flying time. The average pilot requires an hour per day to keep in top form. For years Congress has allotted funds on the basis of less than fifteen hours per pilot per month.

NOW we come to that part of the charge against the Air Corps on which was hung the final order for suspending Army air-mail operations—accidents, deaths. For years the Air Corps has lost from forty to fifty men annually. Some of the losses are due to pilot error; these are traceable many times to that inadequate training and practice. Some are attributable to poor equipment and are directly traceable to the lack of funds for suitable equipment. The remainder are incidental to flying—a hazardous occupation.

We must remember that this flying game is but twenty-five years old; it is still in the experimental stage; there is yet much pioneering to be done. There is always a high mortality rate among pioneers in any field. Much as we decry these accidents, much as we desire to take all possible precautions to keep them to the absolute minimum, we must not allow them to stop progress, to halt the work at hand.

The Air Corps lost more flyers last year than it has lost this year, even though this year we have had this new dangerous duty, carrying the mails.

Congress did not view those losses last year with horror because no group of men with publicity bureaus found it to their interest to broadcast such a view to the world. It did not mean money or political capital to anybody then to splash news sheets with blood. Now these air-mail fatalities have made good copy for those whose business it was to try to stop the Air Corps from its assigned task.

HERE is why I hate to see "Benny" Foulois made the goat in this air-mail controversy. There was a time when he was all the flying force we had. At the dawn of army aviation this great government bought one stick-and-wire mousetrap plane, gave it to Benny Foulois, and told him to go to San Antonio, Texas, and teach himself to fly. That he set about doing. He did not say, "Who will teach me?"; he did not question or delay or argue; he set to work. He did ask for funds for gasoline and oil and repairs. The government said he could have $300 for all expenditures for the whole year. When his plane was damaged he took planks from a corral fence, patched up the antique wreck, and boldly took to the air again.

That was the birth of that Army Air Corps he now heads. He has had a good part of all the grief we have had. He kept the Air Corps aloft during that first year largely from his own funds. He has never shirked or complained or questioned. It seems to me it is about time to laud him for his long and faithful service. When he deserved bouquets he got brickbats. When he merited medals he got missiles.

He symbolizes the history of the army's flying force; on his battered body and weather-beaten face is written the record of the Air Corps' flights and wrecks, its successes and disasters.

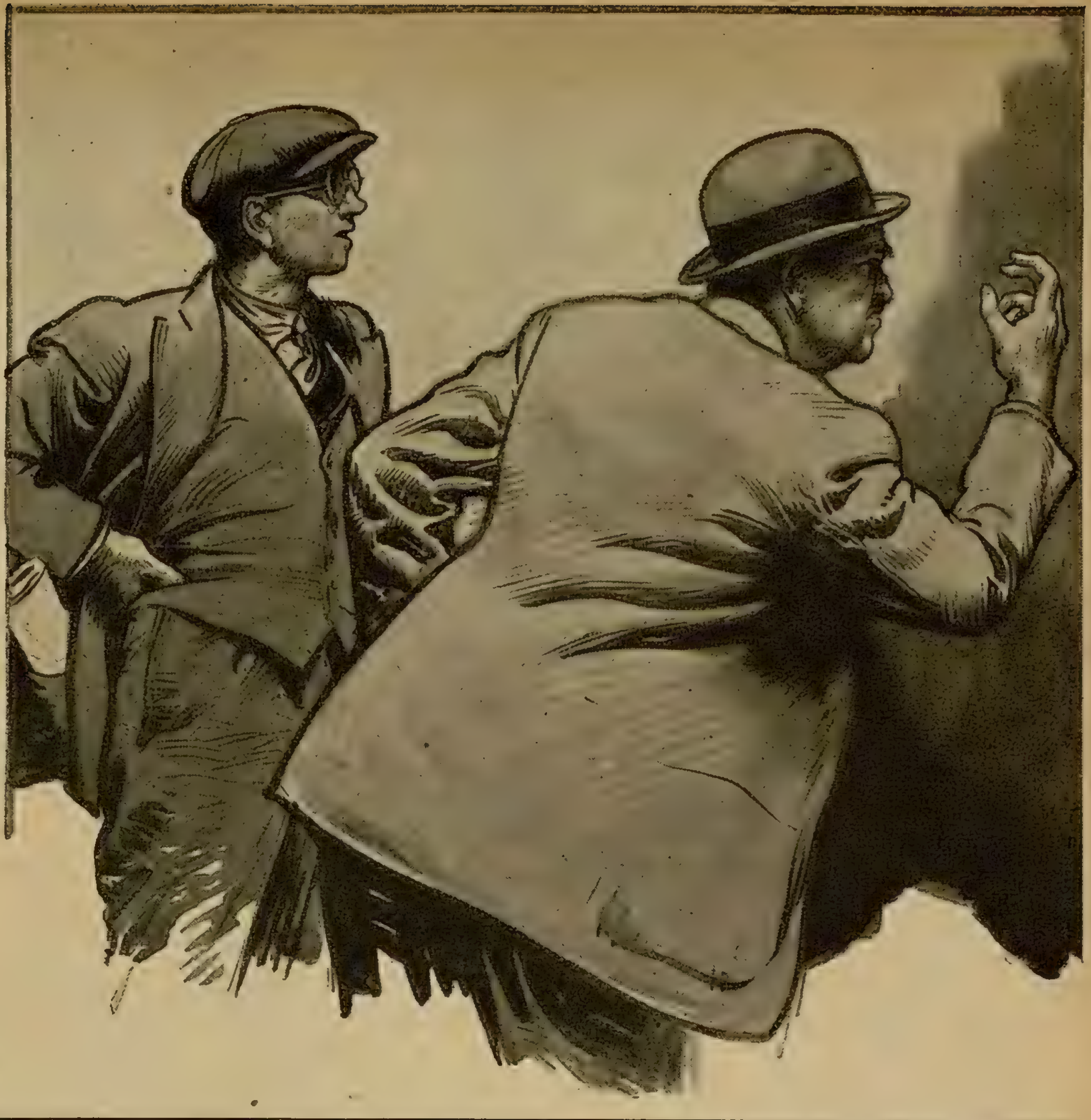
Let us not dismember and wreck and dismantle all that is left of the Army Flying Corps. Already its morale is at the lowest ebb I have ever seen. That is because it feels itself deserted by its leaders, criticized unfairly and unjustly by the men and women it has so loyally and fearlessly served. Let us get back on a level keel; let us assert that good judgment, good sense, and spirit of fair play for which we are famous as a people. Let us put the blame for the present state of the Air Corps where it justly belongs—on the money changers in the temple, on those who hold the national money bags, those who decide what part of the national income is to be spent for national defense.

As long as we continue to equip our flying force from the penny arcade, so long shall we have a ten-cent-store flying force.

As long as we continue to spend no more on the whole Army Air Corps of 12,000 men, 1,500 pilots, and more than 1,000 planes than the cost of one battleship, so long shall we have an air force in name only. Let us hope that the time has come for the vaunted New Deal to reach the real forgotten man—the flying man.

THE END

*Is Rhoda a Murderess? What Would You Conclude After Hearing What Perry Mason Hears in This Surprising Chapter of*



The two detectives swooped down on the

# The Case of the Curious

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

WHO killed Gregory Moxley, arch-swindler of women? Rhoda Lorton Montaine is suspected. Even Perry Mason, her lawyer, is not wholly convinced she is innocent. Moxley was clubbed to death with an iron poker in his bachelor apartment about 2 A. M. Benjamin Crandall and his wife, neighbors, heard him talking on the telephone, pleading for " more time." Then they heard him in an argument with a woman. Then the sound of a blow and the thud of his body. Before and after the fight Moxley's doorbell rang persistently.

The killer had vanished when police arrived. There were no fingerprints on the poker. On the floor lay a leather key container, with keys to two small cars of different makes and a garage padlock. Rhoda Montaine had sought legal advice from Perry Mason the day before, but had hurried away when he became suspicious of her story. In her purse, which she accidentally left, Mason and his secretary, Della Street, find a loaded pistol and a telegram from Moxley demanding an answer by five o'clock that afternoon.

Mason goes to see Moxley. The latter warns him not to interfere in his business with Rhoda and draws a gun on him. Mason leaves, and meets Rhoda in the street. She admits Moxley was her first husband, who had taken her life savings and disappeared seven years before. Believing him dead, she had married Carl W. Montaine, son of a millionaire, whom she had nursed during his treatment for drug addiction, and Moxley had reappeared to blackmail her.

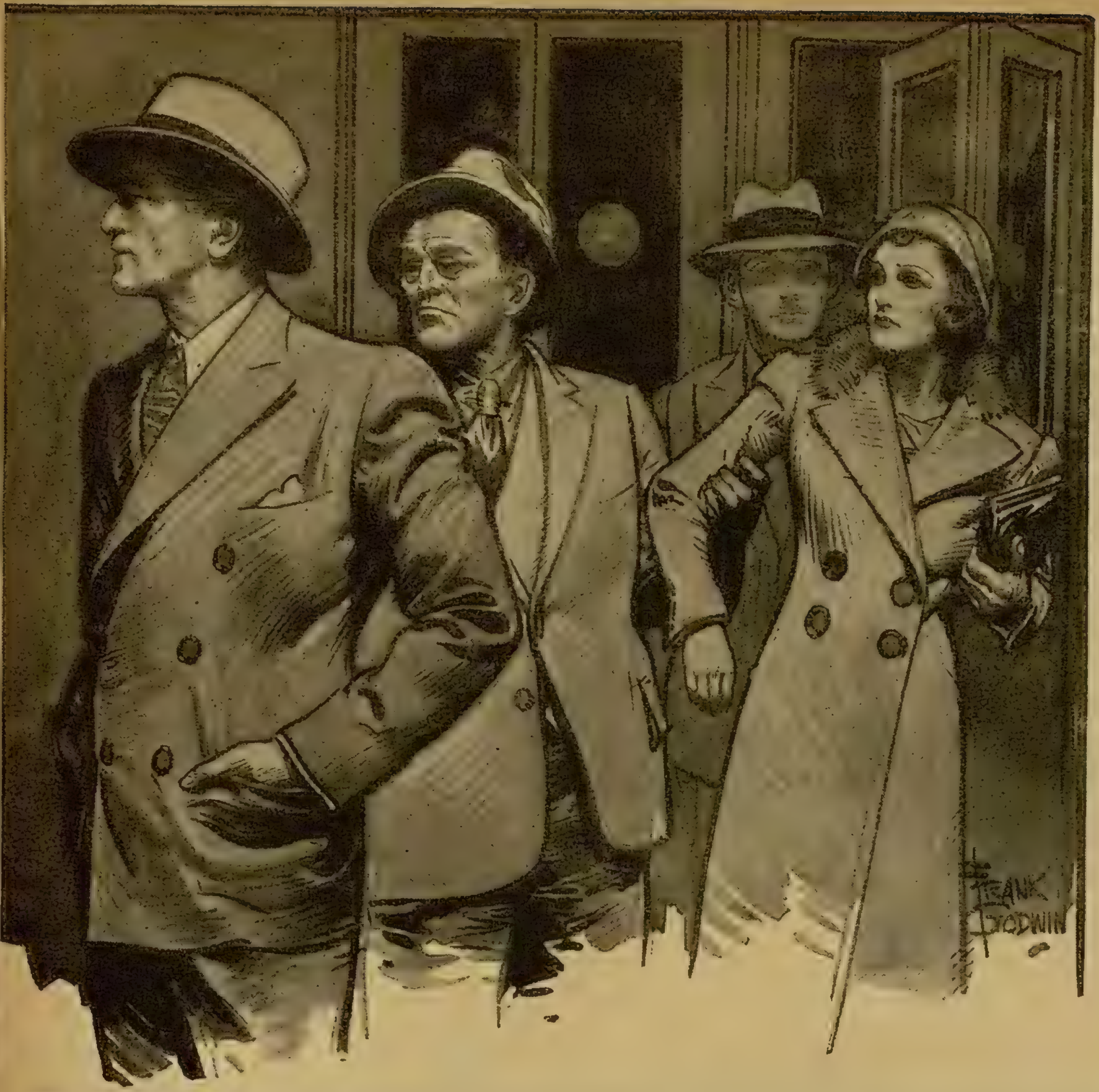
The blackmail attempt seemed motive enough for the murder. And Montaine bursts into Mason's office later to say that the keys found in Moxley's apartment were his wife's. Also he says that Rhoda tried to drug him and slipped out of their apartment a short time before the killing. Montaine believes Dr. Claude Millsap, an old admirer of Rhoda, committed the murder, and that Rhoda was present. In partial substantiation of this, Paul Drake, a private detective, reports to Mason that Millsap signed the death certificate of a man supposed to have been Moxley, and also gave her the gun found in her purse.

Mason hurries out to find Rhoda. She is not in her apartment and a neighbor tells him an expressman had called for her baggage. He drives in a taxicab to an airport and two detectives trail him. There he finds Rhoda.

### PART FOUR—THE MAN IN THE DARK

YOU," Rhoda said in a low voice that would have been inaudible more than ten feet distant.

" There are a couple of dicks looking for you," Mason said softly. " They probably haven't got a photograph—just a description. They're out watching the people that



group. One of them grabbed Rhoda by the arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

# Bride

by
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

get aboard the plane. After the plane leaves they are intending to search the airport. Go over to that telephone booth. I'll follow you in just a minute."

Rhoda slipped from the crowd at the gate, walked rapidly to the telephone booth, entered, and closed the door.

The uniformed attendant slid back the gate. Passengers started to board the plane. Two broad-shouldered men appeared from behind the fuselage, scanned each of the passengers with shrewd appraisal.

Perry Mason took advantage of their preoccupation to walk with swift strides to the telephone booth. He jerked open the door.

"Drop down to the floor, Rhoda," he said. "Turn around, facing me. Get your back flat against the wall under the shelf that the telephone's on. . . . That's it. Now double up your knees. . . . That's fine."

Perry Mason stepped in, managed to pull the door closed, stood at the telephone, his eyes making a swift survey of the lobby of the building.

"Now listen," he said, "and get this straight. Those dicks either had a tip that you're taking this plane, or else they're covering all exits out of town. I don't know them but they know me, because they recognized me when I left your house and picked up a taxicab. They followed me away from the place. They figured I was going to join you. I shook them, and they came out here. When they see me they'll figure that I was to meet you and give you some last-minute instructions, that you missed the plane, and I'm telephoning trying to locate you. Then I'll let them know that I've seen them, and keep in the telephone booth as though I was trying to hide. Do you get the sketch?"

"Yes," she mumbled from the floor.

'All right; they're coming in now," Mason said.

He removed the receiver from the hook but did not deposit a coin. He held his mouth against the mouthpiece of the telephone and talked rapidly, ostensibly to some party on the other end of the wire—in reality giving swift instructions to Rhoda Montaine. Rhoda remained huddled on the floor, tensely alert.

"You were a little fool to try to get away on a plane," he said. "Flight is an indication of guilt. If they'd caught you boarding that plane with a ticket to some other city, they'd have strengthened the case against you. Now you've got to work things in such a way that they can't prove you were guilty of flight."

"How did you know I was here?" she asked.

"The same way they did," he said. "You left your house with some light articles of baggage. You shipped a trunk by express. If you'd been going on a train you'd have checked the trunk. Now you're going to surrender—but not to the police. You're going to surrender to some newspaper that will get an exclusive story."

"You mean you want me to tell them my story?" asked Rhoda.

"No," Mason said. "We'll simply let them think you're going to tell them your story. You'll never have a chance."

"Why?"

"Because the detectives will grab you just as soon as you put in an appearance. Tell them that you won't talk unless your attorney is present. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"All right," he told her. "I'm going to telephone the Chronicle. These birds have got me spotted now, but they don't know that I've seen them. I'm going to telephone the Chronicle, and then I'm going to let them know that I've seen them and try and turn my back so they can't recognize me. It will make them think I'm expecting to meet you here and that I'm waiting for them to leave before I go out of the booth. They'll get some place where they can watch me and stick around waiting for me to come out or for you to join me."

He dropped a coin in the telephone, gave the Chronicle's number, and, after a moment, asked for Bostwick, the city editor.

There was the sound of a man's voice on the wire, and Mason said, "How would you fellows like to have the exclusive story of Rhoda Montaine, the woman who had the two-o'clock appointment with Gregory Moxley this morning? . . . You could also have the credit of taking her into custody. . . . Yes, she would surrender to Chronicle reporters. Sure, this is Perry Mason. Of course I'm going to represent her. . . .

"All right. Now get this straight. I'm here at the Municipal Airport. You have a couple of reporters come to this telephone booth and I'll see that Rhoda Montaine surrenders herself to them. . . . I can't guarantee what's going to happen after that. But get this straight: You can't have it appear that the Chronicle ran her to earth as she was trying to get away. It's got to be a surrender. . . . That's right; she's going to play it that way. She surrenders to the Chronicle. You can be the first on the street with it.

"No, I can't put her on the telephone and I can't give you her story. I can't even guarantee that you'll *get* a story. Frankly, Bostwick, I'm afraid the detectives are going to grab her before your men get a chance to interview her. . . . O. K., get your extra ready. Start your men out here and I'll give you some of the high lights on the situation.

"Now, mind you, I don't want to be quoted in this. Rhoda Montaine married a chap named Gregory Lorton some years ago. You'll find the marriage license in the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Gregory Lorton was none other than Gregory Moxley, otherwise known as Gregory Carey, the man who was murdered.

"A week or so ago Rhoda Lorton married Carl W. Montaine. Montaine is the son of C. Philip Montaine, a multimillionaire of Chicago. In the application for a marriage license Rhoda Lorton described herself as a widow. Gregory Moxley showed up and started to make trouble. Rhoda had been living with a Nell Brinley at 128 East Pelton Avenue. Moxley sent telegrams to Rhoda at that address telling her certain things. If you can get those telegrams either from the police files or from the files of the telegraph company, you can use them. Otherwise you can't. Nell Brinley will admit that she received telegrams. . . . That's all I can tell you, Bostwick. You'll have to make up a story from that. You can start running down those angles so that you can have something to put in the special edition you throw on the streets. . . . Yes, she'll surrender herself at the airport. The reason she came to the airport is because I told her to meet me there. . . . No, that's all I can tell you. I've given you all the dope I can. Good-by."

THE receiver was still squawking protests as Perry Mason slammed it back on the hook. He turned as though to leave the booth, looked through the glass.

"They've spotted me, Rhoda," he said, "and know that I've spotted them. They're going to give me a chance to walk into the trap now. They'll get under cover somewhere."

"Aren't they likely to come in here?" she asked in a muffled voice.

"No," he said. "It's you they want. They've got nothing on me. They figure it's a cinch you're going to meet me here and that I'm waiting for you—that I don't know they've seen me and I'm trying to keep under cover until they leave. They'll stick around in plain sight for a while and then pretend to leave, figuring that will draw me out in the open."

"How did they know about me?" she asked.

"Your husband," he said.

She gave a quick gasp.

"But my husband doesn't know anything!" she said. "He was asleep."

"No, he wasn't," Mason told her. "You slipped some ipral tablets into his chocolate, but he was too foxy for you and didn't drink the chocolate. He pretended to be asleep and heard you go out and heard you come back. Now go ahead and tell me what happened."

Her voice sounded low and muffled from the lower part of the telephone booth.

"I had done something awful," she said. "Gregory knew about it. It was something that would put me in jail. Not that I was so frightened about going to jail, but it was on account of Carl. His parents thought Carl had married beneath him. A woman who was little better than a streetwalker. I didn't want to have anything happen that would put Carl's father in the position of saying 'I told you so,' and I didn't want to have my marriage to Carl annulled."

"YOU haven't got any too much time," Mason warned her. "Go on."

"Gregory was in a jam. I don't know just what kind of a jam. He's always in a jam of some sort. I think he'd been to prison. That's why I hadn't heard anything from him. I couldn't find out anything about him. He had a ticket to go on the plane that was wrecked, but for some reason he didn't go. The passenger list showed that he had been on the airship, so I thought he was dead. And then—well, then I just acted on the assumption that he *was* dead."

The lawyer started to say something, checked himself.

"Well, Gregory insisted that I could get money from Carl. He said that Carl would pay money to keep from having his name dragged into a lawsuit. He was going to sue Carl for alienation of affections. He said that I was still his wife."

Mason's laugh was sardonic.

"Notwithstanding the fact that Gregory had taken your money, skipped out, and you hadn't heard from him for years?" he said.

"You don't understand. It wasn't a question of whether he could win the lawsuit; it was a question of whether he had the legal right to bring it. Carl would have died before he would have let his name get dragged into the courts."

"But," Mason protested, "I thought you promised me you weren't going to do anything until you'd told me the whole story."

"I went back to see Nell Brinley," she said. "There was another telegram there. It was from Gregory. He was furious. He told me to telephone him. I telephoned him, and he told me I would have to give him a final answer that night. I told him I could give him my final answer right then. He said no, he wanted to talk with me. I knew that I couldn't get away while my husband was awake without arousing his suspicions, so I made an appointment for two o'clock in the morning with Gregory and then slipped a double dose of ipral into Carl's chocolate, so that he'd be asleep."

"Then what?" Mason asked, glancing into the lobby of the airport building.

"Then," she said, "I got up shortly after one, dressed, and sneaked out of the house. I unlocked the garage door, backed out my coupé, closed the garage door, and evidently forgot to lock it. I had a flat tire, and I drove on it to a service station a few blocks from the house. The man there changed the tire for me, and found that the spare tire had a nail in it. There was enough air in it so the puncture didn't show until after we had changed the tires. So the service-station man had to fix that.

"I couldn't wait, so he gave me a claim check for the tube and I was to pick it up later on."

"Then what?"

"Then I went to Gregory's apartment."

"Did you ring the bell?"

"Yes."

*(Continued on page twenty-six)*

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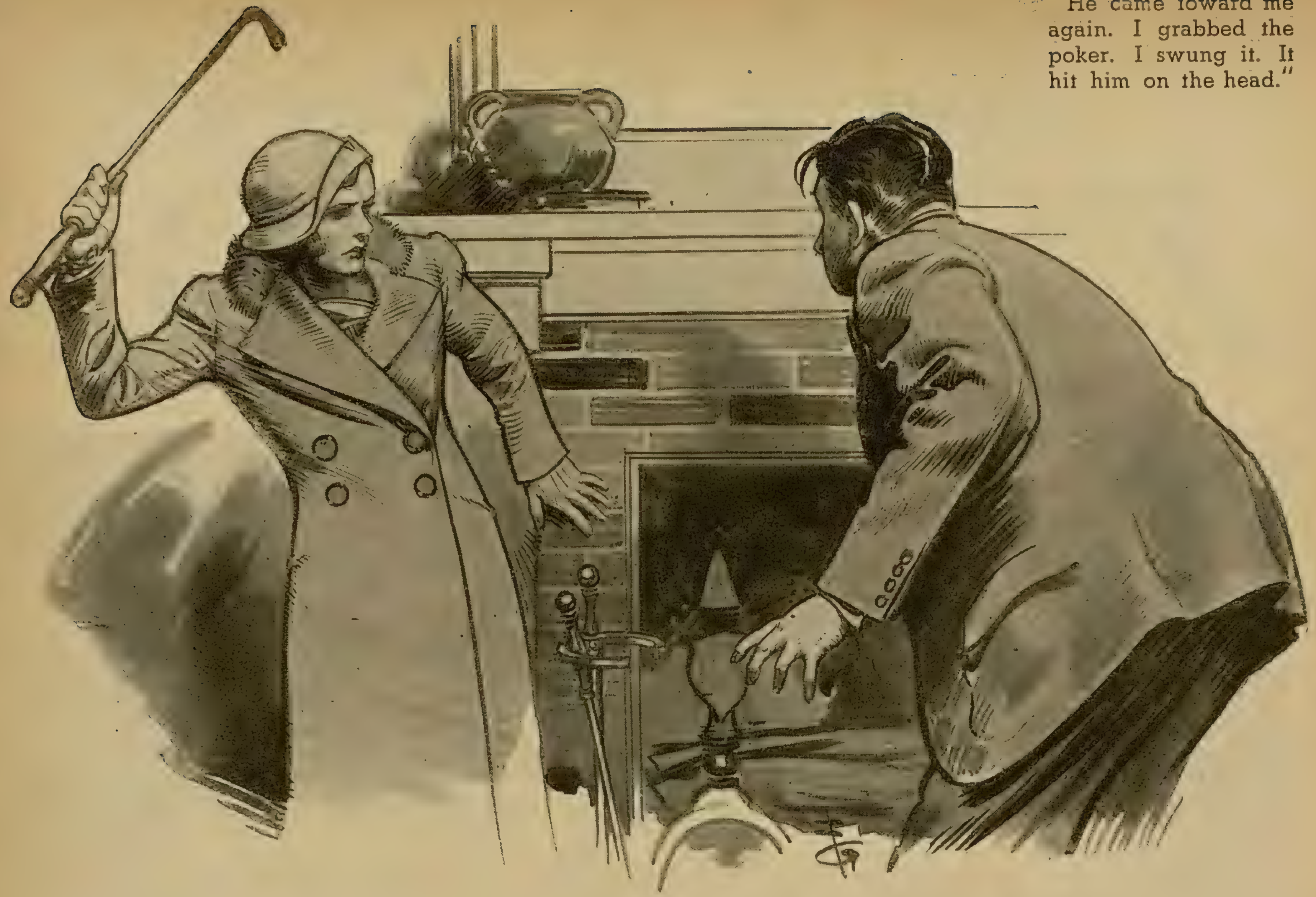


"He came toward me again. I grabbed the poker. I swung it. It hit him on the head."

*(Continued from page twenty-four)*

"What time was it?"

"It was after two o'clock. I was late."

"What happened?"

"Gregory was in an awful temper. He told me that I must deposit at least two thousand dollars to his credit in the bank when it opened in the morning; that I had to get another ten thousand dollars from my husband; that if I didn't get it he was going to sue my husband and have me arrested."

"What did you do?"

"I told him I wasn't going to pay him a cent."

"Then what happened?"

"Then he got abusive, and I tried to telephone you."

"What happened then?"

"I crossed toward the telephone and reached for the receiver."

"Just a moment," Mason said. "Were you wearing gloves?"

"Yes. I tried to pick up the receiver. He grabbed me."

"What did you do?"

"I struggled and broke loose from him. He came toward me again. My hand hit the stand of fireplace tools and I grabbed the poker. I swung it. It hit him on the head. Then the lights went out."

"The lights went out!" Perry Mason exclaimed.

Her voice drifted up from the bottom of the telephone booth: "Yes. The power must have been turned off."

"Was that before you hit him on the head or afterward?" Mason asked.

"It was just as I hit him," she said.

"Perhaps you didn't hit him, Rhoda."

"Yes, I did, Mr. Mason. I know I hit him, and he staggered back and fell down, and there was some one else in the apartment—a man who was striking matches."

"So then what happened?"

"Then I ran out of the room into the bedroom, and stumbled over a chair and fell flat."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I heard a match striking. The man was trying to pursue me into the bedroom. I ran out into the corridor and started to go downstairs, and some one was following me."

"Did you go down the stairs?" the lawyer asked.

"No. I was afraid to. You see, the doorbell had been ringing."

"When did it start to ring?"

"I don't know exactly. It was sometime during the time we were struggling."

"How long did it continue to ring?"

"QUITE a while. As though some one were trying to waken Gregory. I don't think the person at the door could have heard the sounds of the struggle, because he rang the bell in a funny way. He rang it for several seconds at a time, then stopped for several seconds, and then rang again. He did that several times."

"You didn't go down until the bell stopped ringing?"

"That's right."

"How soon after it stopped?"

"Just a minute or two. I was afraid to stay in there."

"You didn't know whether Gregory was dead or not?"

"No. He dropped to the floor when I hit him and lay motionless. Anyway, I heard him fall."

"Did you see any one when you went down?"

"No."

"Where was your car parked?"

"Around the corner on the side street."

"When did you find out you'd dropped your keys in Gregory's apartment?"

"Not until I read the newspaper."

"How did you get in the car?"

"The car wasn't locked. The ignition key was in the lock. I drove the car back to the garage and—"

"Just a minute," Mason interrupted. "You had closed the garage door when you left, but hadn't locked it?"

"Yes; I thought I locked it, but I didn't."

"And it was still closed?"

"Yes."

"Just as you had left it?"

"Yes. So I slid the door back along the runway and then drove the car in."

"Then you tried to close the door."

"Yes. But it wouldn't close. When I pushed it back I shoved it over the bumper of my husband's car. It caught there and I couldn't get it loose. So I left it open."

"And then went upstairs to bed?"

"Yes."

"You had a talk with your husband this morning?"

"Yes. He was up making coffee."

"He asked you if you'd been out?"

"Yes; he questioned me some."

"Did you think he was at all suspicious?"

"Not at the time."

"And you lied to him?"

"Yes."

"Then he went out?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do?"

"I went back to sleep, got up, took a bath, dressed, brought in the milk and the newspaper. I thought Carl had gone for a walk. I opened the newspaper and the photograph of the garage key was staring me in the face! I knew Carl would recognize it as soon as he saw it."

"So then what?"

"So I telephoned the express company, had them express my trunk to a fictitious name and address, packed up my things, had a cab come, and rushed out here to take a plane."

PERRY MASON pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "who was ringing the doorbell?"

"No."

"Did you leave the doors open or closed when you left?"

"What doors?"

"The door into the hallway from Gregory's apartment, and the door that leads to the street."

"I can't remember," she said. "I was frightfully excited. How did *you* know about the garage door?"

"Your husband told me."

"I thought you said he told the police."

"He did. He came to call on me first."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he had recognized the key in the newspaper; that he knew you had tried to drug him; that you'd gone out and couldn't get the garage door closed when you came back."

"And he was going to tell the police?"

"Yes. His family name and position required that."

"You mustn't judge him by that," she said. "He's really nice."

"He told me you might try to shield some one."

"Who?"

"Dr. Millsap."

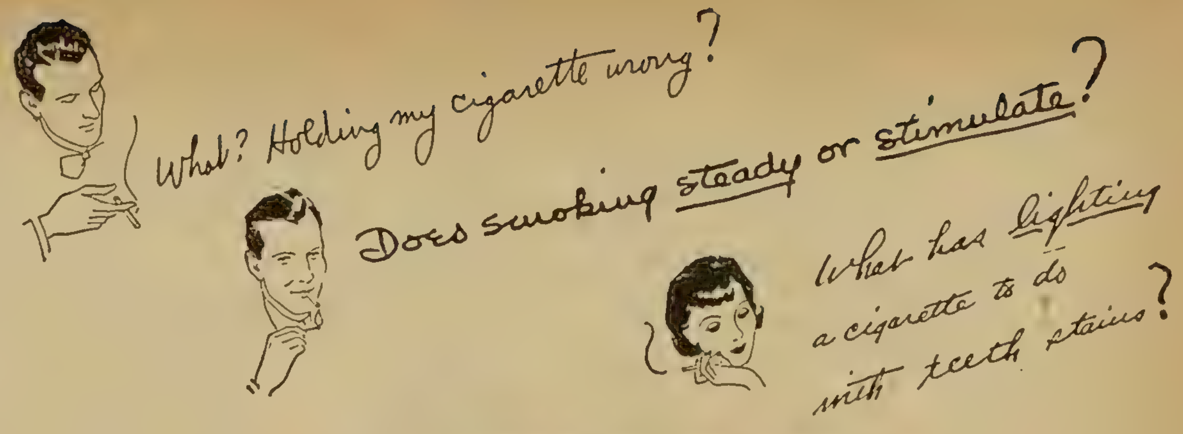
Mason could hear her gasp. Then she said, "What does he know about Dr. Millsap?"

"I don't know. What do you know about him?"

"He's a friend."

"Was he there at Moxley's house last night?"

"Good heavens, no!" . . .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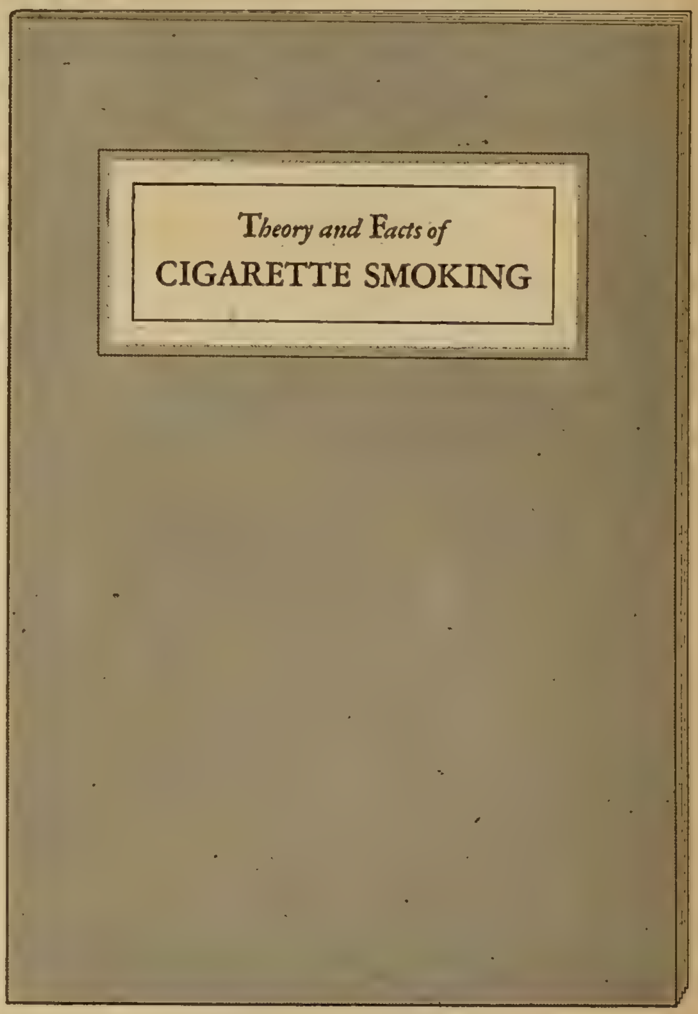

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Perry Mason called Paul Drake's office on the telephone.

"Perry Mason talking, Paul," he said when he heard the voice of the detective. "You've read the papers, of course. I'm representing Rhoda Montaine. She's the woman you saw come out of my office yesterday. I want you to start a general investigation on that murder case. The police have undoubtedly taken photographs of the room where Moxley was found, and I want to get some of those photographs. And here's something funny: There were *no* fingerprints on that door knob. I want to know why. . . . What if she was wearing gloves? That would have concealed *her* fingerprints, but others must have been using that door. Moxley must have opened and closed it a dozen times during the day. I was there earlier in the day. It was a hot day and my hands were perspiring. There must have been *some* fingerprints on that door knob. . . . Yes, keep on with Moxley. Find out everything you can about him and about his record. Interview the witnesses."

Mason slammed the receiver back on the hook.

"Now," he said to Rhoda Montaine, "we've got to work fast. The men from the Chronicle will be here any minute. The police are going to do everything in their power to make you talk. You've got to promise me that you'll keep quiet. Can you do that?"

"Yes."

"Tell them that you want me present whenever they get you on the carpet."

There was a gentle tap on the door of the telephone booth.

A young man held a card against the glass showing that he was a reporter from the Chronicle.

Perry Mason opened the door.

Another reporter slipped around from behind the telephone booth.

"Hello, Mason," he said.

Rhoda Montaine reached for Perry Mason's hand, got to her feet. The newspapermen stared.

The second reporter rasped out an oath. "The cops," he said.

Two were coming on the run.

"This," said Perry Mason, speaking rapidly, "is Rhoda Montaine. She surrenders to you gentlemen as representatives of the Chronicle, knowing that the Chronicle will give her a square deal. She has recognized the garage key which was published in the paper as the key to her garage. She—"

The two detectives swooped down on the group. One of them grabbed Rhoda Montaine by the arm. The other pushed a face that was livid with rage up close to Mason's face.

"So that's the kind of a dirty damn' shyster you are, is it?" he said.

Mason's jaw jutted forward. His eyes became steely.

"PIPE down, gum-shoe," he said, "or I'll button your lip with a set of knuckles."

The other detective muttered a warning.

"Pipe down, Joe. He's dynamite. We've got the girl. That's all the break we need."

"You've got hell!" one of the reporters said. "This is Rhoda Montaine, and she surrendered to the Chronicle."

"Like hell she did! She's our prisoner."

One of the reporters moved toward the telephone booth. He grinned as he dropped in a nickel and gave the number of the Chronicle.

"In just about fifteen minutes," he said, "you boys can buy a paper and read all about it." . . .

Perry Mason paced his office with the restlessness of a tiger pacing a cage. Paul Drake, the detective, jotted down points of information Mason wanted uncovered. Della Street was seated at a corner of the desk with notebook and pencil.

"They've buried her," Mason said. "Damn them! They would work *that* trick on me. They've hidden her out in some outlying precinct."

He flung about and snapped an order.

"Della," he said, "get to the files. Dig out the application for a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Ben Yee. Follow the allegations of that petition. I'll sign it as an attorney acting on behalf of the prisoner. Get one of the typists to get it in shape immediately. I'll slap them with an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*. That'll smoke them out into the open before they've had a chance to do *too* much damage."

Della Street, swiftly efficient, vanished from the office.

Perry Mason turned to the detective.

"Another thing, Paul," he said. "The district attorney is going to sew up the husband."

"As a material witness?" Drake asked.

"Sure. Or an accomplice. We've got to figure some way of getting at him."

The detective volunteered a suggestion.

"We could," he said, "fake a message that his father was ill in Chicago. They'd let him go to see his father if they thought that you didn't know where he was. They'd spirit him to a plane. We could watch the planes and arrange that one of my men could be a passenger on the plane and pump him dry en route."

Perry Mason paused in his restless pacing to frown thoughtfully.

The door from the outer office opened and Della Street returned to her seat at the desk.

"NO," Mason said; "that won't work. The father is the type that will come on here to have a hand in things. In fact, I'm sort of planning on bringing him here if he doesn't come of his own accord. I want to get some money out of him."

"You mean you want him to pay for defending Rhoda?"

"Yes."

"He won't do it."

"He will when I get done with him," Mason said. He strode up and down the office.

"Here's another thing," he said. "They've got to use the testimony of Carl Montaine in order to build up the case against Rhoda Montaine. Now, Carl Montaine is her husband. As such he can't be called as a witness in a criminal case to testify against his wife unless the wife consents."

"Well," asked Drake, "isn't that a break for you?"

"No," Perry Mason said. "Because that means they'll start an action to annul the marriage between Rhoda and Carl Montaine."

"Not a divorce?" Drake asked.

"No. A divorce wouldn't do any good. They'd still be husband and wife. What they'll try to do is to start an action for annulment, on the ground that the marriage was void from its inception."

"Can they do that?"

"Sure—if they can prove that Rhoda Montaine had another husband living at the time she married her present spouse."

"Then the husband can testify?" Drake asked.

"Yes. Now, I want you to start digging out a lot of stuff about Gregory Moxley. I want to know all about his past life. It's a cinch the district attorney will have some of this. I want to have a lot more. Find out, if you can, every one that he's victimized."

"You mean women?"

"Yes; particularly those that he went through a marriage ceremony with. This wasn't the first time with him. It was his mode of operation."

Paul Drake nodded and scribbled in his notebook.

"Now, there was a telephone call," Mason went on. "Maybe you can trace it. I think you'll find it came before two o'clock. Moxley was waiting for this appointment with Rhoda. He lay down to get a few hours' sleep. Then the telephone rang and woke him up. He got up out of bed and answered it."

Drake wrote in his notebook. "What else?" he said.

"There's the business of that shadow. The one who was tailing Rhoda Montaine when she came to this office. We haven't found out about him yet."

Drake nodded.

Mason whirled to face Della Street.

"Della," he said, "I want to set the stage for some publicity here. We've got a delicate job on our hands. If the first publicity sketches this woman as a nurse who drugged her husband, it's going to be bad for us. We've got to center the attention on the wrong that was done her *by* her husband rather than the wrong that she did *to* her husband.

"One of the morning papers has a readers' column in which they give publicity to the views of their readers. Take a letter to that newspaper, to the attention of the editor of the readers' column. Be sure that it isn't on stationery that can be traced to this office."

Della Street nodded.

Perry Mason started to dictate:

"I am just an old-fashioned husband. Perhaps I have lived past my time. I don't know what the world is coming to, with these new ideas that make it seem that a person who has lived frugally and saved a part of his income is an economic leper, that motion-picture actors can't be popular unless they punch women in the nose, that predicate all motion-picture humor upon references to the posterior anatomy. But I do know that I swore to love, honor, and cherish my wife, and I certainly shall try to do so to the best of my ability.

"The current press contains the account of a 'law-abiding' husband who read in the papers some stuff that made it appear his wife had been in contact with a man who was murdered, shortly before his death. In place of trying to shield his wife, in place of going to her for an explanation, this 'law-abiding' husband rushes to the police and gets them to arrest his wife, and pledges his coöperation to help the police make out a case! Perhaps this is just the trend of modern times. Perhaps I have lived too long. Personally, I don't think so. Personally, I think the world is going through another one of those periods of hysteria.

"We look back on our spending orgy that culminated in 1929, and shake our heads sadly, that we could have been swept off our feet by such contagious financial fallacies.

"Isn't it equally possible that some sweet spring morning we will wake up with a terrific headache and wonder if we weren't just as hysterical in our anxiety to sweep aside all of our old standards, to embark upon an orgy of governmental spending when we should have tried governmental economy, to have penalized those who had weathered the economic storm with savings in the bank, and, last but not least, to have given the sanction of our prosecuting officers to a husband who would rush frantically to the nearest police station to snitch on his wife?

"Personally, I think so; but then, I am just an

"OLD-FASHIONED HUSBAND."

Paul Drake looked up at Perry Mason and said in his drawling voice, "What good's that going to do, Perry?"

"A lot of good," Mason said. "It's going to start a discussion."

"You mean about the husband?"

"Sure."

"Then why put all that political stuff in it?"

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"Because I want to be sure that it starts a discussion Lots of people wouldn't care enough one way or the other to write in and take sides with Rhoda or with the husband, but by putting in this other stuff there will be enough sentiment, pro and con, to bring in a flood of correspondence that will make the newspaper assign a sob sister to play up the angle of the betraying husband."

Drake nodded slowly.

"How about that photograph?" asked Perry Mason. "Did you get photographs of the room where the murder was committed?"

Paul Drake picked up his briefcase and extracted four photographs printed on glossy paper.

Mason spread them on his desk, studied them carefully for several minutes. Then he opened the drawer of his desk, took out a magnifying glass, and studied one of the photographs through it.

"Take a look at this, Paul," he said.

Perry Mason indicated a portion of the photograph.

"Yes," Drake said. "That's the alarm clock. It was on a stand by the bed."

"And as I understand it, Paul, the bed had been slept in, but Moxley was fully dressed at the time he was killed."

"Yes."

"Then," Mason went on, "that alarm clock becomes doubly important. The picture shows the hands pointing to three seventeen. The figures in the right-hand corner of the photograph, where the police photographer made a note of the location of the camera, the time of exposure, and so forth, shows the picture was taken at three eighteen. That puts the alarm clock only a minute off, as compared with police time."

"What are you getting at?"

"By looking closely," Mason said, "you can see the dial in the upper part of the alarm clock—the dial that regulates the alarm. The hand was set just a little before two o'clock."

"Sure," Drake said. "He had an appointment for two o'clock with Rhoda Montaine. He wanted to be awake when she called."

"DIDN'T leave himself much time to dress," Mason remarked. "That hand looks to me as though it was set for perhaps five or ten minutes before two o'clock."

"Remember, he'd been her husband once. She probably had seen him in pyjamas before."

"You still don't get my point," Mason said. "That telephone call woke Moxley up. Therefore he didn't need the alarm. He was all dressed by the time the alarm went off."

Paul Drake's glassy eyes surveyed Perry Mason steadily.

"There's lots of your points I don't get," he said. "Why the devil don't you go in and plead self-defense? If your client told you the truth, she's undoubtedly told you there was a struggle and she struck Moxley with the poker. It doesn't seem to me it would be a hard job to make the jury believe that was what happened. That's self-defense."

Perry Mason shook his head slowly from side to side.

"What's wrong with that as a defense?" asked the detective.

"In the first place," the lawyer replied, "one of the bad things in this case is that ipral bottle. The fact that Carl Montaine's wife was a nurse, the fact that she placed a drugged drink in his hand, is going to do more to prejudice an American jury against her than anything that could possibly be uncovered in connection with the murder. Moreover, if she's going to plead self-defense, she's got to admit that she did the killing. I'm not certain that the prosecution can show she did the killing."

"They can show she was in the room at the time of death," Drake said. "The killing certainly must have taken place right around two o'clock, between two and two twenty, when the neighbors decided to notify the police. It's a foregone conclusion that Rhoda Montaine had left her house in the dead of night to go to Moxley's apartment. The fact that she was there is shown by the fact that her garage keys were there. She had to have the garage keys in order to open the garage door when she started. She left them there. If she didn't kill him herself, the jury certainly is going to believe that she was there when the killing took place and must know who did it."

"THAT'S just the point," Perry Mason said slowly. "I'm not certain but what she may be trying to shield somebody."

"What makes you think that?"

"The fact that there are no fingerprints on the door knob," Mason said.

"But Rhoda wore gloves," the detective reminded him.

"Well, what if she did? A woman wearing gloves wouldn't leave any of her fingerprints; but when there are *no* fingerprints on the knob of the door or on the murder weapon, it means that some one took a rag and carefully obliterated *all of the fingerprints.* The only reason a person would do that would be to obliterate certain telltale fingerprints. A person who was wearing gloves wouldn't have left behind any fingerprints to worry about—nothing she would need to obliterate."

Drake's frown was thoughtful.

Perry Mason resumed his pacing of the office. Abruptly he jerked open the door of a coat closet, pulled out a hat, clapped it firmly into position on his head, glanced meaningly at Della Street.

"Take a look at that *habeas corpus* petition," he said. "It should be ready for my signature."

She nodded and walked out. A few moments and she returned with a piece of paper.

"This is the last page," she said, "ready for your signature."

Della placed the page before him and waited.

Perry Mason scrawled his name.

"Send it up," he said. "Get a judge to issue the writ. See that it's served. I'm going out."

"Going to be long?" asked Paul Drake.

Perry Mason's smile was ominous.

"Just long enough," he said, "to give Dr. Claude Millsap the works."

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*And now another figure enters this baffling tangle of murder and mystery. Who is Dr. Claude Millsap? What part, if any, did he play in the killing of Gregory Moxley? Don't miss next week's installment, detailing the meeting of Perry Mason and Millsap, and adding new clues, new thrills to the lawyer's battle to save Rhoda Montaine from the chair.*

## TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the origin of the word cruel?

2—What country issued the first official air-mail stamps?

3—What was the first complete railway train to cross the Atlantic Ocean as a unit?

4—Who was the first woman United States minister?

5—From what is pepsin prepared?

6—What is the literal translation of the words Sinn Fein?

7—What European river flows through three national capitals?

8—What is a Scotch marriage?

9—What is "fool's gold"?

10—What is a pibroch?

11—What does Saskatchewan mean?

12—What unusual gift did the United States receive from a foreign nation in 1886?

13—What amateur athlete was paid $100,000 for turning professional?

14—What member of the Austrian royal house once actually ruled a nation on the American continent?

15—What is the bo tree?

16—Who was Colonel James Bowie?

17—Why do gun crews open their mouths when firing heavy guns?

18—What is the Brabançonne?

19—What is the purpose of the American Blue Cross Society?

20—What animal's name means "little fellow in armor"?

*(Answers will be found on page 46)*

# REALISTIC, ROGUISH, RISQUÉ

***The Camera Brings a Tale of the Tropics Vividly to Life—A New Shirley Temple Picture Clicks, and a Small Problem Play Misses Fire***

### by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

**1 star means fairly good**
**2 stars, good.**
**3 stars, excellent.**
**4 stars, extraordinary.**

## ★ ★ ★ GRAND CANARY

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Marjorie Rambeau, Zita Johann, H. B. Warner, Barry Norton, Juliette Compton, Gilbert Emery. Directed by Irving Cummings.

A. J. CRONIN'S widely read tale Grand Canary comes to the screen as a thing of much intelligence and beauty. Time and thought and a keen pictorial eye went into its production, and the result of the well placed efforts are captured on the celluloid. Despite a few lethargic moments, the film has a quiet power and definite flavor that linger on even after the final fade-out.

The camera, most important and neglected instrument in Hollywood, comes into its own, for once, in this picture. Never bringing attention to itself by trick angles or obviously contrived lighting, the photography aids in telling the story, coloring and catching the mood of the scene. The sea shots especially come dangerously close to sheer poetry.

The story, briefly, is about a doctor, played with a good degree of acumen by Warner Baxter, who is accused of killing three patients in a public hospital. The discoverer of a new serum, Baxter is brought in on a hopeless case by jealous doctors, and when the patients die, he is accused of experimenting on humans. Hounded by the press, berated as a quack, he seeks solace in liquor and the tropics. Forced into service in a plague-ridden isle when the local medicos succumb to the fever, he proves the ability of his serum, redeems himself, and wins his girl.

Your interest will be held by the sincerity of the players, the beauty of the photography, and the excellently realized minor parts. Except for the smug generalities given utterance by Madge Evans, the writing is fine throughout.

There is a wealth of minor characters in Grand Canary, each immediately recognizable as a general type, but so well played and written that they emerge as definite individuals instead of stock figures.

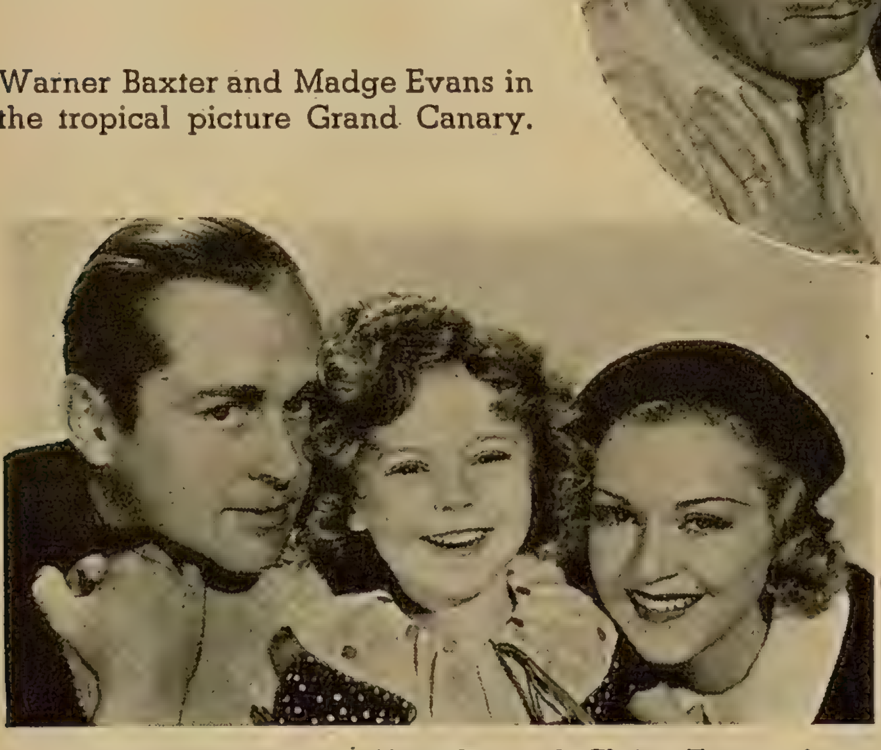
Grand Canary is not a one-man job. And to give any individual credit for its quiet success would be unfair. It's a blend of distinctive acting, lucid photography, smooth direction, and an adaptation that has brought out all the inherent lushness of the original story.

VITAL STATISTICS: A Jesse Lasky production, costing around $300,000 . . .. Jesse Lasky is ex-trombone player who made good but lost out in financial defection of Paramount. Now associate producer at Fox. Shy, pince-nezed and unassuming, Lasky is nearing fifty, married to Bessie Lasky, skilled paintrix, has one son, defends huge salaries for stars and probably himself pulls down around $100,000 a year plus bonuses . . . Affluent-dentist-appearing Warner Baxter is Columbus, Ohio, ex-insurance agent; is quietly ensnarled in matrimony to Winifred Bryson; made good through horse operas . . . Diffident Englishman H. B. Warner was the "King of Kings" and has always suffered majestically as long as we can remember him in films . . . Barry Norton, who looks as if they never should have taken him out of the cotton wool, is really Alfredo de Barbien, Jr., scion of wealthy Buenos Airyan family. Came to this country to see Dempsey-Firpo fight, remained to storm Hollywood and be disinherited by family. Remember him as the scared soldier boy in What Price Glory? . . . Marjorie Rambeau was once great stage favorite; is niece of Rear Admiral Kindelberger; oft married; but no newcomer to the galloping tintypes . . . Madge Evans is an ex-baby movie star, and recently seen places with Tom Gallery, Zasu Pitts's cast-off.

Warner Baxter and Madge Evans in the tropical picture Grand Canary.

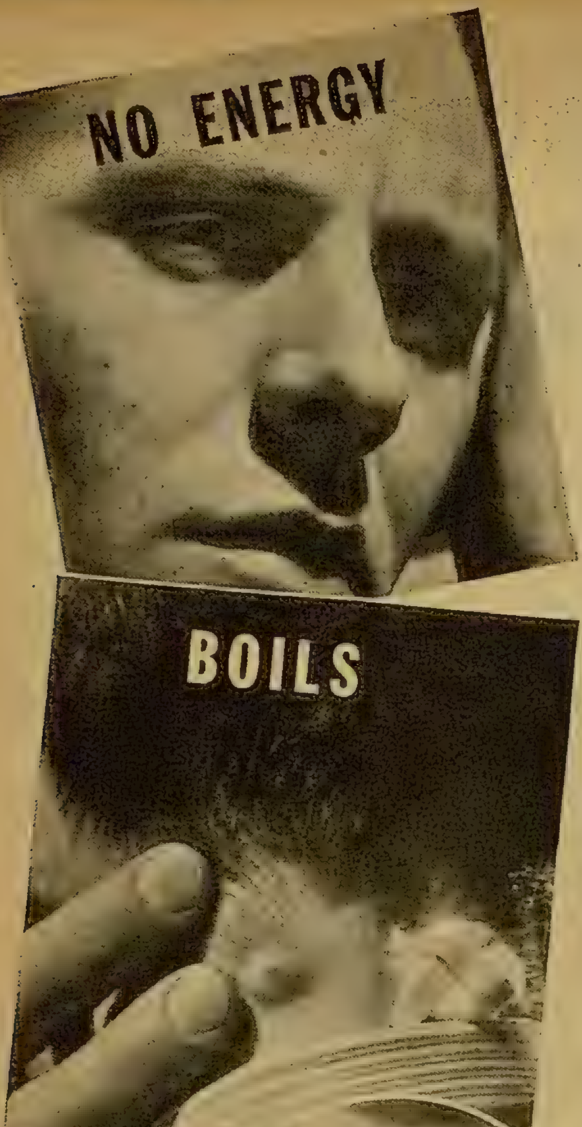
## ★ ★ ½ BABY, TAKE A BOW

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, James Dunn, Claire Trevor, Alan Dinehart, Ray Walker, Ralf Harolde. Directed by Harry Lachman. From the play by James P. Judge.



James Dunn, Shirley Temple, and Claire Trevor in Baby, Take a Bow, Miss Shirley's latest success.

Kiss and Make Up provides a cosmetic background for Genevieve Tobin, Cary Grant, and Helen Mack.



Dr. Latzel is Physician-in-Chief of the Internal Clinic, in Vienna's largest free hospital; medical writer.

"His ailments disappeared"

says DR. LATZEL, clinic head

"MR. H. B.," Dr. Robert Latzel reports, "was a civil engineer. He had become chronically tired out, with boils, a very poor appetite and indigestion.

"I examined him. His abdomen was flabby, large . . . intestines weak, clogged. He was nearly always constipated.

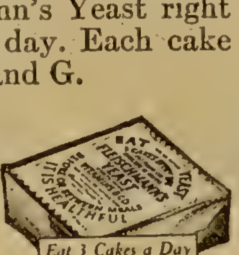
**"I put him on a yeast diet. In 3 weeks, his skin was clear, he had good color, healthy appetite. Constipation stopped. He showed every sign of improved energy.**

"Yeast tones up bowel action and increases the flow of digestive juices and *softens* clogged waste," Dr. Latzel adds.

Won't you benefit by his advice? Go to a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain and get some Fleischmann's Yeast right now. Eat 3 cakes every day. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast *today!* And keep it up for 30 days at least!

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated



BABY, TAKE A BOW starts out as a melodrama, then changes its mind and goes comic, but it's entertaining throughout, due to the charm and precocious talent of Shirley Temple. It's an important film for the latest screen sensation, and proves that the winsome ways she exhibited in Stand Up and Cheer and Little Miss Marker were no fluke. She is here to stay—for at least as long as baby Thespians ever stay.

Most players attain stardom through a series of build-up rôles or by extensive publicity. But four or five players a year—Gable, Mae West, Garbo, Cagney—imprint themselves in the public mind by the sheer force of their personalities with their first feature appearance. Shirley Temple is one of these.

Just past her fifth birthday, Shirley cannot remember a time when she wasn't working for the studios. She first appeared in a series of comedies called Baby Burlesks, and was spotted by the Fox Studio, who now have her under a seven-year contract at $150 a week. The Paramount Theater in New York recently offered $5,000 a week for personal appearances, and a national food concern suggested $3,500 per broadcast, but she probably will be able to accept neither of these invitations.

The studios have welcomed little boys with open gates, but since the days of Baby Peggy and Madge Evans, and a brief cinematic flurry by Mitzi Green, girls have not been taken to the unpredictable heart of the movie public. But now, with Jackie Cooper no longer a novelty, and Baby LeRoy in the unique position of becoming passé just about the time he is learning to talk, Miss Temple has the pygmy field to herself.

In Baby, Take a Bow she is seen as the daughter of Jimmie Dunn and Claire Trevor. Dunn, an ex-convict trying to mend his ways, is hounded by a cop (Alan Dinehart) of more tenacity than intelligence. Some stolen pearls hie themselves into the scenario and stir up moments of giddy excitement. But all is neatly ironed out when Shirley catches the real thief.

This trivial but ingratiating picture will be cherished by little Oscar, age eight. And it will do him no more harm than a bowl of spinach. You might as well see it too, if only so that you can voice an opinion on the latest child star the next time the conversation turns cinemaward.

VITAL STATISTICS: A $200,000 production costing about $300,000 according to Hollywood practice of spending more to capitalize on a new "find" like starlet Shirley Temple . . . La Temple's parents now embroiled with Fox moguls over Shirley's contract, demanding more than the $150 it calls for. Fox will probably agree to raise or matter will be settled amicably before a Hollywood council formed for just such crises. Shirley meanwhile unconcernedly having whale of time at her "play acting," and business at Father Temple's bank at Santa Monica is booming because of the clever young miss . . . James Dunn is aviator and Hollywood butterfly, flitting from gal to gal but not sticking . . . Claire Trevor is a "sultry blonde" who is very much unattached. She sleeps through earthquakes; will send you the recipe for Coronada Special (chicken, cheese, bacon, and mushrooms) on request; likes strong men but hates close haircuts and straw hats on them . . . This is Alan Dinehart's thirty-ninth rôle in as many months, most of them heavies.

### ★ ½ KISS AND MAKE UP

THE PLAYERS: Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton, Lucien Littlefield, Doris Lloyd, Toby Wing, Henry Armetta, Baby Stars of 1934. Directed by Harlan Thompson. Story by Stephen Bekeffi.

KISS AND MAKE UP exploits the germ of an idea that might have been vital back in the dark ages, about twenty years ago, when the girls, between taffy pulls, twitched over that red-hot problem: Does a boy *really* respect you after you let him have a kiss?

It's a self-consciously risqué little piece that shocks no one but itself as it huffs and puffs with this issue: Is the time that one's wife spends making up worth while?

Cary Grant, seen as the most famous beautician in Paris, certainly ought to know the answer. But his vocation evidently taught him nothing, for he falls in love with Eve Caron (Genevieve Tobin), whose beauty he created with surgery and lotions. And when, living with her, he discovers that his Crowning Achievement spends most of her time preparing elaborate toilettes, Grant is rather surprised and hurt by it all. For a man whose life is devoted to cosmetics, he would seem unbelievably naïf.

When his wife takes so long to adorn herself that she causes him to miss the dinner at which he is to be named president of a beauty society, Grant leaves home. And leaving, discovers his secretary, Helen Mack, to be the true girl o' his dreams. She has freckles and unplucked eyebrows, but she gets to dinner on time, sleeps without chin uplifters, and scorns the noonday sun.

Why Paramount wasted Cary Grant, Edward Everett Horton, and Genevieve Tobin on this is something we wouldn't know. And why Helen Mack, who can do as much with an emotional scene as any young actress in Hollywood, is cast in a time-honored secretarial rôle is equally baffling. The Wampas Baby Stars of 1934—a group of actresses elected yearly by the studio publicists as having the most promise—are in Kiss and Make Up too, but they flit in and out of scenes so quickly that their eventual future cannot be judged.

This is the sort of film that Wallace Reid listed among his minor achievements. Even in those gone days it would have been considered a breather between one of his heartier and much more popular racing stories.

We are waiting, with a placid stoicism that would surprise you, for Kiss and Make Up to have a sequel, concerning itself, we presume, with: Is bobbed hair a fad?

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: About $300,000 . . . Cary Grant is freshly hitched to Virginia Cherrill . . . Old-school farceur Edward Everett Horton is happily unmarried and pretty much of a Hollywood mystery man, never lacking for work or popularity or his $1,000 or so a week . . . Genevieve Tobin, sister to Vivian, is ex-stage ingénue and has been recently subjected to the soft adoring eye of Carl Laemmle Jr. . . . The Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) Baby Stars are thirteen young pieces of pulchritude chosen yearly by the Hollywood press agents as likely film white hopes, dined and wined at a great coming-out party, and promptly forgotten thereafter, few of those chosen in the past ever having been known to attain stardom!

## ★ LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Mae Clarke, Frank Craven, John Warburton, Irene Ware, Andy Devine. Directed by Kurt Neuman. Story by Dore Schary and Lewis B. Foster.

LET'S TALK IT OVER is a raucous and unpleasant affair about a pugnacious and conceited seaman (Chester Morris) who falls in love with a high-society wench (Mae Clarke) whose idea of a pretty cute trick is to swim out into the deep water and pretend drowning. These characters decide finally to marry each other, which is just about what they deserve.

But this is not accomplished until they have spoken at great length about their tawdry emotions and you have been through many scenes where people get drunk, hit each other, call their friends cads, and act generally in the nadir of decent taste.

Let's Talk It Over is not a bore. It's an annoyance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs about $200,000, much of action in film keeping M. Morris and Mlle. Clarke making love in Pacific Ocean for hours on end. They no swim much this summer . . . Slender, chorus-boyish Chester Morris made good overnight in practically first made talkie Alibi. Has recently settled contract differences with manager who kept him from "over-appearing" lest public grow sated with his physiog. Chester is happily married to Sue Kilborn, has two kiddie-widdies, and lives conservatively . . . Mae Clarke is daughter of movie organist and the g. f. of Sidney Blackmer, discarded hubby of Lenore the Ulric . . . Miss Clarke was borrowed from M.-G.-M. for rôle, the Laemmles hiring most of their Klieg Lights in this way, thus cutting down on dragging, long-winded salaries, the old wisies! . . . Frank Craven is well known stage-actor-writer-producer-manager and married to Blythe Daly, widow of Arnold Daly.

## FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

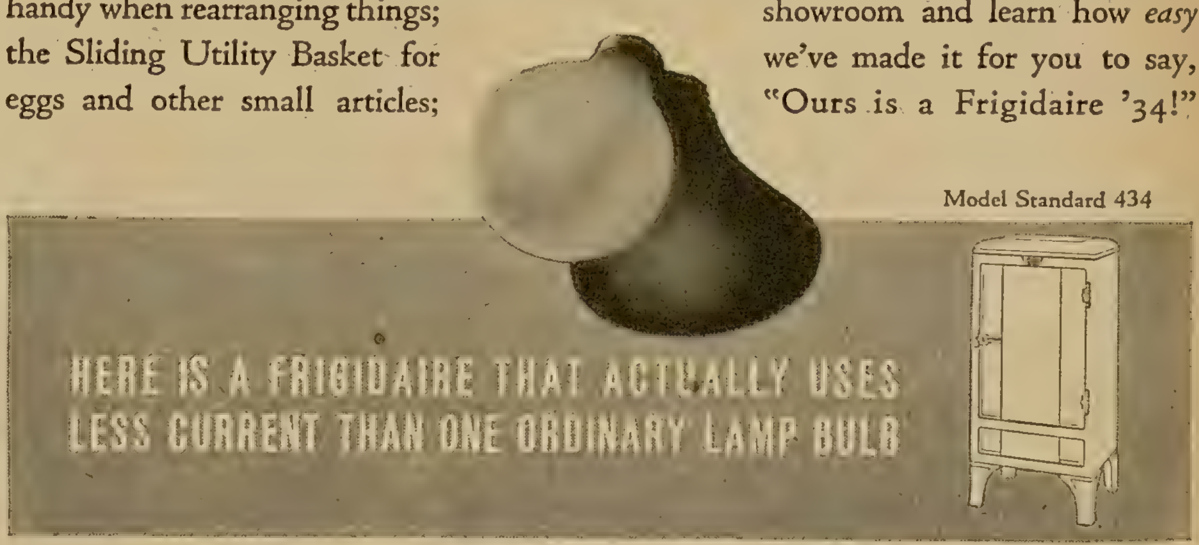
★★★—The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio.

"WHO'D THINK YOU COULD GET SO MUCH FOOD IN ONE REFRIGERATOR?"
"YOU COULDN'T IN AN OLD-FASHIONED REFRIGERATOR, BUT...
Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Of course, the *first* thing you'll notice about the Super Frigidaire '34 is its sparkling, classic beauty. But the moment the door swings open you'll be apt to exclaim . . . "Who'd think you could get so much food in one refrigerator!" Then you'll probably snoop a bit . . . and discover, for yourself, the new wonders of this Frigidaire '34.

The Servashelf, for instance, that's *so* handy when rearranging things; the Sliding Utility Basket for eggs and other small articles; the ice trays, with automatic release, that slide from the freezer at a finger touch!

Keep looking . . . there are still more features! Automatic defrosting . . . *double* Hydrator capacity . . . interior lighting . . . Lifetime Porcelain inside *and* out; adjustable shelves . . . and . . . oh well!—mere *words* can't do it justice . . . you'll have to *see* the Frigidaire '34. Why not do it right away? Go to your local Frigidaire showroom and learn how *easy* we've made it for you to say, "Ours is a Frigidaire '34!"


Model Standard 434
HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT ACTUALLY USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB

# The Revolution

### A Gay, Sardonic Chronicle of Heroism for Hire in Mexico, as It Looked to an American Soldier of Fortune Who Flew and Fought for Both Sides

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN Mexico's civil war of 1929 broke out, Philip Mohun signed up to fly for the Federals. He soon went over to the rebels at Juarez, joining their air corps, the so-called Yankee Doodle Escadrille. He says much of the war as he saw it was just "the grand old game of gyp-the-leader." Among his adventures were air combats in a ramshackle plane, a forced landing at night with a load of nitroglycerin, and an attempt, made under orders, to steal an interned plane from the El Paso airport. As this installment opens, the decisive Battle of Jimenez is beginning.

#### PART TWO—CONCLUSION

BEFORE that battle was over, 4,000 men were killed and a cause was lost.

The Federal artillery hammered a path into the town, and the Federals' left wing fought its way deep into Jimenez. House-to-house fighting kept up all morning while rebel and Federal flyers circled high over the battle without bothering each other.

The barricades around the rebel intrenchments were burning. It seemed General Valle and his men must be cooked alive. Yet they stuck.

We spotted a big bunch of Federal cavalry swinging around the town, and we headed for them. Some of the Federal pilots tried to cut us off, but they were too slow. Those cavalrymen must have thought it was raining hand grenades, if they had time to think anything. As we swung our planes back over Jimenez, I could see the ground was littered thickly with parts of men and parts of horses.

But the Federals kept coming. They circled the town, surrounding General Valle and walking straight into Escobar's trap. The rebels launched their counterattack from outside the town, and it seemed that Almazan's army must be crushed by the rebel nutcracker.

That's where Fierro came in. The Federal flyers didn't waste time in a vain attempt to stop the charging rebels, but swung their planes beyond them toward a railroad siding where a string of box cars was standing. One of the cars was loaded to the roof with dynamite.

Polk, Floyd, and I went after the Federals. I don't know how many planes they had—ten or fifteen, it seemed to me; but there were too many for us to handle, though we did our damnedest. They were flying rings around us. Their first bomb tore up sand to the right of the box cars. The second was too far to the left. We dived into the midst of the Federal planes, shooting as fast as we could, but they chased us off as the third bomb fell. It was a direct hit. The dynamite car blew up like a volcano.

The force of the explosion caught my plane and flung it helplessly through the air. I thought the wings were coming off. I fought to get control of it, and the Federals splattered hot lead at me. I was a gone goslin' when Polk charged my pursuers. He'd have crashed with the fellow on my tail if the Federal flyer had not done a vertical out of his path.

Polk was shot in the face, but he drew off the Federal planes and gave me a chance to get my ship in hand. I never did like Polk and he never did like me, but he saved my neck that time. I've always had a hunch he must have regretted it later.

Meanwhile Escobar's troops had been walking over the surprised Federals as per schedule, but the explosion of the dynamite car cost Escobar the battle. The whole rebel army took it on the lam. I guess Escobar's army would have been wiped off the face of the earth if it had not been for General Caraveo's cavalry. It took more than artillery to scare those boys. They fought until General Caraveo ordered them to retreat, and then they withdrew slowly, fighting doggedly, protecting Escobar's army from annihilation.

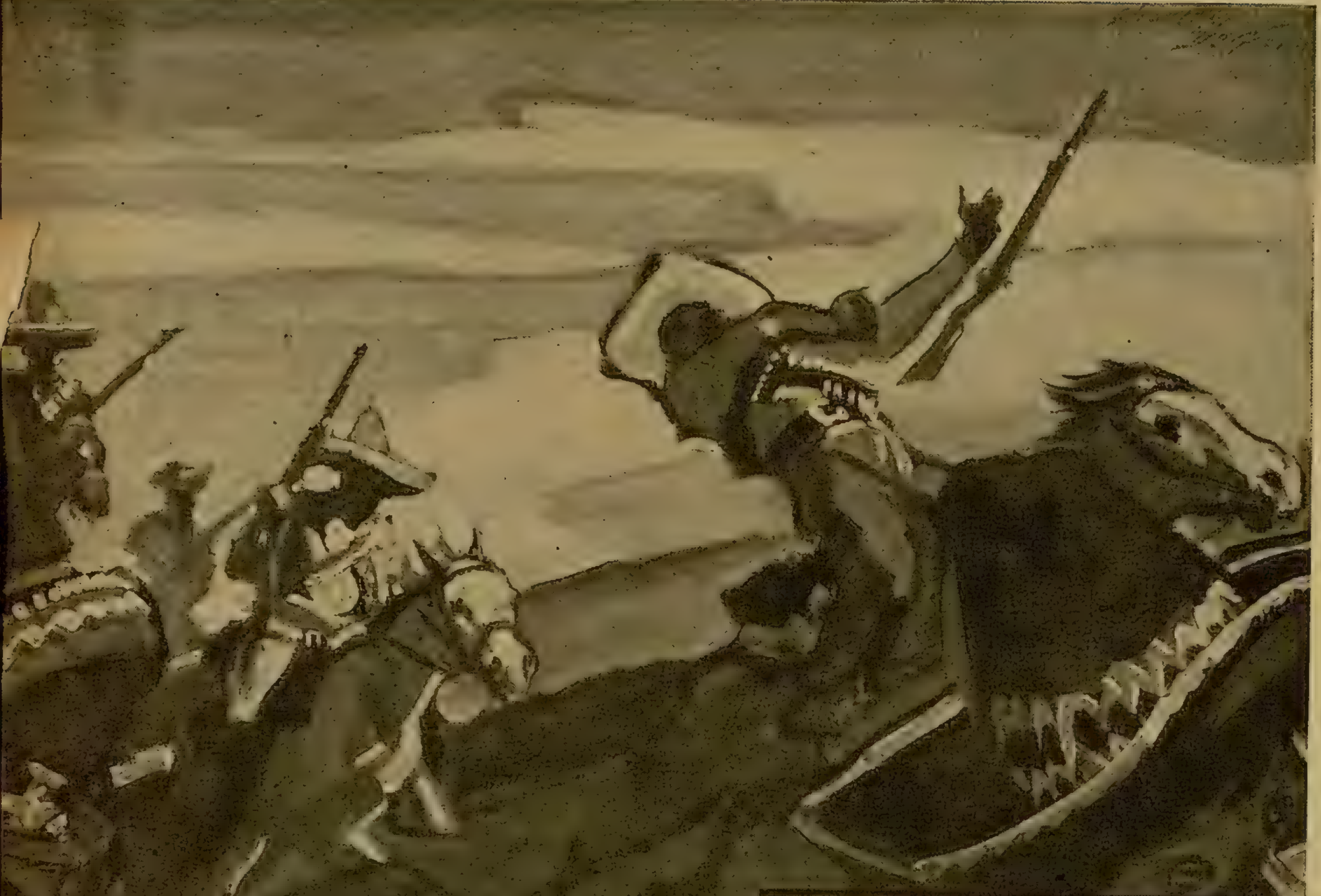
General Valle's men fought to the finish in the town. Only two of his 800 escaped. The others died fighting with their commander behind their burning barricades.

My motor had a habit of cutting out at embarrassing moments, and that was one of them. I drifted to a landing behind the fighting. Panic-stricken rebels were streaming past me. Somebody said that Escobar was nearer the front; so I legged it back to find him, figuring he would have the fastest car for a get-away.

I found Escobar straddling a machine gun. A bunch of Federals were driving through the retreating army, slaughtering the rebels like cattle. Escobar opened up. I took an abandoned machine gun and we slashed the Federal detachment to pieces. A few rebels rallied

# Racket

by PHILIP MOHUN



"We spotted a bunch of Federal cavalrymen swinging around the town. They must have thought it was raining hand grenades, if they had time to think anything."

around our guns, but there was no stopping the Federal charge. It was their fight and they knew it.

A staff car raced up with three officers in it. Escobar and I jumped in.

I guess the handful who had rallied around us were slaughtered there at the machine guns. In that same outfit I saw some of those movie guns without firing pins.

We went through the routed army with our horn blowing steadily until we got near the head of the mob, and there Escobar stopped the car and shouted to the soldiers. They looked at him dully as he whispered an order to a lieutenant. Then he and the officers stood in the car with pistols drawn. The soldiers obeyed the lieutenant because they were afraid of those pistols. They put ropes around the necks of seven men whom Escobar pointed out at random, and hanged the seven to a tree beside the road.

It took a long time for the seven men to strangle. They kept kicking feebly. I thought they'd never die. It was tough on them, but it stopped the rout. The fleeing soldiers would get as far as the seven hanged men and then they'd face about to fight.

The rebels reformed along the railroad tracks. We killed a lot of the Federals and checked the advance, but the day was lost. We retreated slowly to Chihuahua City. More than 2,500 of Escobar's men had been killed between Jimenez and the bridge of La Reforma.

General José Gonzalo Escobar, the rebel leader whose cause blew up in battle at Jimenez.

ONE rebel machine gunner at Jimenez was George Burns, the only one of the old breed of soldiers of fortune I knew among the rebels. It was a treat to watch the smooth way that guy dealt out murder. When he saw the rebels were licked, he made two of them carry his gun to the rear while he followed with a pistol.

Burns didn't think much of the Yankee Doodle Escadrille. He had worked at the trade of war when a soldier of fortune fought his fight on the ground and won or died, without a plane to run away in. I think he felt that a plane wasn't exactly fair to the enemy.

One night Burns started to get in a hack in Chihuahua City at the same time General Trevano started

At right: George Burns at his machine gun. Later he socked General Trevano on the nose and was stood against a wall.

to get in the other side. Trevano had a few drinks aboard and he was a general, so he ordered Burns to get another hack.

"You get one, general," said Burns. "This is mine."

Trevano started cursing Burns, who was a quiet sort of guy and didn't say anything at first. The general cursed louder and louder, and then Burns got tired of it. So he socked him on the nose, which was a grave social error. As I remember it, he also planted a left jab in the general's eye. The general promptly curled up in the gutter, and Burns rode off in the hack.

They stood George Burns against an adobe wall the next day. They tied a rag over his face. Then they shot him. They told me that the last thing he said before the firing squad took him out was:

"Well, so long. This is a bum war anyhow."

Philip "Red" Mohun as he mocks at fate today.

All this time the Yankee Doodle Escadrille was having troubles of its own at the airport five miles beyond Chihuahua City. Polk's Travelair and the Ryan brougham Floyd had smuggled in were the only planes we had that would fly. Bozo puttered around, getting in everybody's way, and we'd have kicked him out a dozen times a day if he had not been the owner of the only kit of mechanic's tools in the Army of Liberation.

One of our bright rebel officers insisted on being taken for a flight over the Federal lines one morning. He got excited and dumped a whole load of grenades on the Federals. However, he forgot to pull the safety pins. So the Federals gathered up the grenades and dropped them on us that afternoon. And they remembered to pull the pins first, too.

A couple of days later we heard that the last of the rebels had cleared out. The Yankee Doodle Escadrille was left on its own, and the Federal advance guard was moving into Chihuahua City.

"I reckon they'll be out here pretty quick," said Polk.

"We better get elsewhere," I said.

Floyd said he'd fly over the city and see how fast the Federals were coming in. Tex went along. They took two submachine guns, the Army of Liberation's lone parachute, and a Mexican. They didn't come back. I heard later that Floyd flew straight to American soil and sold the Ryan to the fellow who had sold it to the rebels.

A little later Polk skipped out in the Travelair while I was getting a bottle of beer. I was left with three planes that wouldn't fly and nobody to help me whip Almazan's army except Bozo, the Technical Adviser.

BOZO heard from some peons that Federal skirmishers were moving from the city toward the airport. They were cagy because they didn't know what they'd run into at the flying field. That was the only reason we had time to get away with the crippled planes. I tried to tell the engineer of a freight train he'd have to wait for us, but he didn't seem to understand me until I waved my automatic under his nose. The automatic also convinced a bunch of peons they wanted to help us despite the heat. So the planes were run on to flat cars. I removed the wings with the doubtful aid of Bozo, lashed the planes to the cars, and yelled to the engineer. He got the idea, even though he spoke no English. He seemed as anxious as I was to get away before the Federals arrived.

As the train bumped along toward Juarez I found the Technical Adviser blissfully content with half a dozen bottles of beer in the shade of the American Eagle. As soon as he had been sure that we were leaving, he had gone to the bar, helped himself to beer, and avenged himself for past refusals of credit by clouting the proprietor on the jaw.

Meanwhile things had not been going so well with the rebel cause west of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Two rebel planes—a Fairchild and a Standard—had been washed out at Mazatlan, and another at Sonora. That was the town I was bombing once when I let some grenades drop on the American side of the line by mistake. Planes of the Thirty-second United States Army Attack Squadron chased me over a big chunk of Mexico, and then I set my old Thunderbird down in some weeds. The American planes swooped down low over me and then went home. I've always thought the American flyers just gave me a break and pretended not to see me, because that Thunderbird stood out of the weeds like a black eye on a débutante.

Bozo and I heard about the rebels' defeat in Sonora when we pulled into Juarez with our three crippled ships. General Caraveo still held Juarez, but we all figured the revolution was all washed up. I'd have slipped across the line then, but I wanted that Vought Corsair. I figured I'd wait until it was repaired and then steal it and beat it to the States.

We only had four planes left, and Pete Stanley's old Jenny was the only one that would fly. So we gave a bill of sale for the Thunderbird and the American Eagle to our old pal Vincent Andreas, the coal dealer. He was supposed to cart the ships back to El Paso and have them repaired. Then Polk and I were supposed to hop them across the border again.

Andreas got the planes into the United States by explaining glibly that they had been given to him in payment of the revolutionists' coal bill. We never got them back, though.

WE smuggled over a new cam ring for the Corsair and sent to El Paso for Al Coenan, a mechanic who worked at the Standard Airlines depot.

All this time the Federals were moving up on Juarez. An advance party of about 300 was reported south of the city one day, and Polk and I went out in the old Jenny to stop them. We potted a few of them with rifles, but they kept pegging up at us until we dived at them and flew close to the ground. Then they scattered.

More Federals were advancing, though, and General Caraveo ordered Juarez evacuated. Coenan had not finished repairing the Corsair, and Polk asked him to come along with us. He said he couldn't possibly leave El Paso. An automatic was pressed into his stomach.

"Well," he said, "after thinking it over, I reckon I can go, after all."

So Coenan went with us on the trains which carried General Caraveo's cavalrymen, their horses, and their "wives." Pete Stanley flew the Jenny down from Juarez and cracked up landing. The Corsair was the only ship left, and after Coenan had finished repairing it and returned to El Paso with $400 pay, we couldn't find the flying wires to assemble the plane.

General Caraveo was fit to be tied. I thought he was going to shoot us all. That plane was the only means of rapid communication with Escobar, and he had to know quick what Escobar wanted his cavalry to do.

I told the general that Bozo had been intrusted with the flying wires. He ordered us to find Bozo, but we couldn't. We told him our Technical Adviser must have deserted.

"You will find him," said General Caraveo, and I didn't like the way he said it.

With a couple of cavalrymen guarding each of us, we searched the roads and villages through which we had passed. And at last we found Bozo sunning himself on the porch of a house four miles away in Colonia Dublan.

As soon as I saw the old souse lying on the porch, I jumped off my horse and began slashing him across the face with my quirt. He sobered up in a hurry, and then we made him walk ahead of us all the way to Casas Grandes. Whenever I thought how dumb he had been to walk off with the flying wires because a fat woman smiled at him in Dublan, I'd bump him with my horse and knock him down. He was plenty dusty and bloody by the time we got to Casas Grandes, and they locked him up.

We assembled the Corsair, and Caraveo felt so much better that he ordered Bozo released. We were fed up with him, so we took a few wrenches and gave him the rest of his tools in a couple of suitcases.

"Beat it," I said.

Bozo was sobbing like a baby. He thought we were working the *ley de fuga* on him. That's the old Mexican custom of releasing a guy and then shooting him as an escaping prisoner when he starts off.

"Get out," I said, "and keep going."

He waddled into the street, blinking in the bright sun. He was scared stiff. He kept snuffling and looking at the cavalrymen across the street.

That was where my little joke came in. I thought it might be funny to fire a shot in the ground and make Bozo think he was getting killed. So I pulled my automatic and fired into the street. The Mexicans thought it was the signal for the *ley de fuga.* So about a hundred of them blazed away at Bozo.

I guess most of the bullets hit him. He was shot almost in two. I felt sorry, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. So I took his tools and went back to where Polk and Pete were warming up the Corsair.

They taxied across the rough ground, but the wind changed, and they started taxiing in the opposite direction. The wind changed again. That kept up until the valves were burned out. Caraveo was sore, but he gave Pete and me fifty dollars each and told us to go across the mountains to Agua Prieta, where Escobar was supposed to be waiting for more planes from across the border.

POLK, Pete, and I went back to Colonia Dublan and wandered around until we spotted a 1916 Ford touring car. It was the best machine in town. We went to the owner's house and told him we wanted the car. He started objecting, but when we pushed our pistols under his nose he just shrugged and wrote us a bill of sale. We bought all the sardines and five-gallon cans of gasoline we could pile into the back seat with a couple of cases of cognac. Then we started across the Sierra Madres over Pulpito Pass to find Escobar's army.

That pass is the most beastly wilderness I ever saw. Time after time we had to push the Ford up steep hills or lift it over boulders. And always there was danger of attack by agrarians, who were Federal sympathizers and waged a guerrilla war against the retreating rebels.

We lived on cognac and sardines. We couldn't travel at night because the venerable Ford lacked lights and we'd have broken our necks. We agreed to take turns standing two-hour watches. As we had only one watch, the guard had to keep it. Pretty soon we realized that from the number of watches we were standing, the nights must be fifty hours long. Then we all confessed that each of us had been setting the watch ahead three quarters of an hour or so each trick. I still insist that Polk started it, but he always said I did.

A few agrarians ambushed us from a pile of rocks. Bullets smacked the old car and one broke a bottle of cognac we had just opened. That

*The genuine bears this seal*

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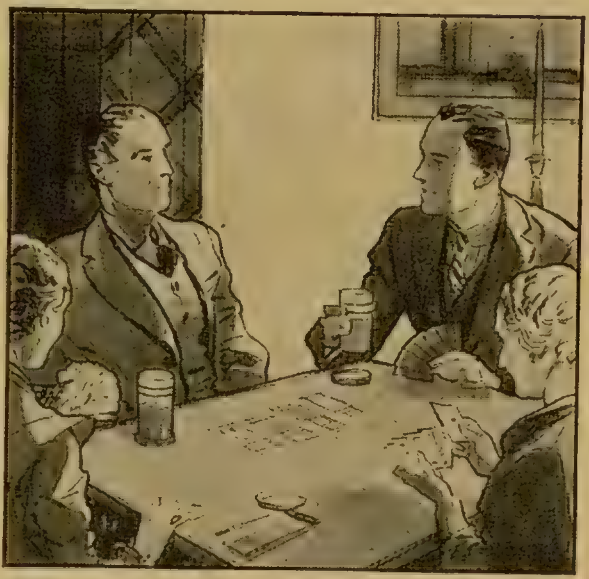
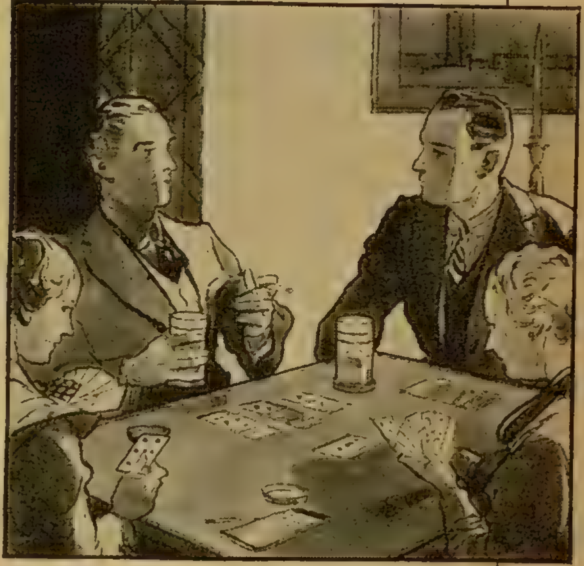


M-m-m! I certainly wish we could afford to serve a good straight bourbon like this!



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**STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY**

**A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS**

*Straight as a string*

*This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.*

made us pretty sore. We piled out with bullets banging against the rocks all around us and we ducked behind some boulders until we spotted their hiding places. Then we opened up. I had two .45-caliber automatics and the others each had one. The agrarians beat it.

The next morning we picked up a wounded rebel. He was in a bad way. He had been shot in the left leg and gangrene had set in. We gave him a stiff drink of cognac and loaded him in on top of the gasoline tins and sardines. He didn't say much, but he couldn't help groaning when the car bumped over the rocks, and it gave us the jimjams. I started singing Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. It was the only song I could remember. Polk and Pete joined in. We didn't do so well with the tune and I reckon we missed some of the words, but we made enough noise to keep us from hearing that man's groans.

We were still singing when we ran head on into another agrarian ambush. This time there wasn't any use trying to make a fight. We just sat there. The Mexican was moaning.

Somebody called an order, and about a dozen of the agrarians came from behind the rocks and closed in on us. We didn't budge. We were wearing loose cover-alls, and we told them we were mechanics from the Ford plant. Polk and Pete dropped their pistols on the ground, but I said I didn't have a gun, though an automatic was in each of the side pockets of my cover-alls.

A couple of the agrarians dragged out the wounded Mexican, sat him on the running board, and shot him.

The leader snapped a lot of Spanish at us, and I caught the word *dinero*, so I guessed he was demanding our money. I grinned and nodded.

"Sure," I said, reaching into my right-hand pocket.

The leader smiled and stepped toward me. As he stretched out his hand for the money, I fired through the pocket. The bullet smacked him in the stomach. His mouth opened as if he was surprised. I fired again. Polk took a swing at the nearest of the gawking agrarians, and then he and Pete snatched up their pistols and sprinted after me toward a pile of rocks.

THE agrarians blazed away, and it's a miracle they didn't get us all right there. A guy jumped up in front of us. He was raising his rifle when I fired. The bullet splashed open his face. He was still yelping after we dropped behind the rocks. Then he stopped and just lay there under the blistering sun.

Bullets splattered the rocky wall behind us. Some of the agrarians sneaked from rock to rock on higher ground. They had us surrounded. We had no water. We didn't have even a bottle of cognac.

One agrarian got careless and peeped over his rock. We plugged him. Shadows flicked over the rocks, and I looked up. Buzzards were wheeling lazily over us.

"They've spotted their lunch," said Pete.

"Yeah," said Polk, "and we're the dessert."

My tongue got big. My mouth was brickdust dry. We could see the cognac in our car, but it would have been suicide to try to get it.

We plugged a couple more agrarians when they got careless, but we knew we couldn't keep it up. Even if we could stand the heat and thirst, they'd rush us after dark. But the only thing we could do was wait for it.

Suddenly rifle fire crackled below us. We heard yelling. The agrarians were bolting. Only a few of them got away. General Medina and a detachment of retreating rebels had stumbled on their flank and just about wiped them out. I never saw a sweeter-looking group of men than Medina's grubby, dirty soldiers when they came over to us. And I never drank a better drink than that first slug of cognac.

The rebels had captured Naco, Sonora, by the time we got through Pulpito Pass. We had been in Naco only a few days when the hotel clerk woke us up before dawn one morning and told us we'd better beat it quick. While we had been sleeping the rebels had evacuated Naco and the Federals had moved in.

I PEEPED out of the window. The light from the door fell upon the faces of two Federal officers in the street. Both were men who had known me when I was flying for the Federals. They probably would have turned Pete and Polk over to the American authorities, but I was a deserter and I had stolen a Federal plane, so my name was mud if they caught me.

A Federal sentry spotted us as we edged into the yard behind the hotel at the moment the officers walked in the front door. I figured we were done for.

"Act like you own the joint," Pete whispered as the sentry half raised his rifle. It was our only chance. While he was still trying to decide what to do, we walked past him as though he was our butler. He gawked at us, but he didn't say anything as we leisurely backed our Ford out and drove off.

Polk didn't want to leave town until he had seen a lady, but we persuaded him to forgo the pleasure of her company, which undoubtedly was being sought that evening by too many Federal officers for us to whip, even if they had not had an army with them. Polk never did forgive us for arguing him out of it.

When we got to Nogales, Sonora, we met some more of the men of the Yankee Doodle Escadrille. The rebels were arranging for more planes in the States. Pat Murphy, O'Brien, and some of the others went to Phoenix and Tucson to hop them across the border, but were arrested by United States Department of Justice agents before they took off.

The Department of Justice men were on the lookout for us all along the border, and it was risky business for any of us to step across the line. But I decided I had to have a real bath even if I had to go to the penitentiary for it. I sneaked over the border and had one. I was trying to slip back to the Mexican side when an American army officer spotted me. He was a flyer and he recognized me.

# CHECK THAT CAR

## By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the nineteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

ANOTHER type of traffic chiseler often gets into trouble because he has neglected to keep his car in good condition.

Now an automobile is very much like a human being in that it can stand up under just so much punishment. When the high point of neglect—or abuse—has been reached the law of physics dictates that something is about to happen.

This type of chiseler uses his tires up to the bursting point and trusts to luck that he won't get hurt in the blowout. His steering gear is always O.K., he reasons, so why fool with it? He is sure that bolts and nuts are always tight, and that brakes are sound. In fact he is certain that everything is all right.

So he sails blithely along until something breaks. Then, if he lives to tell the story, he naively explains that he can't for the life of him understand just how it happened.

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*Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.*

He didn't turn me in, though. All he wanted me to do was to drop some grenades on American soil behind the town so that the army flyers stationed there could get into action.

"We'll raise a pool for you if you'll do it," he said. "We've just got to get some exercise."

I'd have done it, too, but the Yankee Doodle Escadrille did not have a plane. That was why Pete and I were turned into the Tank Corps of the Army of Liberation.

The rebels bought an armored bank car, and Pete and I went to Nogales, Arizona, and ran it back through the blockade.

Federal detachments were closing in on Nogales, and we were ordered to cruise out of town and stop them. When we spotted a bunch of Federals, we charged at them full tilt, raking them with submachine guns. Their bullets bounced harmlessly off our armored car, and we won every time.

But it would have taken a couple of fleets of armored cars to stop the Federal advance. Everybody knew it was just a question of days until Nogales fell and the revolution became history. General Caraveo was still fighting somewhere over beyond the Sierra Madres, but most of our heroic leaders already had decamped for the safety of the States with whatever they could get their hands on. One noble liberator got away with a suitcase full of American bank notes. He also took along his wife's niece and left his wife slinging hash in an El Paso café.

A LONG time after Escobar and the rest of his loud-speakers had fled across the border, Caraveo fought on against the Federal armies in the mountains. He won the battle of Ojo de Malpais as late as May 9, 1929, though he had only seventy-five men and the Federals had 400. Six days later Caraveo had an army of ten men at Sierra de la Nariz when he started south again, and Albino Frias led another rebel army of ten men northward toward El Paso. Frias escaped across the border, but for days there was no word of Caraveo except now and then when he and his little band struck again at the Federals.

In the end he made his way into El Paso, worn and penniless, just about the time that Ateca was arrested in New York City with some $870,000 he had salvaged from the wreckage of the revolution. I got out of jail in El Paso about that time, and Caraveo scraped together 200 bucks to give me a fresh start somewhere else, though I'll bet he didn't know where his next month's rent was coming from.

But all that happened later. While Pete and I were perambulating around in our armored car, the tourists were streaming into Nogales to get a thrill out of what was left of the revolution. They were eager to buy drinks for the valiant soldiers of fortune, who were eager to have drinks bought for them.

The Federals kept closing in. Pretty soon I was the only American flyer left in Nogales. Those of the others who had not been captured at American airports trying to smuggle ships had ducked over the line. I wanted to follow them, but I couldn't. A couple of Department of Justice agents, Smith and Reynolds, were waiting at the border to arrest me for violating the neutrality laws. I knew it was all over, but I didn't want to go to jail until I had to.

My hotel was just a few steps from the border, and the bar I patronized was on the opposite corner. From my hotel or the bar I had a view of the whole main street, and so I made the last stand of the Yankee Doodle Escadrille with my foot on the brass rail until the morning that Federal motorcycle scouts chugged into town. I could see the dust of the advancing Federal columns behind them. I took time for just one more drink.

"That one's on the house," I said, and I walked out to the border. The Federal infantry were marching in at the other end of the street. Smith and Reynolds were waiting for me on the other side of the border. I lit a cigarette. I stepped across the line.

"Okay," I said. "Arrest me."

And the Yankee Doodle Escadrille was no more.

THE END

The Sizzling Sun can Wreck your HAIR!

50 SECONDS TO RUB...Your tight scalp is awakened to new life—natural and nourishing oils correct its dryness.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH... When you comb your hair and brush it into place it "stays put"... lustrous, without a "patent-leather" look!

Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT!

THE summer sun bakes and parches your hair, robs it of its natural oils, and leaves it dry, brittle and lifeless. Protect it, keep it healthy and handsome, with Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout!

Vigorous massage and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis quicken your scalp to life . . . renew the flow of its natural, nourishing oils. Dryness is corrected, tight scalp disappears and with it loose dandruff and the threat of falling hair.

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NRA CODE

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

# from Hollywood...

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

## by PRINCESS

**Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,**

WE look to Hollywood for skittish novelties; to London for horse sense. The following case finds London and Hollywood traditions combined in one of the most modern arrangements ever set up between man and wife.

I refer to that design for living practiced by the screen star, Madeleine Carroll, and her wealthy English husband, Captain Philip Astley. He, by the way, is among the intimate friends of the Prince of Wales.

When Madeleine married her captain he gave her, outright, a full half of his worldly goods—and that was a lot of money. She returned the compliment by transferring to their mutual account all her movie earnings for the present and future. Their idea is this:

They believe a wife should control enough of her husband's bank account to be entirely independent—but they also believe that he should be the one in charge of all their current money matters.

MADELEINE CARROLL

WIDE-EYED tourists run around Hollywood at all hours, gawping at the swell mansions where the stars and movie magnates live. Old natives of the region think the tourists are crazy.

Bessie and Jesse Lasky reside in a fine home on Tower Hill. One evening a girl who writes for the screen drove me out there to a party, but she wasn't sure of the road. For a long time we rolled up and down the hills without seeing any one of whom to ask directions. It was after eleven o'clock when we spied a lone man trudging along. He told us how to find the Lasky house, then he looked us over with amused contempt.

"Sight-seein' at this time of night!" he muttered scornfully.

My pride was not restored until I rode home much later in an open sports car with Jesse Lasky's very own polo coat tucked snugly around me.

GO and look at the animal ranches when you visit Hollywood. The wild creatures will be as interested in you as you are in them.

There are lion asylums, alligator nurseries, monkey plantations, ostrich farms.

At an ostrich farm I saw a couple of ostriches fall in love. After a flirtatious interlude the lady ostrich put her head down to the ground and ate big mouthfuls of dirt. Why? I don't know. Who knows why females relish the indignities of love?

The keeper of the ostriches was a Scotsman with a brogue as strong as his pipe. He had no respect for ostriches. They get their heads stuck in the wire netting, he told me, and their mental powers are so small that they jerk their heads right off their necks instead of working them loose.

That old Scot didn't have much use for modern women, either. In his opinion we are at our feminine best only when we adorn ourselves with ostrich plumes.

"Girrrls should wearrr featherrrs," he said.

THE next name on my list of Hollywood curiosities is that of Edward Everett Horton—*mark well what I do say*—who honestly shrinks from the prospect of getting to be a high-priced star.

Has he lost his mind? No, indeed! His reason is extremely practical.

Mr. Horton wants his career in pictures to be permanent, and he is wise enough to know that good utility actors make more money than stars in the long run. Stars feel obliged to spend large portions of their incomes on fancy living. Utility men do not. They get steady work, and they can save as much of their pay as they desire to.

Edward Horton is a man of contrary tastes. His garden is the only one I saw in Hollywood where palm trees are absolutely out. He doesn't like palm trees. For music he likes to hear Russian balalaikas played in the Mexican desert.

BROADWAY pawns its diamonds when hard luck comes along. Hollywood sells 'em outright.

It seems to me that this denotes a big difference of temperament between the theatrical world and the screen world. Failing stars of the stage never stop believing that they can make a comeback, can thus regain their pawned jewels together with their pride. Like Mr. Micawber, they always say, "Something good is sure to turn up by and by."

Film folk are not so hopefully inclined. They say, "Once our number goes up, nothing else will turn up except trouble." There have been exceptions, but Hollywood thinks they only prove the rule. So Hollywood sells its diamonds for keeps, or wears them splashingly while it can.

The successful women of Hollywood—wives as well as actresses—make a point of owning at least one important article of diamond jewelry. Large oval breastpins find special favor now. I saw a gigantic one on Ketti Gallian, the Fox star from France. Ketti told me her mother had it made for her. Said all of Mama's diamond *bijouterie* went into the fabrication of it.

Hollywood is the darnedest place for mother love!

AT lunch with J. Glaentzer, conversation took an inevitable turn to the subject of precious stones. Mr. Glaentzer is a vice president of Cartier's—the world-famous firm of jewel merchants. Ever so appropriately, the J initial of his first name stands for *Jules*.

We discussed fashions in jewelry.

"When women began to bob their hair," said Mr. Glaentzer, "they stopped wearing diamond tiaras and diamond-studded combs. Almost at the same time they exchanged their heavy satins and velvet for chiffon evening gowns. These new fabrics are too light to support the diamond-and-ruby stomachers of bygone vogue. That was why we invented the diamond clip."

All the magnificent gems that once adorned tiaras now go into bracelets and clips. Platinum came into use because eighteen-carat gold is too soft to secure heavy stones in a light setting. At first that was a swell break for Cartier's, platinum then being cheaper than gold. Now it is more expensive.

Today, as of yore, the finest gems come from India, where fabulous quantities of precious stones are still hoarded by native potentates. One Indian prince—the Nawab of Rampur—keeps eighteen million dollars' worth of jewels locked up in his private treasure house.

Mr. Glaentzer shares my preference for colored diamonds—blue, violet, chartreuse, black. Only once during his twenty-eight years in the business has he seen a blood-red diamond. It belonged to a Russian collector.

# ... to the Ladies!

## ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

**and Authority on Fashion**

Professional gem merchants scoff at superstitions. They don't believe certain stones are lucky or unlucky. They'd just as soon wear opals any old time. Cartier's original shop in Paris is still located at *No. 13* rue de la Paix. That shows you!

A WOMAN who did not sign her name has written me this in a letter:

> I wasn't unfaithful. I fell in love with another man, but I didn't surrender myself to him. Then I confessed to my husband, and my husband will not forgive me. What can I do?

I think she can only wait. If her husband has any wisdom he will come finally to understand that she deserves sympathy instead of blame. Nothing that belongs to him has been damaged—except the surface of his pride.

REST your heart twice a day," says a New York specialist. Lie down flat for a little while after lunch, he tells us, and again before dinner. His advice is intended particularly for people over fifty years old. He reminds us that we work our hearts to the extent of nearly forty million beats a year. Merely sitting down, he says, does not rest the heart. We must lie flat. About half an hour will do. The statistics he gives are appalling. Your heart beats 75 times a minute, 4,500 times an hour, 108,000 times a day, 756,000 times a week, 3,240,000 times a month, 39,312,000 times a year. How does that performance compare with your automobile's?

FRENCH walls are being painted blue. Curtains of cobalt hang at French windows. Chairs and divans wear coverings of navy-blue satin. The interior decorators of Paris have taken a sudden fancy to dark blue. I give you this tip because we are sure to follow the Paris lead sooner or later. We always do.

The blue notion is very attractive, I am told, especially when applied to modernistic rooms outfitted with furniture of chromium, zebra skin, black glass, natural woods, etc. One of the new chintz patterns from Paris features purple orchids on a deep blue ground. A friend of mine brought some of it home with her recently. She says the French fad for dark blue is inspired by economy. A good strong blue looks exotic and it lasts a long time.

DON'T sit there. You'll strain your eyes. Sit over here where the light is better."

Men tell me they *hate* to hear a solicitous hostess take this line. Solicitude is all right, they say, up to a certain point, but when women start shifting their men guests from one chair to another because of the light—well, the men can't bear it. "I find something to read," complains one man. "I settle down comfortably. Then along comes the kind lady, worrying about my eyes. I ought to tell her to leave me alone or I'll never set foot in her house again. But do I? No. Smiling like an idiot, I let her move me wherever she pleases. This is sheer degradation. What can we do about it?"

I don't know. What *can* they do about it?

REAL family scandals of Roman times are told delightfully by Robert Graves in his new book called I, Claudius. Excellent summer reading. (Published by Smith and Haas.)

SOUTH AMERICANS have a way of their own with fried chicken—rather a complicated way, but exciting enough to be well worth the trouble. They do it like this:

Cut 2 young chickens into joints. Dust with pepper, salt, powdered thyme, a pinch of mace. Dredge lightly with flour and fry in hot olive oil until golden. Remove the chicken to a hot platter. Now put 1 coarsely chopped onion in the frying pan, add a small clove of garlic, and sprinkle in ½ teaspoon chili powder. Stir for a few minutes, then pour in 1 cup white wine, 1 tablespoon sherry, and ½ cup meat bouillon. Cook slowly for 20 minutes. Cover the fried chicken with this sauce and serve with plain boiled rice and fried bananas.

**A Story of Death Valley, a Dream Girl on Its Rim, and a Mystery that Was Never Explained**

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

FAVERSHAM had been twirling his long-stemmed glass in gentle abstraction; he now looked up. "You know," he said, "I sometimes think that time, established forever, isn't a straight line at all. It's a spiral, wound around and around, like a watch spring.

"Here you are," he said, "at this point of the spiral. Suppose now you step—by some cosmic slip—to the line in the spiral immediately to your right or left. You have then stepped into the past or the future. Into the past or the future you suddenly emerge—maybe among people—where you have no business."

We were accustomed to bizarre outbursts from him. But now we must have stared at him as if he were mad, for he laughed lightly and relaxed. "Don't be so serious," he laughed. "I was simply seeking an explanation for something which happened to my Uncle Tom years ago. Would you like to hear what happened to my Uncle Tom years ago?"

We did, and he went on:

I got most of it from my Uncle Tom himself [he warned]. He wrote it all down after it happened, with care—not for posterity, I think, but rather to clear up the confusion in his mind. I doubt that he succeeded. I found the account in his papers, after he had been killed at Ypres—he had enlisted with the Canadians in '14.

It told, the manuscript, of something which had happened to him in the first years of the century. He was a young fellow then, of a roving heart as he was to be through life. He had joined the gold rush of his day out West; strange names appear on the pages of his manuscript—Bullfrog, Rhyolite, Goldfield, Tonopah. More particularly he was prospecting along the western rim of the sinister sink called Death Valley.

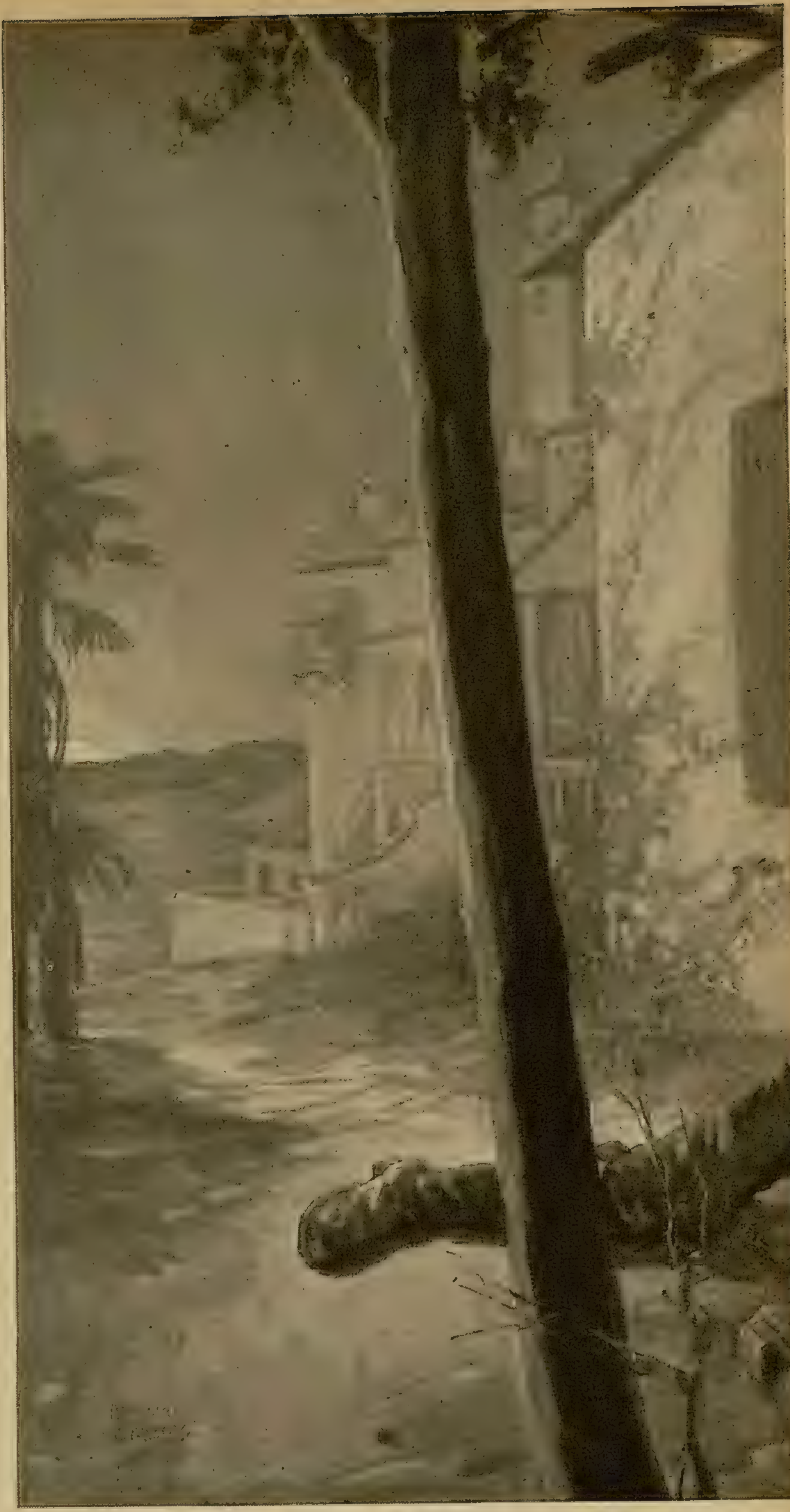
He had a partner named Merill, and the two camped near a meager little spring of bitterish water—the only water for miles around. Death Valley was at their feet.

The automobile and the highway have robbed it since of much of its ancient terrors; but at that time, as my young Uncle Tom, prospecting along the rim, looked down, it was still the dreadful pit below sea level, into which the perpendicular sun poured blazing heat, sucking every possible atom of moisture out of earth, rock, beast, or man. He had heard of poor desert rats of prospectors caught down there with empty canteens. The story was always the same. The poor victim, squirming with thirst, the sun bludgeoning his cranium, the arid air pumping at his blood, soon lost his head. He began to run, here and there, this way and that, in circles. He tore at his clothing, he clawed at sand and rock; he died and was found later by some other gold seeker, a small pile of dry bones, a pinch of sterile aseptic dust.

The young fellow my uncle, as he poked about the rim rock, would recall these stories; boyishly he would imagine what he would do in a similar crisis. "*I'd* keep my head. *I'd* get my directions, decide on one course of action, and stick to it. *I'd* keep cool." That sort of boyish thinking.

At camp, he would examine his partner's map. On the opposite side of the sink there ran along the eastern rim a faint road. It led into an arm of the valley and a place written down as Furnace Creek. He asked Merill about this. Yes, there was water there. A sort of meager ranch raising a little alfalfa. Sheds, a shack. An old man named Williams living in the shack.

Which knowledge suddenly became precious one morning. My uncle had left the camp at dawn for an outcropping he had found the day before and which intrigued him. Some two hours after sunup he started



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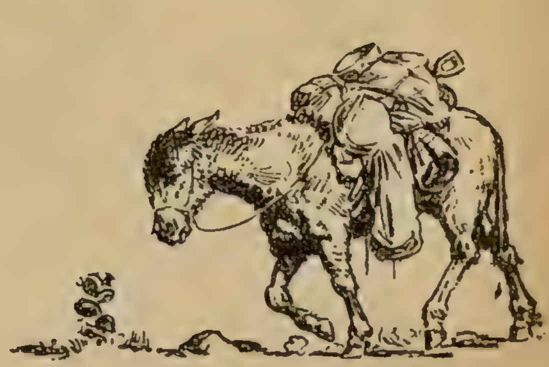
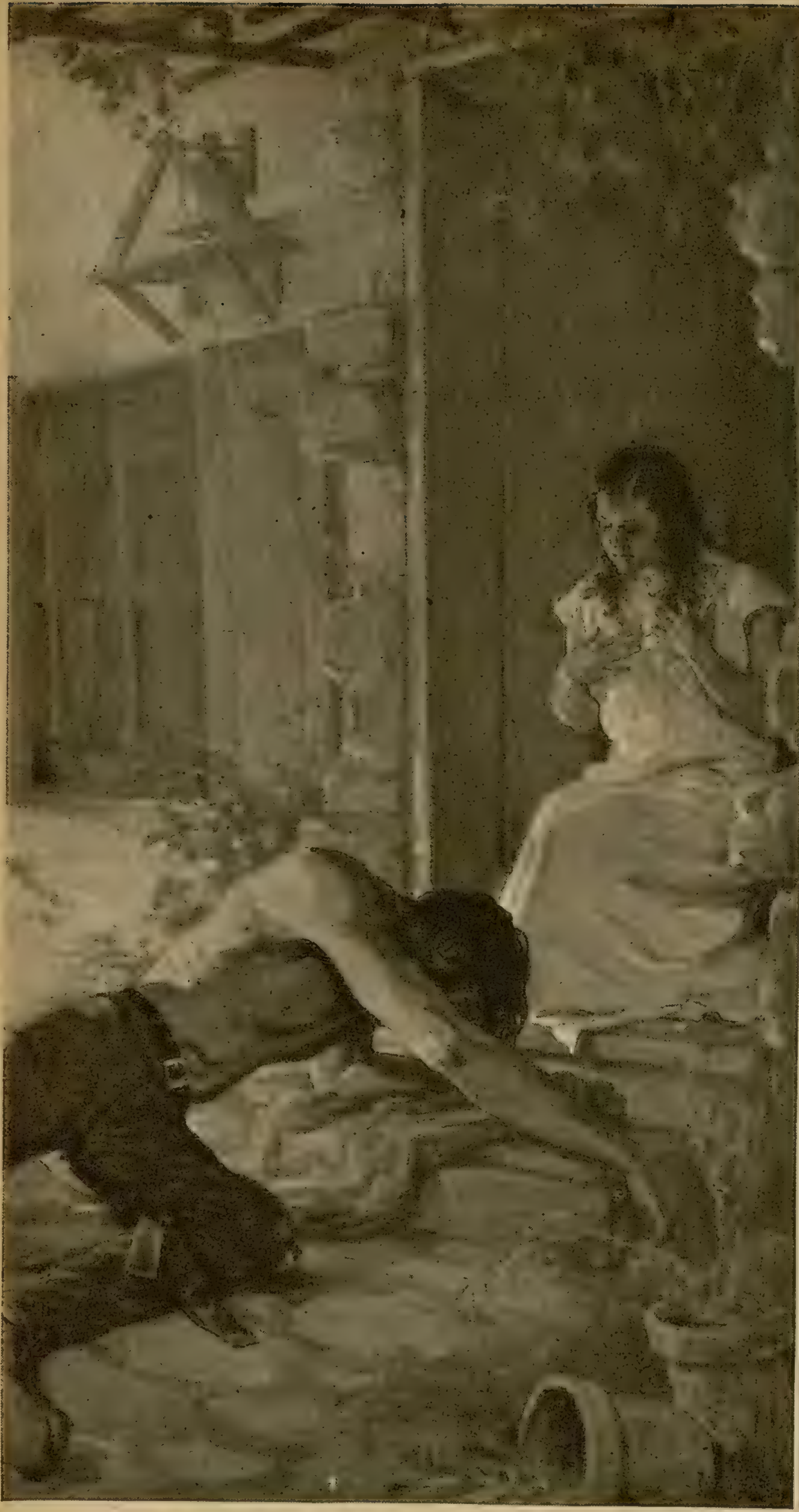


His body slid down and crumpled on the sill. In a little while the door opened and a girl bent down, peered, and gave a pitying moan.



# Time

MONTE CREWS

by

**JAMES HOPPER**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MONTE CREWS

back for camp, his young stomach pleasantly gurgling for its accustomed flapjacks and bacon. He started up a little wash down which he thought he had come, and when he came out at the top everything had changed; every distinct form in the landscape had subtly distorted into strangeness. He kept on going; it seemed impossible that he should not come to the camp soon. But the sense of strangeness was increasing every moment as he scrambled more and more wildly over loose shale and anchored rock. He could hear in his congested temples the reverberation of his frantically beating heart. Suddenly he saw what had happened and what he was doing. He was lost in Death Valley! And he was doing what in his youthful pride he had been certain *he* would not do.

So he halted himself short; he forced himself to sit down, his back against a rock; he forced himself to think.

He knew that he had wasted already a good deal of his strength. The sun had climbed in the sky, and its rays were like bullets, and the land about him was one flame. He was already thirsty, and there was but little water left in his canteen.

Two courses lay open to him. He could continue his search for the camp. He might stumble upon the camp in five minutes. Or in two hours. Or never.

BUT there was also what he had learned from the map. Over there, on the other side of the sink, there ran a faint road. If he crossed the sink straight, going due east, he must come into that road. Then, if he followed the road, he must come to Furnace Creek and water. But to reach that water he must tramp some forty miles without water.

The first alternative might bring safety in five minutes—also not at all.

The second meant almost certain eventual safety; it meant just as certainly long dire torture of thirst. The sun would hammer his head; the arid air about him would pump and pump at the water in his tissues, in his blood, in the marrow of his bones. Long before he could arrive, his tongue would be out of his mouth, hanging on his chest, dry like leather, black and crevassed. . . .

Yet, that was what he must do. Yes.

He stood up, and before making his first move froze his will. Once started, he must not allow anything—not the most delicious temptation—to deviate him an inch. There would be such temptation, he knew. Once down there in the sink, the painted distant mountains ringing him about would begin to beckon, to whisper, to swell their bosoms with false promise of running rills and sigh of cool winds through trees. Mirage lakes would appear here and there, to the right, to the left.

He swore to himself that, the first step taken, he would not diverge one inch. Then he took that first step.

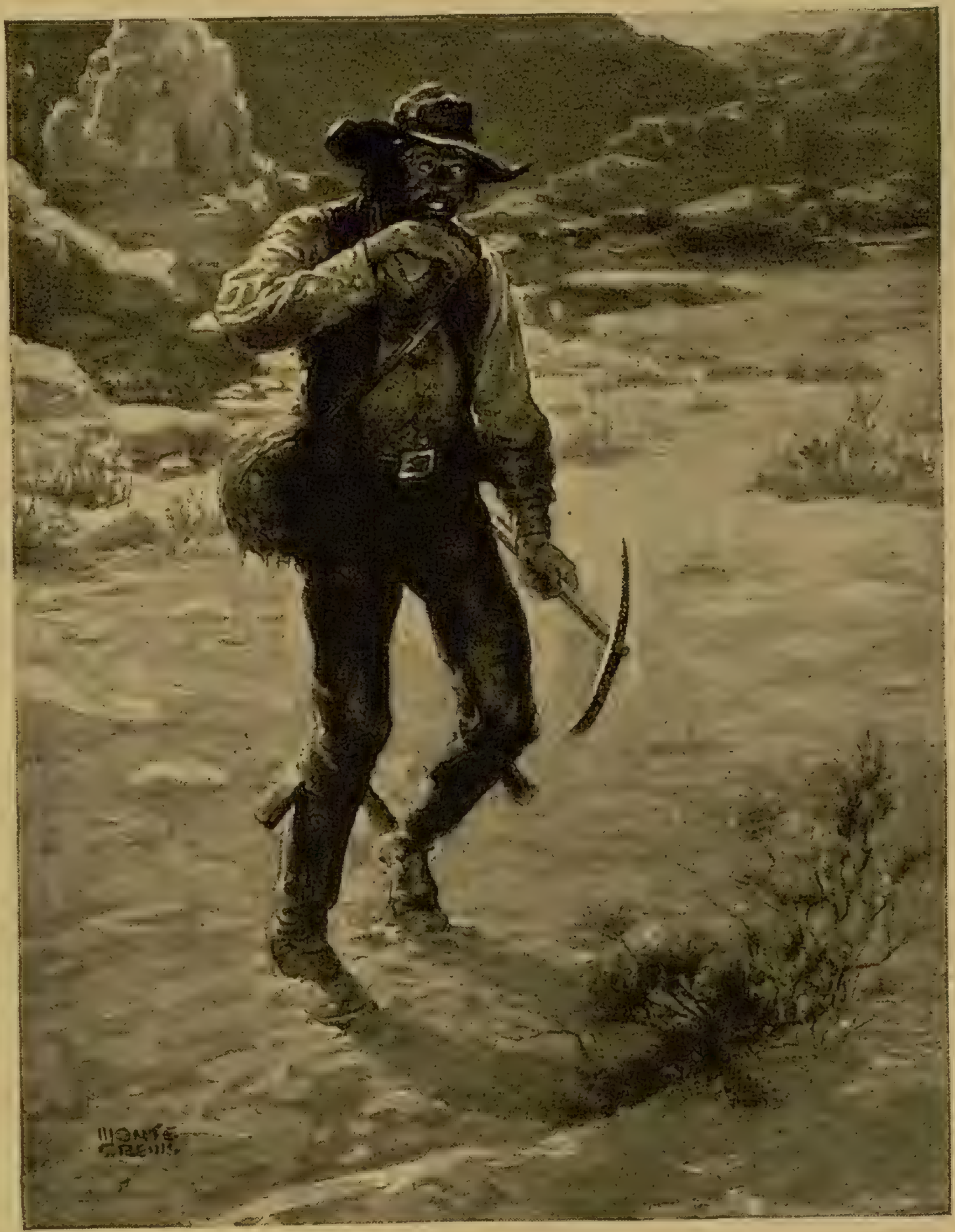
It proved to be the first of thousands each of which was an increase of hardship and suffering. Going first downhill, he soon struck the flat, and the heat there was incredible, yet kept mounting. The flamboyance of the land closed his eyes to slits. The canteen on his hip, with its few last drops, became an obsession so maddening that he finally freed himself of it in two prodigal gulps. Soon his mouth was dry as ashes; his tongue began to swell.

The far painted mountains began to call; he lowered his head and forged ahead on a dead line. Blue lakes appeared here, there. He dreamed of dipping his head into their coolness and drinking like a horse, drawing in, drawing in without stopping; he dreamed of stripping himself of his flesh and soaking his soul in their blue coolness. But head down he plodded along in a straight line. He came to a flat of dazzling, glittering surface. But this crust was only a lie through which at each step he broke into a black ooze. He had to crawl. He stripped himself of his woolen shirt. He would spread it, crawl across on it, then spread it ahead again. Thus he inchwormed himself—always in a straight line—till he had struck hard going once more.

Finally he was across. He came then to the faint wagon tracks, and turned to the south between them. It was all clear sailing now. Simply a matter of keeping between those faint straight ruts. Simply a matter of staggering on, mile after mile, hour after hour. Simply a matter of reaching his goal before he was dead.

The sun set; he tramped on beneath a crooked half-moon. The hours were a sort of long desolate delirium with all that remained sane of his faculties gathered to a pin point of concentration—to lift one leg, and then the other leg, and then the first one again, and keep his feet between the dim wagon tracks. He was aware at times of his own breathing, and that frightened him, because it sounded like the death rattle. He drew no alleviation from the absence of the sun; the night was hot as the breath of a wild beast.

Toward the end, he was falling often. Vaguely surprised, he would discover that he had stubbed his toe and that he was lying on the ground. He would drag himself up and go on.



Suddenly he saw what had happened and what he was doing. He was lost in Death Valley.

I'll spare you the rest. You can imagine what sort of a terrible scarecrow finally came to Furnace Creek in the middle of the night. It must have been Furnace Creek; I don't see how it could have been any other place.

The moon was now low in the west. Suddenly, athwart its horizontal rays, there sprang up before his eyes the white walls of a large building. "The white walls, the tiled roofs of the inn"—that is the way he wrote it down in his manuscript.

THE place was just above him, on a low ledge. In the bewitching light of the falling moon, it looked, he wrote, "like some great palace." He zigzagged drunkenly toward it. But between him and his goal there now appeared a small detached house. A swerve, a long oblique stagger, sent him crashing against the door of this small cottage. His body slid down slowly along the door's length and crumpled on the sill.

In a little while the door opened and a girl stood in the opening, her night garment opalescent in the last of the moonlight. She bent down, peered, and both her hands went to her bosom and she gave a soft pitying moan. He pulled himself up erect, and she opened her arms, and then—so he wrote it—that something in her so soft and pitying "broke something in him." Forward he fell into her arms, his terrible head upon her tender breast, and sobbed. Sobs that had no tears, he explained with grim humor—"there was no moisture left in me for even one small tear." He felt himself drawn, half borne inside.

What happened is not clear in my uncle's manuscript He writes a bit as if in a haze. Because in fact what he was trying to get down on paper was what he remembered of a period when he was only half alive. A lethargy close to unconsciousness had followed his ordeal.

WHAT he remembered of it later was vague yet exquisite. He was conscious of a coolness about him, a gentle rustling; he was within the circle of a tender and light and unerringly wise solicitude, as if in a nest. Back of this tireless, gracious, rustling presence were two heavier forms that at times lent support. Every now and then he would be taken to what at first seemed to him a small cell, and great floods of water were poured down upon him in cascades, in sheets that sought every fold of his desiccated body; and he felt himself swelling deliciously like a withered flower under the rain. He shot his head back, he opened his mouth wide to let in the ineffable flood. But that would not be allowed. "No, no, no," he would hear the gentle voice of his tender guardian—and then one of the two background presences firmly seized his neck and held his head down.

Back in his bed, he would then be given the water that he craved. He would sense the rustling presence near.

A round white arm would appear between his eyes and the light, and between his inflamed and swollen lips a thin cool stream would trickle drop by drop, in a slow release of his deprivation almost perversely delicious.

These heavenly tricklings increased in volume hour by hour. He was finally tasting milk. Solid food at length. He was allowed to get up. He was well!

The environment which he had sensed but dimly so far became clear now. It is described in his narrative—not at all meticulously, but still, I am afraid, rather clearly.

There was that inn. Once or twice he calls it "an hotel." Seemingly it was a big place, of stone, rather magnificent there on the edge of the desert. It was closed. The month was August and—so it was explained to him—the inn was open only in the winter months, when the great heat was tempered.

All doors were locked, the windows boarded up; he could not see inside. It slept, the big place, silently, with eyes closed in the white sunlight.

The only people about were the family that had taken him in. They were the caretakers of the place during the closed season. The man, a pleasant cheery gray-templed Irishman; his wife, capable and kindly and a bit voluminous.

And the daughter, the girl who had met him at the door. Mary.

He gives a slight description of the girl. Nineteen or twenty, he thought. Her eyes were a deep blue, beneath raven-black hair; and, in that arid desert atmosphere which tans to leather, her complexion was that of girls caressed by the dew and the mists of northern climes. Only a girl, but deep-bosomed and tenderly gentle. Then he seemed to have suddenly found the epithet he was seeking. "Mary compassionate," he wrote.

But he was restless to be gone. He had left, you understand, on the other side, an enterprise. And a partner who might be worrying.

There were two little burros on a hill near by, and there were pack-saddles in a shed. Soon, one little ass laden with solid provision, the other with sack-wrapped cans of water, extra dripping bags and canteens hanging from each saddle horn, my uncle was turning his face to the desert and starting to retrace in comfort his late dolorous way. The sun was not yet up, dawn was barely breaking; but all the same every one was at the cottage door to see him off—the gray-templed caretaker, his kindly cheerful wife, and before them, a step nearer to the departing man, the girl Mary—Mary compassionate. The laden burros traveled with short steps. My uncle had time to turn several times and to wave several times before a little rise came between him and that little detached figure with fluttering skirt and round white arm raised high.

"I CAME near going back to say something to her—I don't know what," my uncle noted afterward.

He traveled easily and safely. Slept one night under the stars, and at the end of the second day came walking into camp with his two burros at dinner time.

His partner Merill expressed surprise and pleasure. He had searched for my uncle a conscientious twenty-four hours, had then philosophically given him up, but had not been able completely to keep him out of mind.

My uncle ate his dinner, then began to tell where he had been.

And Merill soon pricked up an ear. "What's that about Furnace Creek?" he complained. "Did you say an inn? You don't call that bald patch of alfalfa and that shack and old man Williams a hotel, do you?"

My uncle, a little taken aback but still firm, redescribed what he thought he had seen. "There's an hotel there. It's closed for the summer, but there's an hotel."

"Better lie down," Merill said. "You're not right yet.

"I know Furnace Creek," he went on. "There's nothing there but a patch of alfalfa and a shack and old man Williams. He raises the alfalfa and lives in the shack."

Between two alone in the desert a discussion even as innocent as this may be dangerous. The two men tacitly dropped it. Besides, my uncle was no longer certain. He was new to the country and Merill was of it. He knew that he had been delirious for periods of his long tramp; and it was possible that his whole stay in Furnace Creek had been passed in delirium.

What puzzled him was that, while the first part of his ordeal was fast taking on the aspect of an unreal nightmare in his memory, his picture of Furnace Creek was remaining clear.

So much did this intrigue him, in fact, that when a little later the partnership broke up over the fact that there seemed to be no gold where they dug, and still more, I suspect, because of the temperamental restlessness of both men, my uncle, packing up his burros, made for Furnace Creek.

HE got there, and—well, it was exactly as Merill had said. Of what my young uncle remembered with the only nostalgia of his life—so he wrote it down—there was nothing. There lay what Merill had listed—the poor patch of alfalfa, the shack. And not even old man Williams! Of him there was only a sheet of paper tacked to the shack door.

"Gone to Frisco on a bender," said the paper.

"Yet," my uncle wrote, "so certain had I been to find the building there, gleaming in the sun, and the cottage of my saviors and friends, that when I came to the place and did not find them there, it was to me exactly as if the whole thing had been suddenly whisked away on cables dropped from the sky. Much like the cardboard scenery of a Wagnerian opera." . . .

Faversham, having brought us to this, sat quiet, looking modestly into his glass. Harbord finally leaned across the table toward him. "So," he said, amused, "that's the reason for your spiraling time! And of the possibility of emerging, now and then, into the future or the past!"

"I am not ferocious about it," Faversham remarked. "I'm open to any explanation of what happened to my Uncle Tom."

"That's simple," said Harbord. "He came to Furnace Creek delirious, saw castles in the air, and the rough nursing of old man Williams translated itself into the exquisite ministrations of a dream girl named Mary!"

"Yes," said Faversham. "Yes.

"Only"—he hesitated—"only, there *is* a hotel there, you know, now. In that place called Furnace Creek, on the edge of Death Valley, far off on the Californian desert border. I know. I've been there.

"It's new; it hasn't been up so very long.

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Yes, I said 10¢

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X-BAZIN

removes hair

"I was in San Francisco last summer, and traveled down there. All the way down I was thinking of Uncle Tom, not only of this which he had written and which I have told you, but of his whole life as it is known in the family, vaguely. He had been in the Klondike; still farther, in the arctic circle; he had been in Mongolia, in Africa, in Tibet—one restlessness, his life. And in 1914 with the Princess Pats. A bullet had ended it, the long restlessness, at Ypres.

JAMES HOPPER

*was born in Paris, was graduated from the University of California, and entered newspaper work in San Francisco. He was a war correspondent during the war. He is the author of several books and of many short stories.*

"And I got down to Furnace Creek, and here was an inn. A large place, flashing in the sun.

"It was closed. This was August, and it was open only in winter. The doors were all padlocked, the windows shuttered.

"So I stayed—well, with the caretakers. In their detached cottage. Yes, their detached cottage. A hale gray-templed Irishman, his cheerful wife—and their daughter Mary.

"Yes, her name was Mary. A gentle, deep-bosomed girl. With cheeks like delicate roses in that burning air.

"I WAS with them several days. And my wonder growing all the time. Finally, one day, I drew them into a talk of the old adventures and tragedies of the valley. I asked them if things like that still happened in these modern days.

"'Why,' said the father, 'not more than a fortnight past we had one come crashing right up to our very door in the middle of the night.

"'He had been prospecting on the other side and got lost. He had come clear across the sink to us. He was just this side of death—but we brought him out all right!'

"I said to the girl, 'You helped, I'll wager.'

"'Yes,' she said, a bit huskily, in her lovely deep-bosomed voice. 'You see, we know how it must be done. We would put him under the shower every hour. We'd feed him small tricklings of water, then a little more, then a little more. Then milk.

"'And finally he was all right again. He was a nice young man. He got two burros, packed them with food and water, and went off.'

"Her eyes went out through the open door; they seemed to be following the two little burros and the man across the glittering sink, farther and farther. They rose a little; they were fixed now on the painted and veiled mountains on the other side.

"'He was a nice young man,' she said, slow and low. 'A sweet young man he was!'

"I could see that she had forgotten us. Her voice had trailed into a murmur.

"'Oh,' she cried with sudden passion, 'I do hope sometime he will forget the gold and come back to me!'

"The father and the mother looked at her, petrified. And we could see that her eyes, so blue beneath the raven-black hair, fixed on the distant mountains, were filled with tears."

Faversham stopped.

"Well," he said brusquely, "let's stop thinking about it. There's no making it out!"

THE END

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## Announcing More Winners in the $2,500 PRESIDENTS CONTEST

THE first list of prize winners was published in the July 7 issue. The third and final list will be published in the August 11 issue.

### $200 SECOND PRIZE

**Joel Schechter, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

### MORE $10 WINNERS

Geddes Mann, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Lillian P. Nichol, Paducah, Ky.; Arthur L. Blaurock, Bellaire, N. Y.; A. H. Bawden, Jr., Park Ridge, N. J.; Barbara Britton, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; W. J. Dennis, Cleveland, Ohio; Edgar R. Schmickle, Tatamy, Pa.; Catharine Wilcox, Snowden, Mich.; A. J. Shapter, St. John's, Nfld.; Erwin W. Muhlenbruch, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ernest Cochrane, Fresno, Calif.; Mary Ellen Niedringhaus, St. Louis, Mo.; Josephine O. Porter, Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Howard W. Menig, Elizabeth, N. J.; Elizabeth V. Holden, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. H. D. Jepson, Minneapolis, Minn.

Vincent E. Ferriday, Maplewood, N. J.; William C. Davids, Jr., Rutherford, N. J.; H. Frances McKenzie, Riverside, R. I.; Mrs. Sophie McGregor, Los Angeles, Calif.; Betty Wilson, Claremore, Okla.; George H. Lachey, West Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. T. A. Sorrells, Montgomery, Ala.

Other prize winners on page 66

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## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—In Latin *crudus* means raw, rough. By extension the word conveyed the idea of blood; thus *cruentare* means to kill.

2—Italy, in 1917.

3—The Royal Scot, which was exhibited at the Chicago Exposition of 1933.

4—Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, Minister to Denmark.

5—From the digestive juices extracted from the stomachs of pigs and calves.

6—We ourselves.

7—The Danube. It flows through Vienna, Budapest, and Belgrade.

8—When a man and woman declare in the presence of witnesses that they take each other as husband and wife, Scotch law regards the marriage as legal and as binding as a religious ceremony.

9—Pyrite—a mineral with a color and glitter suggesting gold; often mistaken by inexperienced prospectors for gold-bearing rock.

10—A martial air of Scotland played on the bagpipes.

11—It is a Cree Indian word meaning rapid river.

12—Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, from France.

13—"Red" Grange—the "Galloping Ghost."

14—The Archduke Ferdinand Joseph of Austria became the Emperor Maximilian who ruled Mexico, 1864-67.

15—The sacred Buddhist fig tree under which Gautama Siddhartha (Buddha) is said to have sat and attained wisdom. The name means Tree of Enlightenment.

16—An American executed by the Mexicans after the Battle of the Alamo together with David Crockett and William B. Davis.

17—To allow sound vibrations to enter through their mouths in addition to the ears, thus reducing the shock.

18—The Belgian national anthem.

19—To further the humane treatment of all animals.

20—Armadillo.

# Come Into the White House Gardens!

### *Almost Any Home Might Reproduce Something of Their Beauty, Says Your Hostess and Guide on This Tour of Inspection*

### ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE greatest charm of the White House grounds is their informality. There is no suggestion of a regal Versailles with long avenues and formal fountains and statuary. Our national home has friendly rolling lawns with tall, graceful elms and gnarled, sturdy oaks. The eighteen acres of White House grounds might be reproduced in miniature in almost any American home.

Let us take a walk through the White House grounds. As we go in the front gate on Pennsylvania Avenue, we see so many large trees that there is little space for flower beds. In the middle of the lawn is a fountain, surrounded by Japanese and German iris of all colors. Between the iris clumps we see the jaunty heads of jonquils. Later in the season cannas or scarlet sage blooms replace spring blossoms. We walk across the lawn and follow a long, paneled flower bed. In the center are peonies, bordered with white phlox which bloom all through the summer. Two magnolia trees stand like sentries at either end. We see several small circular beds planted with pink and blue hydrangeas, bordered by begonias. We must not miss the lovely old lilac bushes and crêpe myrtle growing in the northeast and northwest corners of the lawn.

We next walk through the White House and out on to the circular portico where tea is often served on warm afternoons. Here we see a panorama of the entire south grounds, with the Washington Monument in the distance. A little to our right we see two gigantic flowering magnolia trees which are said to have been planted by Andrew Jackson. Our family has found that during the hottest summer afternoons it is both restful and cool to sit on the white benches beneath these trees. Fuchsias and begonias are planted there around the flagstones.

We descend the circular stairway to the grounds and go first to the east flower garden. When President Theodore Roosevelt remodeled the White House, this garden was laid out in old Colonial style, with winding paths and odd-shaped beds. Each first lady has the right to plant the gardens as she pleases, and the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson changed it to its present arrangement—a simple perennial garden full of old-fashioned flowers, with straight paths and a small rectangular pool in the center. The west garden has the same history and was turned by Mrs. Wilson into a very lovely rose garden. One of the paths in this garden is always known as the President's Walk.

A low iron fence separates the east and west gardens from the rest of the south grounds and is covered with a profusion of climbing roses.

In the center of the south grounds is another fairly large fountain in which my Theodore Roosevelt cousins tell me they splashed and kept cool when they were children living at the White House. Let us hope the gardener did not have too much trouble preserving his iris and tulips which cluster around the fountain.

At the east entrance of the south lawn there are several old-fashioned round pansy beds. This entrance is particularly attractive because of the many evergreen trees growing just inside the gateway. If you are an admirer of boxwood, you will notice some very beautiful specimens over a hundred years old.

Until the time of President Theodore Roosevelt there were conservatories and one small greenhouse on the lawn. These are now situated just south of the Washington Monument.

As we look back at the house we see two long terraces extending east and west from the White House proper. Around the tops of these in winter are tubs and boxes of evergreens. In spring they are filled with Holland bay and geraniums. The bay was imported to the White House by President Theodore Roosevelt.

In a short tour such as ours it is impossible to stop at each different tree and shrub, as there are one hundred and twenty-two species on the grounds. These include old yew trees, beeches, white and red ash, Japanese cherries, hairy Chinese chestnuts, dogwood, and maples, elms, and oaks of many kinds.

MANY of our Presidents have planted trees themselves. John Quincy Adams is said to have planted the elm which towers so conspicuously on the mound to the southeast of the White House. President Benjamin Harrison and his family planted two scarlet oaks which still stand. Mrs. Grover Cleveland chose a Japanese maple.

In 1924 the American Forestry Association presented to the White House a beautiful white birch, the tree nationally selected to honor motherhood. The District of Columbia Federation of Women's Clubs planted this tree in honor of the mothers of the Presidents.

I have run across an interesting and somewhat amusing story about an oak tree on the grounds. When Charles Sumner was United States Senator from Massachusetts, he sent as a present to the Czar of Russia some acorns which he had taken from an old oak tree near George Washington's original tomb at Mount Vernon. The Czar had these acorns planted near the imperial palace at Peterhof. In the fall of 1898 E. A. Hitchcock, ambassador to Russia, picked up a handful of acorns from the ground near one of these oak trees. These he sent to President Theodore Roosevelt to be planted in the White House grounds, and requested that one be planted near its grandparent at Mount Vernon. It was a very lovely thought, but when the acorns sprouted, the trees were found to be an Oriental variety of oak, quite different from the original at Mount Vernon. The wind in Russia had evidently done a bit of mixing of the oak offspring on the ground.

THE END

# The Lone Wolf

## They Thought He Was Through, but Back He Comes! A Look at Rogers Hornsby and the Most Bizarre Career in Baseball

### by DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THEY call him the lone wolf of the diamond. Greatest right-hand hitter of all time, a managerial genius, introverted, stubborn, unswervingly loyal friend, relentless enemy, he stands alone in all the history of baseball, a ruthless embittered Napoleon.

Like a rocket Rogers Hornsby flashed to baseball's greatest heights and crashed to earth. Then, when it seemed that he was forever lost in Cimmerian oblivion, he rose again, his star as bright as ever.

Manager, in a strange league, of one of the two clubs called big-league baseball's most hopeless a year ago, he still commands attention from all about him. Toward him all faces turn, and there he stands, expatriated from his own league, as grim as ever, determined, fearless, a phœnix risen.

Two years ago, when Rogers Hornsby told the late William Veeck of the Chicago Cubs that as a president of a baseball club he *had* been a good newspaperman, and Veeck sent him on his way, the boys counted ten over the old lone wolf. There was indeed reason to believe Rogers Hornsby was washed up. For two years he'd played virtually no baseball for the Cubs and such as he had played had been decidedly mediocre. He'd had an infection in the Achilles tendon of his right foot and his once proud batting average had dropped, in 1932, to .224. Moreover, he couldn't field. The injury prevented his making the quick starts required at third base, it ruined his speed at second, and his long adaptation to the opposite throw counted him out as a first baseman. And as an outfielder he was impossible. Even at his peak he had been a sucker for a fly ball.

Thus it was that when the Cubs dismissed him he seemed definitely through. The National League, to all intents and purposes, was through with him. Yet here he was, still comparatively young, the acknowledged star of the league, a man with a lifetime batting average over a nineteen-year period greater than the lifetime batting averages of Ruth, Simmons, Foxx, Collins, and even Wagner--homeless, unwanted, jobless.

### HORNSBY'S BIG-LEAGUE RECORD

| Year | Club | Games | A.B. | R. | H. | Average |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1915 | Cardinals | 18 | 57 | 5 | 14 | .246 |
| 1916 | Cardinals | 139 | 495 | 63 | 155 | .313 |
| 1917 | Cardinals | 145 | 523 | 86 | 171 | .327 |
| 1918 | Cardinals | 115 | 416 | 51 | 117 | .281 |
| 1919 | Cardinals | 138 | 512 | 68 | 163 | .318 |
| 1920 | Cardinals | 149 | 589 | 96 | 218 | .370 |
| 1921 | Cardinals | 154 | 592 | 131 | 235 | .397 |
| 1922 | Cardinals | 154 | 623 | 141 | 250 | .401 |
| 1923 | Cardinals | 107 | 424 | 89 | 163 | .384 |
| 1924* | Cardinals | 143 | 536 | 121 | 227 | .424 |
| 1925 | Cardinals | 138 | 504 | 133 | 203 | .403 |
| 1926 | Cardinals | 134 | 527 | 96 | 167 | .317 |
| 1927 | Giants | 155 | 568 | 133 | 205 | .361 |
| 1928 | Braves | 140 | 486 | 99 | 188 | .387 |
| 1929 | Cubs | 156 | 602 | 156 | 229 | .380 |
| 1930 | Cubs | 42 | 104 | 15 | 32 | .308 |
| 1931 | Cubs | 100 | 357 | 64 | 118 | .331 |
| 1932 | Cubs | 19 | 58 | 10 | 13 | .224 |
| 1933 | Cardinals | 46 | 83 | 9 | 27 | .325 |
| 1933 | Browns† | 11 | 9 | 2 | 3 | .333 |
| Complete: For nineteen years | | 2203 | 8065 | 1568 | 2898 | .359 |

*In 1924 he set a new major-league batting mark.
†Released by the Cardinals; appointed manager of the Browns.

The decline of Hornsby actually began in the winter of 1926-27, after he had given the Cardinals their first pennant and St. Louis its first world championship. He had clashed with Branch Rickey and Rickey had sent him to New York for Frankie Frisch. New York hailed him with glee. Baseball writers labeled him as the certain successor to the mantle of McGraw. He had landed on his feet.

Late summer of 1927 came on. Hornsby was hitting .380 and drawing great crowds. The Giants, in a slump, were headed westward. John McGraw had been detained in New York, providentially it seemed. Hornsby was in charge of the team—and won eight out of the first nine games on that trip.

In Chicago he ordered taxicabs for some of his players who had complained of colds. James Tierney, blunt secretary of the club, took Hornsby to task.

"Listen," said Hornsby. "This ball club wins or loses on my responsibility. If I think I need taxicabs, I'm hiring them. You can take your expense beef and stick it up on the mantelpiece."

Tierney, a fighter himself, never had liked him. He cared little more for McGraw, who defended Hornsby. They carried the fight to President Stoneham of the Giants—and Stoneham backed Tierney. Hornsby had to go. McGraw never regained his old power.

The Giants sent Hornsby on to Boston for a dirigiblesque catcher named Hogan and three fellows named Joe. There Jack Slattery had just been named manager. He wasn't and never had been a major-league player or manager, and those who knew Hornsby lost no time in predicting affable Jack's decapitation.

Midsummer passed and so did Slattery. Even though Hornsby was hitting close to .400, the Braves were in the ruck. Hornsby was elevated to the management. He did what he could, but the Braves were a nondescript disorganized lot and he could lift them no higher.

The season ended and rumors of the aiming of the Cubs' great bank roll at Boston arose. Hornsby knew he had the upper hand of the patient, affable Judge Fuchs. He delivered an ultimatum—get a new ball club or a new manager.

Fuchs knew that a discredited Hornsby—and a resignation, even if self-tendered, would have discredited him thoroughly — would be a vastly depreciated asset. Even as it was, only the Cubs would have dared hire the firebrand. What dignity Hornsby would lose through sacrificing his managership could be made up in pecuniary gains through the great fortune of William Wrigley, the owner of the Cubs. They were capable of paying him the league's top salary and he knew it.

It so happened that money, at that red-hot moment, was more important to Hornsby than dignity. There lived in Louisville a certain party who insisted upon talking of a sum, fixed roughly at $90,000, which he alleged had gone through his horse-racing books under the ægis of Rogers Horns-

# Howls Again

by and which had not been backed up by the proper tint of currency. It was the same mess that had precipitated his break with Rickey, and it had cropped up again when he clashed with Tierney.

The party gradually became a nuisance. Since his claim obviously had no validity in court, certain major-league magnates who happened to be concerned with Hornsby's hire at the time were notified that unless the ninety grand were forthcoming a committee might be expected to wait upon Mr. Hornsby and take the sum out of his throwing arm or his batting eyes.

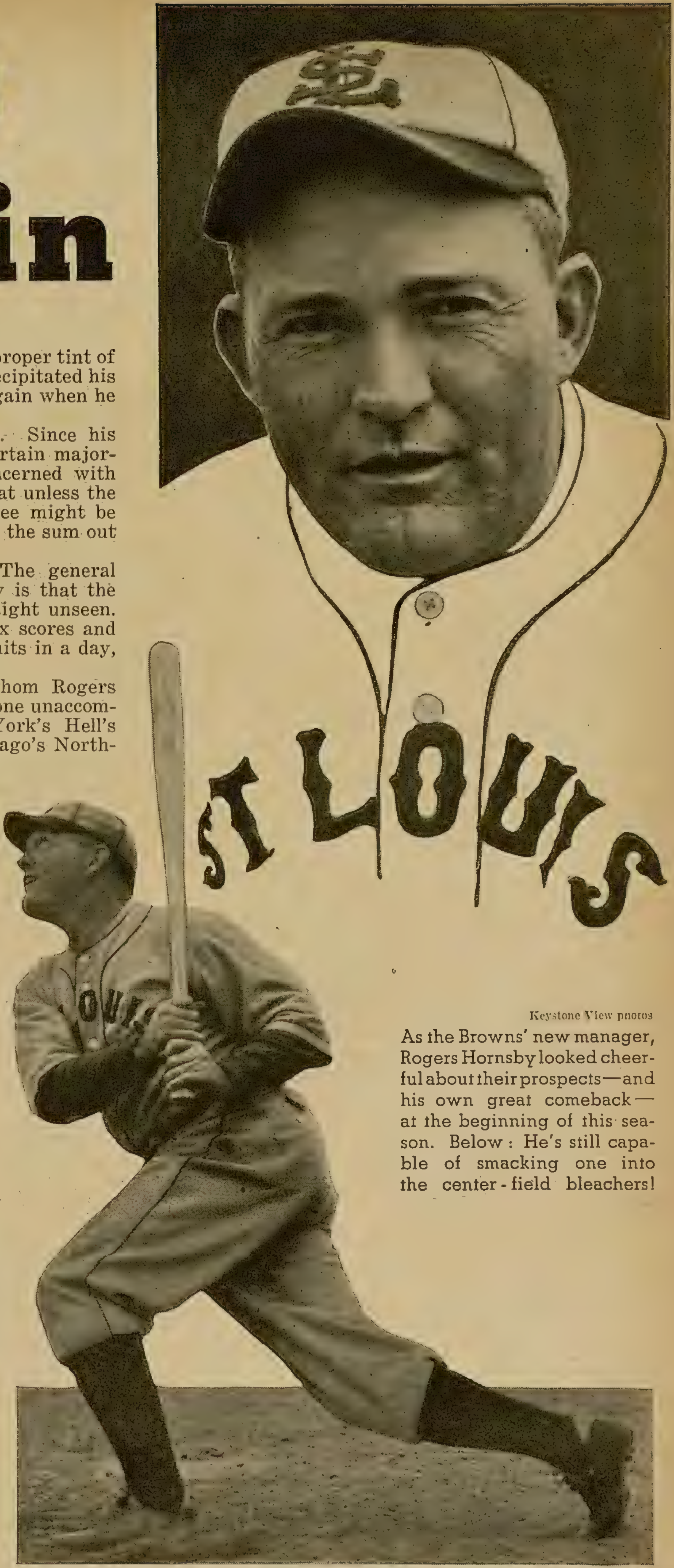
Hornsby denied he owed the money. The general opinion is now that he did not. His story is that the bookie made a number of wagers for him sight unseen. The bookie, he maintained, watched the box scores and whenever he, Hornsby, got more than two hits in a day, shot the works—for Hornsby.

Now, the man or men never walked whom Rogers Hornsby feared. He willingly would have gone unaccompanied into the darkest alleys of New York's Hell's Kitchen or St. Louis's Kerry Patch or Chicago's Northwest Side looking for the men who threatened him. But a brave ball player who likewise is a dead ball player never won any pennants for a magnate. Aware of this fact and convinced that he couldn't purchase an entirely new ball club as Hornsby had demanded, Judge Fuchs allowed his star to go to the Cubs for approximately $150,000 in cash and assorted chattels.

IN Chicago, in spite of his huge salary, said to have been $40,000 annually, Hornsby was more dour and taciturn than ever. The whisper began to go around that Joe McCarthy, the Cubs' manager, soon would be on his way. Hornsby promptly swore eternal fealty to McCarthy while the cameras clicked, but this didn't mean he relished it, and the gesture was taken with a goodly pinch of salt.

The Cubs won the National League pennant in 1929. That boosted McCarthy's stock, even if Hornsby's batting average of .381 was the greatest single factor. Unhappily, the Cubs lost the World's Series to the Athletics, and the fact that Hack Wilson lost two fly balls in the sun and thereby a ball game did not detract from the fact that he outhit the great Hornsby by 100 points.

The Cub fans didn't take kindly to Hornsby's failure and the following year found his popularity at a low ebb. This affected his playing. His batting average dropped from the .380 of the year before to .308,



Keystone View photos

As the Browns' new manager, Rogers Hornsby looked cheerful about their prospects—and his own great comeback—at the beginning of this season. Below: He's still capable of smacking one into the center-field bleachers!

his second lowest mark in sixteen years as a regular.

There were pretty plain stories to the effect that Hornsby had clashed with McCarthy over World's Series strategy. When the season of 1930 found Hornsby playing little, because of his injured heel, the fans considered these rumors authenticated. The eyes of baseball focused on Chicago. Now, Veeck and Wrigley had a tremendous investment in Hornsby, whereas McCarthy had cost them only the carfare from Buffalo. They knew Hornsby could play ball if given the proper incentive, and they knew he had managerial genius.

Give him the players, they reasoned, and he could get results as good as McCarthy's.

Obviously the cards were stacked against McCarthy, so late in the season of 1931 he quit and Hornsby picked up the reins. The Cubs had salvaged their investment.

Hornsby won no pennant in his first year as manager, and he began to clash with certain stars. On the other hand, he developed Lon Warneke into the best right-hander in the National League, and he made of Billy Herman, a Pacific coast recruit, its leading second baseman in a single season.

As the youngsters progressed, some of the veterans declined. Hornsby found Cuyler and Wilson particularly difficult. As the season wore on, the once mighty Wilson began to take punches at bespectacled newspapermen instead of at his tormentor Hornsby. Cuyler, too, fell off badly in his play, and Hornsby was in a spot.

The Cubs fell back to second place. The Pirates passed them, and the Chicago fans howled to high heaven. Hornsby took his team into Philadelphia late in the season and began there the disciplining of Cuyler and Wilson he had long contemplated. He sent Demaree, a recruit from the coast, into center field, and replaced Wilson with one Barton.

Demaree fielded well but failed to drive in runs. Barton not only flopped as a fielder but as a hitter. Veeck wired Hornsby peremptory orders to put Wilson back in center field.

The next day Hornsby pulled Barton out of right field —and put Bud Teachout, a left-handed pitcher, in his place. Wilson fumed on the bench.

That night a long-distance telephone call came for Hornsby. A newspaperman answered it. "It's Bill" (Veeck), he whispered. Hornsby walked across the room and snapped the locks on his bags.

"Tell him I'm leaving tonight for Egypt and ask him if that's far enough," he instructed.

The following day Charley Grimm was in charge of the Cubs. He drove them on to a pennant—and a four-game shellacking at the hands of the Yankees.

Hornsby went home to his farm outside St. Louis. He was virtually insolvent--a too free hand with those who didn't have it, an admitted fondness for the horses, had used up the fortune he'd made out of baseball, left him stranded when he should have been at his zenith.

A THOUSAND typewriters rattled with his baseball obituary. Certain bellicose players of the Cubs hinted that he had departed owing them considerable sums of money. He challenged them to prove it—and they shut up. But that did not improve his status with the National League's governors.

He lapsed back into silence. He took his fate like the grim, hard-boiled fighter he is. He went into quasi-retirement, and not even so much as a minor-league magnate reached into the abyss to offer him a helping hand. He was indeed a pariah, and the National League even went so far as to condone stories that pictured him as an outlaw—a gesture for which the Nestors of the old league were destined to pay.

In the face of all this contumely, it was the fair-haired boy of the National League who dragged him back from Elba, and defied even Landis to stay him.

Branch Rickey, who had fought with Hornsby, was the man who now gave him his chance. He gave him a job as a pinch hitter and coach, as a sort of assistant manager and batting model, in the Cardinal organization from whence he had once booted him.

Hornsby went to work. There must have been a little secret rejoicing in his bosom when he looked upon the specter of the Cubs crushed by the Yankees in a ridiculous World's Series.

He saw Warneke, whom he had made into a star, revert to a plane but slightly above mediocrity after he had gone. He saw Herman, whom he had made the best second baseman in the league, slip to less than mediocrity and be displaced by an untried recruit.

Something of the same thing had happened when he left St. Louis. Lester Bell had been a fine hitter and a splendid third baseman under Hornsby. He became a bust under succeeding managers. Flint Rhem declined from a fine right-handed pitcher into a minor leaguer after Hornsby left. Both were in their prime, or should have been; it was Hornsby's touch they missed, not the vitality of youth. None will deny this, not even his successors. Over in the Cardinal organization, the youngsters, knowing the things he had done for Rhem and Bell and Warneke and Herman, listened when he talked. He labored patiently with them. He shed the rotundity that had crippled him as a player at Chicago. He worked as hard as a rookie and he lived simply and carefully. The race tracks were behind him. He was starting anew. The players began to pull for him secretly. Then they cheered openly.

A message came. Phil Ball, leader of the rival Browns in the American League, wanted to talk with him. He'd just fired his manager, Bill Killifer.

"ROG," he said when Hornsby appeared, "I want you to manage the Browns. You and I'll fight like hell, but so long as you get results you run the ball club."

"On those terms I'll take the job," said Hornsby.

They shook hands. That was their contract. A few weeks later, Phil Ball, berserk old fighter that he was, died after a long illness. But the heirs announced immediately that they wanted Hornsby. So Hornsby stayed.

The following day he went to bat for the first time in the American League. He used himself as a pinch hitter —and hit a home run on the second ball pitched.

The American League had heard of him as a vague legend. They knew about him now. He'd put the fear of God into American League fast-ball pitching.

From the time that ball settled into the green-painted bleachers in Sportsman's Park, a new Rogers Hornsby lived. He began to build his ball club.

"I've got ball players who'll play ball," he said as the season began this year. "I've only got one or two stars, but I've got pitching. Don't rate the Browns for the cellar this year. And watch them in 1935."

He made another move then that brought cheers from the American League cities, moans from the National. When he had played in St. Louis he and George Sisler, star of the Browns, had been bitter rivals. Superstars both of them, Sisler the greatest of all first basemen, Hornsby the peer of right-handed hitters, they were contemporaneous on the turgid Mississippi's banks, and often the gutters at Grand and Olive streets—St. Louis's Times Square—ran red with imaginary blood as idolaters fought for the supremacy of their idols.

But sinus blindness struck George Sisler down at the peak of his amazing career. He spent his fortune fighting it, and when he could no longer play big-league baseball he was near want.

The first move Hornsby made was to offer Sisler a place as assistant manager of the Browns, head coach, or whatever he wanted to call it.

But luck had broken for Sisler a short time before the offer.

A business he had invested in heavily, and that had appeared lost, suddenly began to sit up and take nourishment. Soon it was on its way to prosperity and need was past. He was able to decline the job.

None the less Hornsby had made the beau geste and baseball cheered him. He was definitely on his way back. The old lone wolf was howling again, and rival managers in the American League and red-faced magnates in the National cowered.

They had reason to. The old boy's memory is long and his teeth are sharp.

THE END

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CANDY COATED GUM
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Five Fresh Flavors

★ Sweets to the sweet — and that means Tutti-Frutti for RKO's fascinating Sidney Fox.

★ You'd think Wheeler and Woolsey, RKO comics, would agree, but Bert goes for minty Spearmint —

★ While Robert Woolsey thinks nothing quite equals tangy Cinnamon.

★ Thelma Todd, lovely RKO star, votes for Peppermint because of its peppy taste.

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**DELICIOUS**—quality chewing gum in a crisp candy coating. You are sure to like them.

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*Four Tempters in a transparent pack. Three packs for five cents. Five flavors to choose from. Chew them every day.*

# ANOTHER LIBERTY LIMERICK CONTEST

**HERE'S OUR LIMERICK. WHAT'S YOUR LINE?**

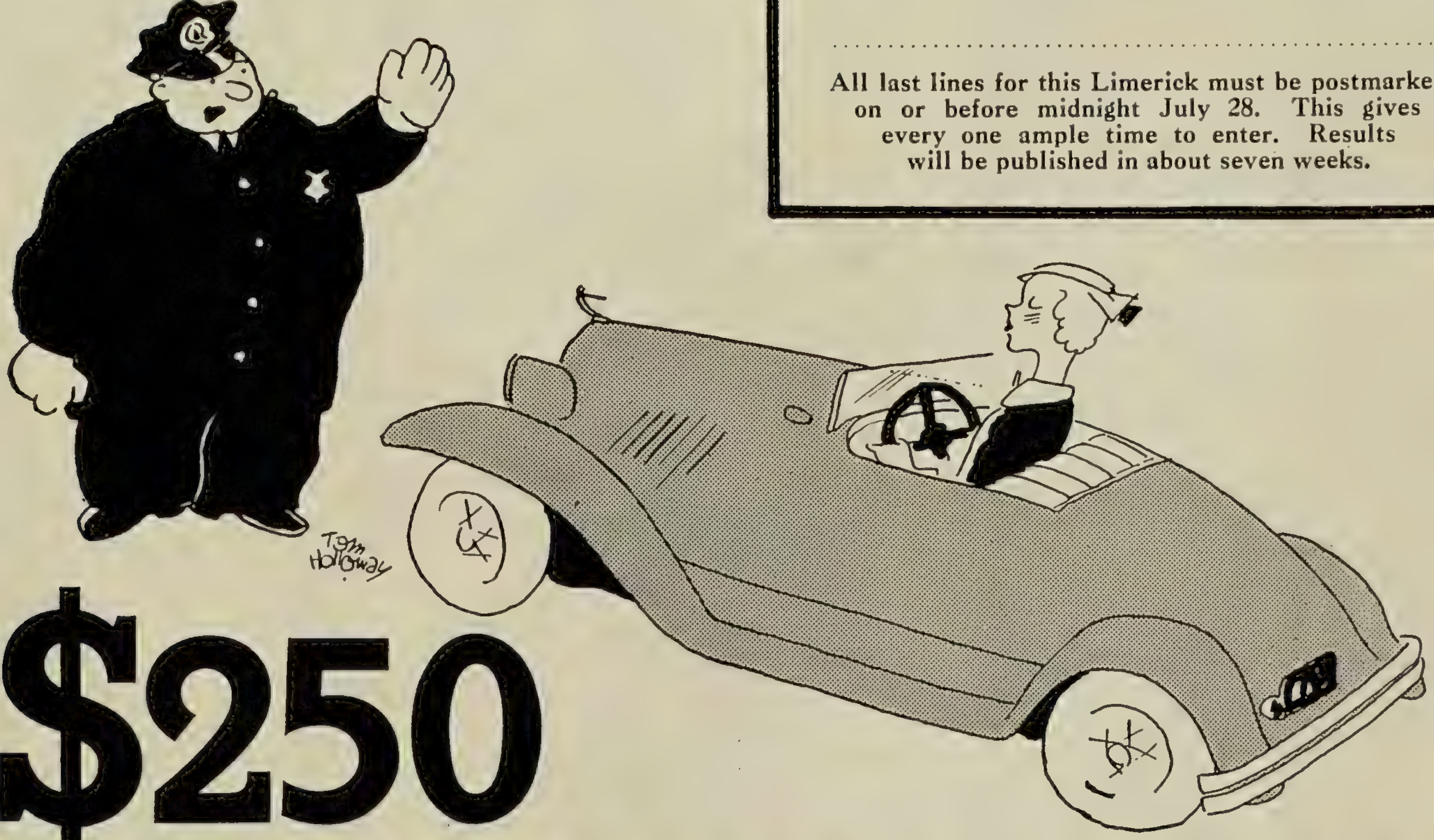
*Expecting to travel all day,
Salome was well on her way,
When a bad traffic cop
Brought her trip to a stop—

.................................................................
*(You write the last line)*

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below

.................................................................

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 28. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in about seven weeks.



# $250

# IN CASH FOR 64 LIMERICK LAST LINES!

HERE'S another chance to win some easy money! Again Liberty posts $250 in cash to be distributed among the writers of the sixty-four best last lines for an unfinished Limerick. Why not file your claim to a share of the bonanza? It's easy enough! The rules give all necessary information. Read them and then get busy. If you send in the best line of all, $50 will be your reward. The next best gets $25, and so on down through the schedule printed below. Even the $2 prizes are well worth the winning when you consider the small amount of effort involved. How could you earn the money more easily?

The main point is to compete. Unless you send in a line you cannot get into the money. If you enter your chance to win is excellent. The prizes MUST be paid. Whether or not you receive one is entirely up to you. Sharpen your pencil and get busy!

## THE CASH PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $50 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 25 |
| THIRD PRIZE | 15 |
| FOURTH PRIZE | 10 |
| TEN PRIZES, EACH $5 | 50 |
| FIFTY PRIZES, EACH $2 | 100 |
| TOTAL PRIZE MONEY | $250 |

## THE RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $50 will be paid; for the next best, $25; for the third, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the fifty next best, $2 each. Any one, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

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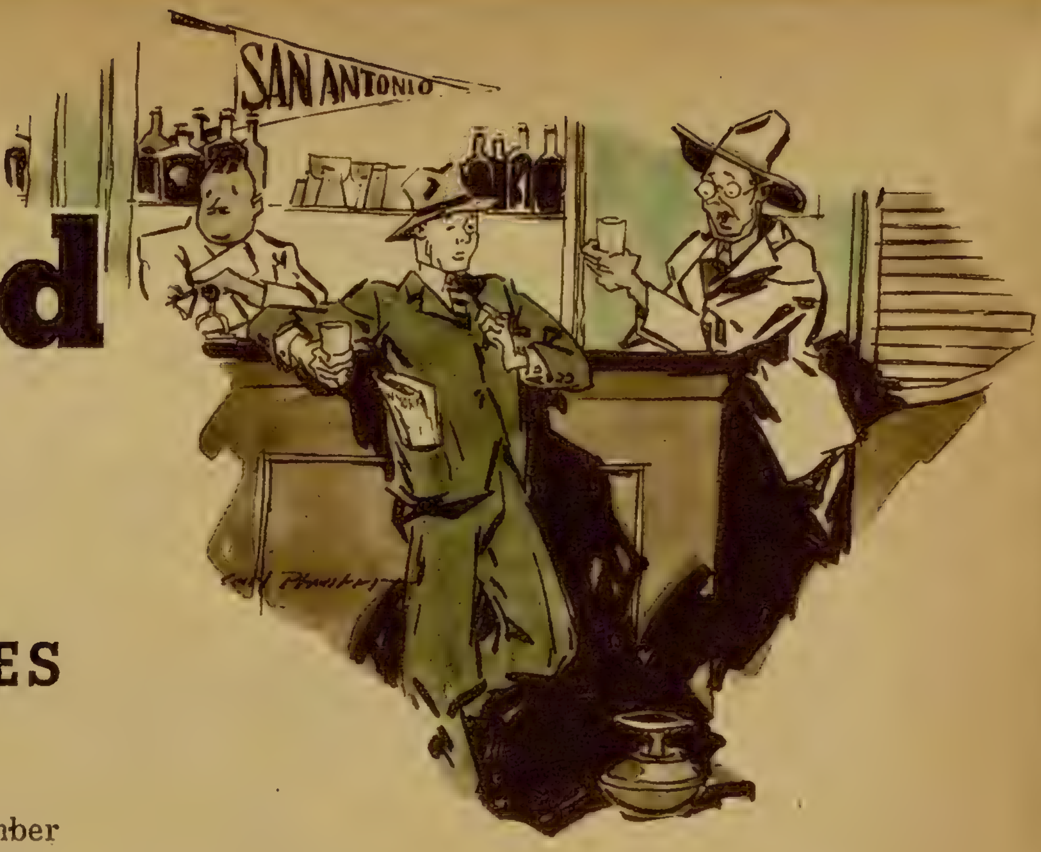
**ANOTHER NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK**

# Three Thousand Words



### A Short Short Story

### by DONALD CHARLES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF you are in the newspaper business you'll remember George Donlin's story of the Gerald Chapman execution. George and I were both working on New York papers then and we both covered the hanging. I wrote what I thought was a swell story, and I thought so until the next day. Then I saw Donlin's story. It ran 3,000 words and my story by comparison seemed as full of color and life as a stock-market report.

Donlin had described the execution in terms of the emotions it had aroused in the spectators. Oh, but that was a grand story. I met George a couple of months after that and he told me that he'd received an offer of a job as managing editor.

"The paper is a small one in a small town in Arizona," George said. "But what a kick I'd get out of reading 'George Donlin, Managing Editor' on the masthead of a paper! That would be something, wouldn't it?"

I agreed. The best reporter in the world is still only a reporter, but even a bad managing editor is a managing editor. Sure, even if he's managing editor of a one-page throw-away. George took the job. We gave him a big party, poured him on an Arizona-bound train, and then gradually forgot about him.

Two years passed, and now I was writing sports. I went South with the Giants to Phoenix, Arizona, and the first night I was in town I went looking for a place where they served tall ones in cold glasses. I found a place, put my elbows on the mahogany, and then gave a yell of delight as I recognized a lanky figure at the other end of the bar. It was George Donlin.

We fell on each other's necks and had several tall ones out of cold glasses, and then I said, "How are you doing, George?"

"I'm working on the night desk of a local paper," he said. "As soon as I can raise the train fare I'm going to hit for New York. Think I can get a job on the street?"

"You can't miss," I told him. "But what about that job as managing editor you came down here for? How did that go?"

"Great," he said sarcastically. "Great—for eight months. Then I made one mistake."

"Tell poppa, George," I said, signaling to the gentleman behind the mahogany to go to work again.

"It was like this," George began. "The paper I came down here to work on was much smaller than I had expected. But I was the boss, and I liked it all right. My staff consisted of one man—he wasn't really a man either, but a youngster named Bill Butler, a nice kid who gave promise of becoming a real newspaperman. By the way, do you remember the story I wrote on the Chapman hanging?"

"Didn't I catch merry hell the next day because alongside of your story mine seemed very lousy?"

"Well," George laughed, "I'd forgotten about that story until one day the kid reminded me of it. He said that he had clipped it out of a paper and had carried it with him ever since. He thought that I was God or somebody. I was getting a real kick out of making a newspaperman out of this kid. All he needed was experience.

"Now, one day a tramp came to town, got sore when a farmer refused him a hand-out, and promptly killed the farmer with a rock. They tried the tramp and condemned him to death. Down here," George added, "we don't allow tramps to go around hitting farmers on the head with rocks."

"I bet you say that to all the girls," I said, reaching for another tall one.

"Young Butler pleaded with me to be allowed to cover the execution," George continued. "The publisher wanted me to do it, but I persuaded him to give Butler a chance. The biggest story this kid had ever covered was a clambake.

"The hanging, of course, was to be held at the state penitentiary. I gave the kid his instructions and sent him there. The party was to be at midnight, and we were a morning paper that usually went to bed about one. I waited there in the office until one and no story from the kid. I was getting nervous, because our last dead line was at two. Then I got a message from the telegraph operator that they had a 3,000-word story from Butler and did I want it. It meant a lot of wire tolls, and big as the story was, we couldn't use that many words. But I told them to shoot it. I figured I could cut it down.

"The story started trickling in, and it was a honey. But as it went along, there was something vaguely familiar about it. At the last paragraph it burst on me. This was my own story that I was reading—my story of the Chapman execution, with the tramp's name substituted for Chapman's but otherwise practically a word-for-word steal. I sat there stunned at the impudence of the kid—and then I made my mistake.

"I let the story go. No one down here ever read that story of mine, I figured. When the kid comes back I'll give him a good bawling out that'll teach him a lesson and no one will ever know the difference.

"The next day when I got to the office I had a shock. The publisher was waiting for me, and one look at his face warned me that there was trouble ahead. I figured that he had realized that the kid had stolen my story and he was there to fire the boy."

"Did he?" I asked.

George picked up his glass and drained it slowly. "Fire the kid?" he said bitterly. "Hell, no! The publisher was so crazy about that story that he fired me and made the kid managing editor."

"That was a tough break, George," I said.

"Oh, I don't know." George smiled. "I got a big kick out of seeing my story in print again. It wasn't a bad yarn, was it?"

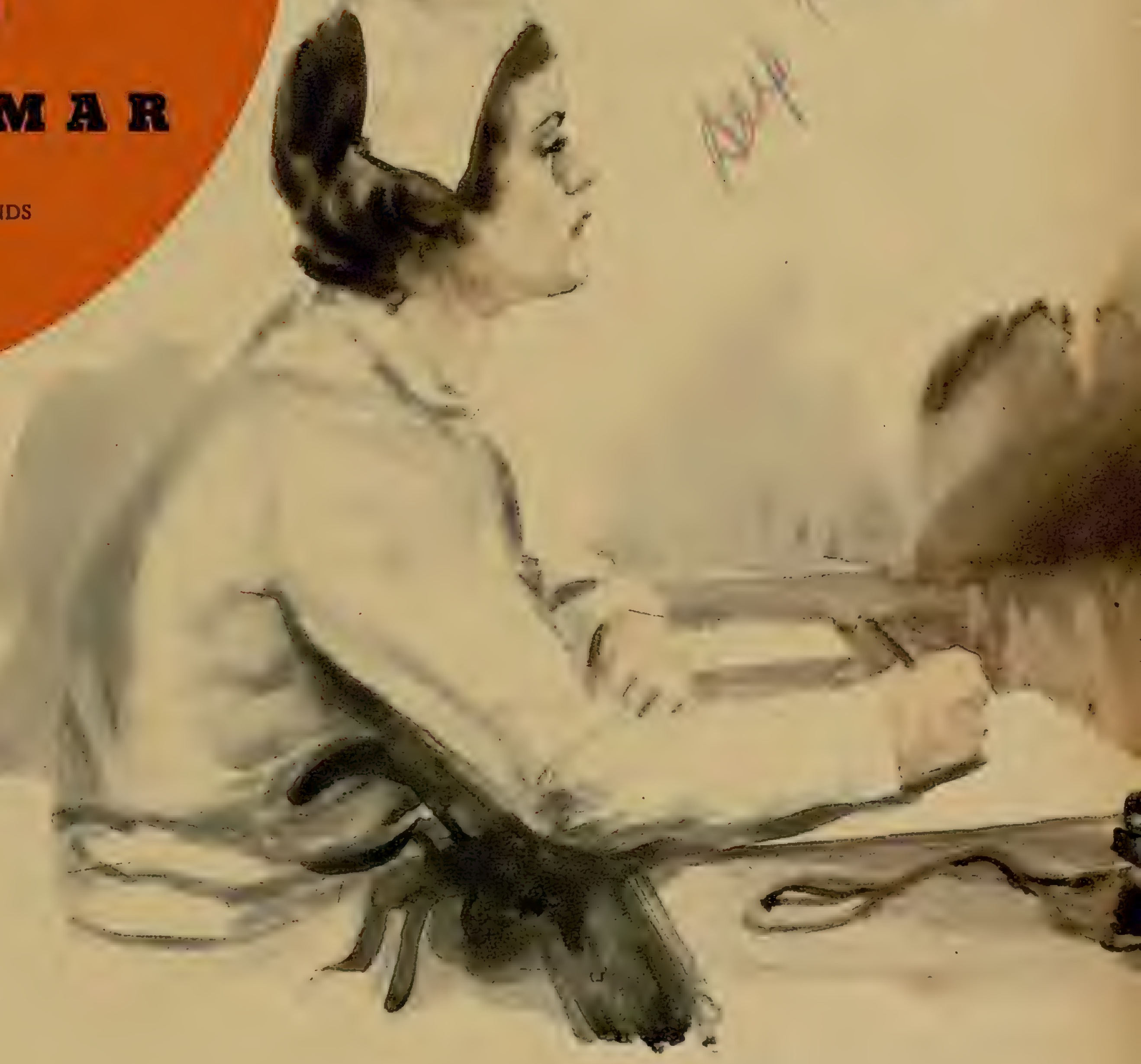
THE END

# Bright Girl

**by VIÑA DELMAR**

READING TIME ● 37 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

**Kay Meets a Heart-Rending Crisis with a Brave Decision —and a Brilliant Novel of To-day Nears Its Climax**



KAY BRONSON, a beautiful cultured girl from the Middle West, faces a grave crisis in New York. Dr. David Carson, the man she loves and to whom she has given herself for the past four years, is going to marry Thea Fenlon, a rich widow who can help him professionally. And Kay, thus abandoned, jobless and practically penniless, is going to have a baby.

Reviewing her life, Kay can blame only herself. As a child she acquired brilliance from her wealthy father, Clyde Bronson. And after his death, great things were predicted for her. But a man-crazy streak prompted her, at seventeen, to marry Billy Warren, a poor, uneducated drug clerk, because he had strong arms and a darkly handsome face, and all her dreams were temporarily crushed.

However, eleven months of that marriage disillusioned Kay, and she quit Billy and went to New York with a reawakened ambition to become a great writer. She refused financial aid from her mother, who had married Leonard Walters, a man she disliked, and got a job as governess to little Robbie Gordon. But before she could get into her first novel, she fell in love with David Carson, Robbie's uncle, and finally went to live in an apartment he furnished for her. It was strictly agreed that Kay should pay the doctor back when she found her literary stride, but she sold no stories, and Jimmy Kerr, her childhood sweetheart, on a visit to New York, warned her against the life she was leading. He reiterated that warning when she went back home on a brief trip. And, sure enough, when she returned to David's arms he admitted his plan to marry Thea.

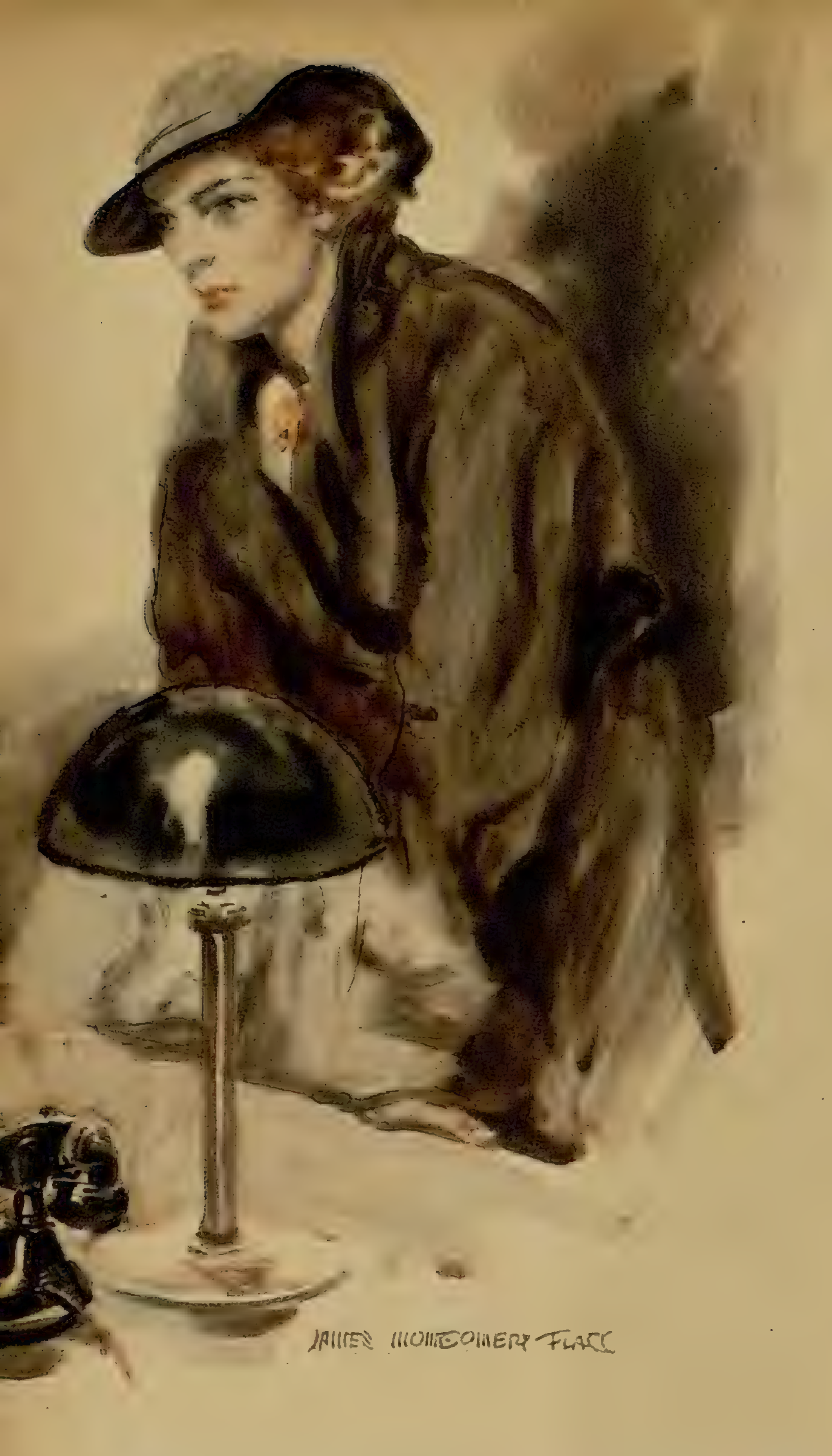
Kay sent him away, refusing his offer of money and accepting only his physician's reference as a governess. She did not even tell him that she was going to have a baby.

### PART NINE—"TELL THEM I HAVE NO HUSBAND"

AFTER Kay had sent David from her, she thought many things. She felt that she had sent him away, for had she chosen she could have held him. Had she said to him, "I am going to have a baby," he would not have gone. He would have taken her tenderly in his arms and forgotten everything else in life. He would have said, "We'll be married."

Suppose she had held him? She thought of the excitement of rushing to City Hall with David, the surprise of the Gordons, the disappointment of Thea Fenlon. She thought of taking David home to meet Mama and Leonard. He would be amazed when he saw her people and their possessions. He would feel that he had been rewarded for so nobly sacrificing Thea. Jimmy would be glad that her life had taken on a true meaning. He would worry no longer and find no necessity for giving advice. David would be kind and gentle and enormously interested in the expected baby. There would be many plans and much love and laughter. Life would be sweet and rich with hope and beauty.

Yes, that was the way it would have been had she held him. It was the way it would have been for a time. It could not always be that way, for men were human and so were women. The day would come when David's wife and child would become such familiar fixtures in his life that he would forget to be pleased with them. Once again he would look for the laurels and remember that he had tossed them aside. His chance to snatch them was gone. He would look at Kay and think that she had not been worth the sacrifice he had made. He would regret that he had ever met her. He would see that surgery had not given him the things that Thea could have given and he would think less of surgery. He would wonder how soon Mama could be expected to die. He would hint that she



Kay said, "If you say you haven't a bed, I'll lie right down on your floor, and you know you can't put me out." The nurse peered across the desk at her.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ought at least to support Kay. Kay would come to hate him for his envy of Mama's wealth. He would hate Kay for having forced him into a marriage which had ruined him.

They would grow into sharp, disagreeable caricatures of themselves, and the poor innocent child would come to know that somehow he had caused all the quarrels and hatred.

That was the way it would be, Kay knew. She had a moment of high exultation. It was good to know that she had saved them all from misery. If never before had she done the right thing, surely she had done it now. Nothing which she and her child might face could be as bad as living with David's regrets.

She read the reference which he had written for her. It was better for her purposes than she had expected. She had feared that he might defeat her cause by too many glowing phrases which would lead a possible employer to believe that this was too good to be true. But it was a perfect reference. It would be impressive and convincing. She could get a place with it.

She looked around the apartment and wondered what she would do with the furniture. Since she had not paid David, the furniture was rightfully his, but he could not acknowledge it without embarrassment and endless explanation. She must get rid of it another way.

She put the reference in a drawer in her desk and sat down to think out the future. She would get a job as soon as possible. The very next day she would begin the search. As soon as she got one she would sell the furniture and move into her new home. For at least four months she would be able to work. Maybe longer. During that time she would save every penny she earned so that there would be money for the months when she couldn't work.

For some time she sat quietly figuring everything out. It could be done. It would not be easy, but she wondered that girls jumped from windows or threw themselves beneath subway trains rather than work the problem out. Everything could be worked out if you were intelligent and patient. After the baby was born she would get a job where she could take him with her. Perhaps there would be a widower with a few children who would be glad to employ her and not mind an extra baby. In the country people had houses instead of apartments and their generosity and decisions were not controlled by lack of bed space.

SHE thought of Mama and she knew that it was useless to think of Mama. She needed no sympathy nor would Mama be the one to give it. Mama would be shocked beyond words to think that a daughter of hers could behave in such a fashion. Leonard would crow with delight to see his old enemy come a cropper. He would be more gentle than Mama, for he would find pleasure in the visible crumbling of Kay's superiority.

Mama would not even be a financial bulwark. She would not send money. She would say, "Come home if things are going badly for you." Kay knew that Mama would support her at home but never in New York. If she said that she needed money because she was ill, then Mama would come to her. Yes, it was useless to think of Mama.

But she could get along. It wouldn't be too difficult. The success of everything lay in the planning.

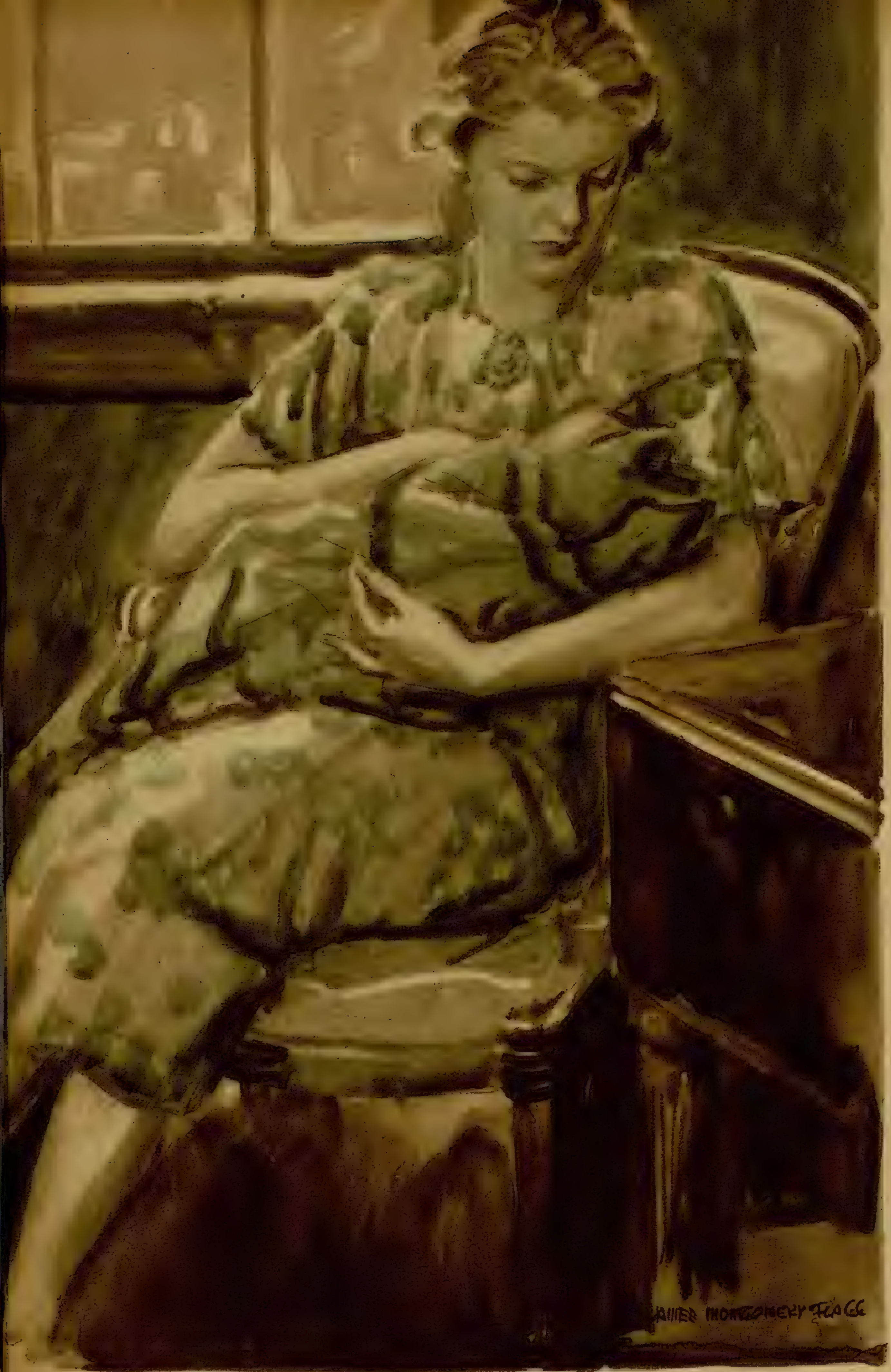
And now she had considered many things. She had considered the wisdom of sending David away, the reference he had left, the disposal of the furniture, the future months, the uselessness of thinking of Mama. Everything had been considered. And suddenly she remembered why she had had to consider these things. She had lost David. He was gone. Never again would he hold her in his arms and tell her that he loved her. He was gone forever.

She buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. And as she wept she thought, "I am a fool. I shouldn't have let him go. He has no right to go now. I must get him." For while weeping no woman is altogether sane.

Kay got a job after a four-day search. She knew that she could probably get a better one if she waited a bit, but she was anxious to begin earning money. Her new charge was a little girl five years old named Mercedes.

Mercedes was a colorless little thing with pale blue eyes and dull straight hair. She was obedient and so willing to always do what was best for her that she inspired an unreasoning pity in Kay. The family lived in a brownstone house narrower and more aged than the Sterlings' house. Kay's room was a tiny square box that had been designed to serve as a sleeping room for the mistress's personal maid. The great room that was supposed to be the master bedroom was the nursery now and the tiny room off it was Kay's.

Mrs. Scoville, the mother of Mercedes, was not like Mrs. Gordon. She was a large toothy woman who went to business and took great pride in being a woman. One



She held him in her arms and said, "I love him so much that it hurts."

would have thought that it was due to cleverness and ability that she had avoided the disgrace of being born a male. She had no hesitancy or doubt regarding the manner in which to treat a governess. You shouted orders at a governess, and if she didn't immediately obey, you discharged her. Mercedes was frightened of Mrs. Scoville. So was Mr. Scoville.

Kay was not frightened of her. She took Mrs. Scoville's orders, however, and said nothing, for she was there to earn and save money. She was not there to tell Mrs. Scoville what she thought of her loud voice and ungracious manner. It was a job in which a governess was not permitted to arrange anything for the child. Diet, recreation, conversation, exercise, and everything else was directed by Mrs. Scoville, and to seek to develop a personality in the child would have been labeled insubordination. Kay had little interest in the job, though her natural love for children kept her doing her best for the unfortunate Mercedes, who would remain downtrodden and colorless to the end of her days.

Sundays were Kay's own to do with as she chose, and there was nothing to do with them. She was not spending a penny for theaters or other diversions. Books from the public library and walks in the park had become her only recreation. Every cent of her eighty dollars must be saved. In four months she would have three hundred and twenty dollars from the Scovilles and maybe she could work a bit longer than that. She had sold the contents of the apartment for fifty dollars. She had expected more, but perhaps it had been worth no more, and again perhaps she had been no match for the smooth and experienced furniture dealer. She had sold her trunks also, for she no longer had clothes enough to fill them and they were a nuisance. There would be enough money. She was certain of that.

SHE went no more to see Robbie, and nobody knew or cared what it cost her to give him up. She could not run the chance of encountering David there. The break with Robbie must come within a few months at the latest, in any case, for Mrs. Gordon must not say to David, "You remember Kay who was Robbie's governess and left to get married? Well, she's going to have a baby."

Kay wrote to Robbie and told him that she was going home to live with her mother. She said she would never forget him and that he would hear from her again. She had wanted to telephone him, but she knew that she would not be able to say good-by without a tear. He was sensitive and it would bother him that she was sad. It wouldn't be fair to depress him with her grown-up woes.

She wondered if some day a great white light of understanding would burst upon the Gordons. Some day perhaps they would remember that when she left them David practically left them too. When he announced his engagement to Thea Fenlon, she disappeared. They would see it all sometime, no doubt.

Meanwhile there were the Scovilles, the little room, and a houseful of lying, cheating servants. Kay lay on a bumpy mattress at night and thought of the three hundred and twenty dollars. That was all that mattered. She thought of other things as she lay there.

She thought, "I am and always have been a fool. Everybody knew it but me, I guess. Why am I here? Why don't I go home and take what Leonard and Mama have to say? Why don't I close my eyes to them as I do to Mrs. Scoville? I could at least lie on a soft bed and be taken care of! They wouldn't send me away like parents in an old-fashioned melodrama. They would lecture me and insult me but they would care for me. Why don't I get up right now and go to them?"

But she stayed on the bumpy bed till it was time to awaken Mercedes, and thus every day began.

THERE was a day when she knew that she could not keep her secret much longer. She went to Mrs. Scoville and said, "I am leaving. I will stay two weeks longer to give you a chance to replace me."

Mrs. Scoville said, "I can replace you tomorrow."

Kay smiled. "That will be still better," she said.

Mrs. Scoville did not smile. She was angry. "I don't like to make changes. Why didn't you tell me when you came that you wouldn't stay?"

"I didn't know it then," Kay lied. "I'm very sorry. Will you give me a reference?"

"You haven't been here long enough for me to judge of your character or ability."

"You know I carried out all your orders, Mrs. Scoville, and that I never neglected or mistreated Mercedes. You know I have been trustworthy and reliable and that I leave of my own accord."

"You'll be out of work a long time, young woman. Times are hard."

"I am leaving to go home to my mother," Kay said. "She needs me."

"Then why do you require a reference?"

"I might work back home. I do hope you won't refuse the reference, Mrs. Scoville. A reference from a lady who is active in the business world is a very great help, and I am sure I have done nothing to cause you to refuse me one."

"No, you haven't, but you've been here such a short while."

In the end she wrote a brief note saying that Miss Kelvin Bronson was honest, neat, and trustworthy and that she left of her own accord. It was not a reference that would attract or convince a possible employer, but it was a great deal better than no reference at all. And David's reference, she feared, would date her time of employment too far back to be of much service.

Kay packed and departed after handing Mercedes over to a Swiss woman who was the new governess. Neither Kay nor Mercedes experienced a single pang at parting. The child had never known Kay, and in the beginning Kay had steeled herself against learning to care for the forlorn little thing whom she had known she must leave so soon.

When she left the Scovilles Kay went down to the Pennsylvania Station and boarded a train for Philadelphia. Long ago she had figured out this move. It seemed sensible from many angles. She knew that it was

# I Thought I was Different ....I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years. That a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

cheaper to live in Philadelphia. Rents and foods, for some reason or other, were below New York prices. Too, living there removed the hazard of encountering any one with whom she was acquainted.

She had intended all along not to have her baby in New York. Too many doctors knew her there. One of David's friends might see and recognize her in a hospital and take the news to him. From the start she had thought of this and had decided upon Philadelphia because it was a big city that would have good hospitals and it meant the smallest train fare.

And so it was in Philadelphia that she settled for the months of waiting. After moving about a bit she found a clean, passably comfortable boarding house in the western end of the city. The bed was clean and it wasn't bumpy. There was a chair and a bureau and a desk and a faded, frayed rug. It was the smallest room in the house and on the top floor, so she got the room and her meals for fifteen dollars a week. The food was plain but well cooked and plentiful enough. It was the cheapest way to live and she took it and forgot that she had ever lived differently.

The landlady was a pleasant enough middle-class woman whose husband was away all day at his work. After a week, when Kay was certain that this was the best home she could find for the price, she went to them one evening.

She said to them, "I would like to stay here. I like the house. But first I want you to know something. I am going to have a baby. When this fact becomes obvious to you and your boarders I don't want you to become alarmed. The reputation of your house is in no danger. Look." She unrolled her marriage certificate and showed it to them. They looked at it carefully.

"Why, Mrs. Warren, we would never think—"

Kay said, "No, I know you wouldn't, but some of your boarders might, and I thought you would feel better if you could tell them you had seen this."

"Where is Mr. Warren?"

"He's in the interior of China, gathering material for a book. He can't send letters from there, so don't be suspicious when no mail comes for me. I will always have my rent and I will always behave well."

"Why, of course you will. We know that."

"Well, I believe in talking things over. It prevents misunderstanding."

She put Billy's photograph with its husbandly message in the center of her bureau and rose to the position of most widely respected woman in the house. From the manner in which the other boarders offered chairs, second helpings, and precedence on the stairs Kay knew that the landlady had told them what to expect. From the way they asked her opinions and chatted in what they hoped was an intelligent and interesting manner she knew they were thinking of her husband who was writing a book. It had all been handled well, Kay thought, and reflected on how valuable is a lie when well placed, and how stupid to scorn a lie that does no one an injury.

HER money lay safely in a bank near by. It was a branch of a powerful and reliable banking house. She smiled when it occurred to her that probably she would invest a million less nervously than she had deposited her few hundreds. So much depended on them. Her right to remain proud and unquestioned. Her right to make her own plans for herself and her child.

She had a home now and enough money on which to live. She joined the library in West Philadelphia and said to herself, "There is nothing I need. I am fed, sheltered, and amused by books and my daily strolls. There is something glorious going to happen to which I can look forward. Is there more in life than that?"

She was amazed to find that she was happy and that she felt secure and safe. She wrote to Mama and told her that she was now working in Philadelphia, but that she could always return to her New York job if she so desired. She inclosed a letter for Robbie which she asked Mama to mail out there.

She was touched and delighted when the couple who had the first-floor front invited her to the movies with them one night. It had been ages since she had been anywhere, and she enjoyed the show more than she remembered ever having enjoyed anything before. They asked her a second time, but she thanked them and refused. She had no way of returning their hospitality, so she could not comfortably accept more than one invitation.

Some nights she did not read but sat instead with pencil poised expectantly above a sheet of paper. She ought to write a story and try to sell it. It would be wonderful to earn some money. But what did one write about? She thought again of Billy and her marriage, and was surprised to discover that she no longer regarded this as first-rate material for a book. In any case she would not be the one to write it, for she did not understand the girl who had wanted the drug clerk. What did she know of a girl who had red-satin dancing slippers and imported undersilks? It seemed incredibly silly now that the girl could have feelings and thoughts and desires. Surely what she had felt and thought and desired was worthless and uninteresting. You wouldn't waste time on her.

WHAT else was there to write about? How did a person get a plot? She spent one night writing about the courtship of Mama and Leonard as seen through the eyes of Mama's child. But when she reread it in the morning it sounded wooden and unconvincing. Another night she tried to write a poem, and once she made a tremendous effort to trap on paper a story she had told to Robbie. There were magazines for children.

But all the life and spontaneity fled from her written word.

"Some day," she thought, "I will be able to do it, but it would be awfully nice if I could do it now when I need the money so badly."

As she rested and waited in the boarding house her birthday came along and brought a nice surprise. Mama sent fifty dollars and an apologetic letter. She was ashamed, she said, to send money, for it seemed so distant and disinterested, but she could find nothing in the shops that pleased her. Wouldn't Kay forgive her and take the money and buy something pretty? Kay banked the money and wrote home a very thankful letter describing the beautiful dress she had bought. Mama would be pleased about the dress and perhaps encouraged to send more cash presents.

And so the time passed.

It was raining so hard that few people were abroad on the Sunday night that Kay walked into a Philadelphia hospital. The rain dropped from her hat brim as she leaned against the desk and it fell in tiny splashes on the mahogany. Her face was wet and her clothes were streaming.

A nurse looked at her and said, "Have you reserved a room?"

"No, I have no money."

"Oh. Is there some one here with you?"

"No. I'm alone."

"Sit down for a moment, will you?"

"Please hurry."

The nurse gave her a chill glance. She wasn't accustomed to people who asked charity and gave orders. However, she did not delay. In a moment she beckoned to Kay, who followed her into a small office. An older nurse sat at a desk with a long sheet of paper before her.

"Your name?"

"Kelvin Warren."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere now. I gave up my room to come here."

"Are you alone in the city?"

"Yes."

"Where is your husband?"

"He's dead."

"When did he die?"

"Six months ago."

"Where is your family?"

"My parents died when I was a child."

"Have you had any medical attention?"

"None."

"How much can you afford to pay for a bed and ten days' care?"

"I can pay nothing," Kay announced.

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all."

"We are open-hearted and liberal, but everybody pays something. Often it is not within many dollars of what their case actually costs us, but we insist upon some recompense so that our charity is not abused by those perfectly able to pay."

Kay said, "If I were perfectly able to pay I wouldn't walk through the rain and sit here answering your questions while I'm in pain. You are going to take me because you have to take me. You know you have to take me because you have the Helena Beckwythe Appropriation for Destitute Expectant Mothers. If you say you haven't a bed, I'll lie right down on your floor, and you know you can't put me out."

The nurse peered across the desk at her. This was something new. Girls came pleading and humble. They came sullen and hostile. They came crying. But never before had one come who spoke of the appropriation and who knew that the hospital couldn't turn a girl away.

"I had no intention of putting you out. This is a hospital and we don't turn people away who need us. If you have no money we care for you without money."

"Of course you do," said Kay. "Where do I go?"

She followed the younger nurse to the elevator. As she walked she thought to herself, "So much for the shrinking-violet school of thought. It is not a survival of the fittest at all. It is a survival of he who talks most authoritatively; but maybe, after all, that is what is meant by the fittest."

They gave her a bed that was one of twenty beds. A white screen was put around her, and behind it a nurse undressed her.

Kay thought of Leonard's hospital room with its hotel furnishings, its banks of flowers and beautiful privacy. She killed the envy that rose in her heart by remembering that she had deliberately chosen this. Up to a few hours ago she might have had all the luxury a hospital can offer, but she had not wanted it at Mama's price. It was too late now. Her baby would be born in a ward. The airplane, the telegraph, and she were powerless now. He would be born here and he would be born soon.

"ARE you in pain?"

"Yes."

The nurse patted her comfortingly on the shoulder. "I've sent for the doctor. He'll be right here."

"Tell him to hurry."

"It won't be as soon as you think, my dear."

Kay asked, "Did you ever have a baby?"

"No."

"Then I know as much about this as you do. Tell him to hurry."

"Hush. You'll wake everybody up."

"Are the operating rooms far from here?"

"Just down the corridor, dear."

"Is there one empty?"

The nurse smiled. "We've always managed to arrange things," she said.

The doctor walked in. Kay looked at him but he did not look at Kay. He was too busy and too tired. He was human but matter-of-fact and far too overworked for pity or interest.

She put her hands up to her streaming eyes and she thought of Daddy and she wished she, too, were dead.

THE baby was a boy, and of course she named him Clyde. For the city record she gave his name as Clyde Bronson and promptly forgot the Warren which they added to it.

He was a healthy baby and she had the nurses' word that it was not only her biased opinion that made her think him beautiful. She looked at the baby and knew that if David ever saw him he would recognize him as his own. With a startled joyousness it came to her that the baby would grow to look very like Robbie. It had never before occurred to her that the children were cousins. She had lost Robbie but he had returned to her younger and more in need of care and tenderness. A sweeter, dearer Robbie that was all her own.

The woman in the next bed, watching her, called laughingly to the nurse:

"Hey, Mrs. Warren's going to eat that baby up. You'd better take him away."

Kay laughed too, for it was a nice world and the people in it were helpful and pleasant. The women in the ward were consumed with curiosity because no one came to visit Kay, but their questions were easy to turn aside. The nurses were kind and sympathetic. Their interest in Kay had first been aroused by her beauty and the self-evident fact that she had come from another world. Later they noticed her because she used hospital terms, understood why and how certain things were done for certain patients, and never asked a foolish question.

When they made inquiries she told them that her baby's father had been a doctor.

"And where is he?"

"He is dead."

They said no more. They believed that the baby's father was a doctor but they did not believe that he was dead. Their kindness and sympathy increased.

Kay's recovery was uneventful. There was no moment when the doctor despaired of her life or the baby's life. It had all been as nature meant it to be and as it so often is when finances forbid interesting and inexplainable complications.

The time passed swiftly. It had not been bad, and she had gone through it alone and earned the right to be sole arbiter of her future and that of her child's. She could have had the soft bed and the private room and the great Dr. Holtzmann to care for her, but in return she would have

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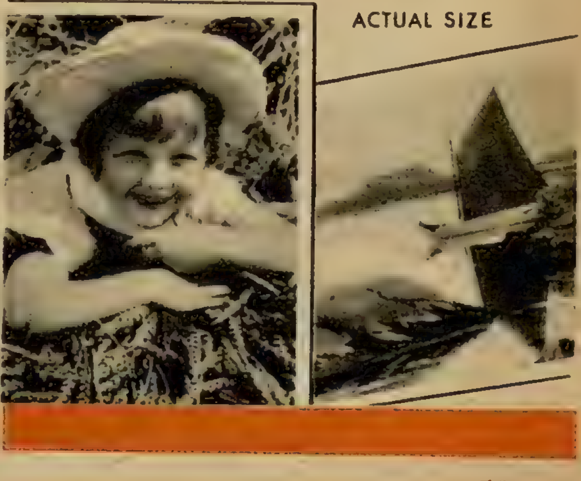

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Joseph Schildkraut and Elissa Landi in the Columbia picture, "Sisters Under the Skin."

given up her pride. Now the worst was over. The best was ahead.

The sun was shining when she left the hospital. It was rather difficult to manage with the baby and the suitcase but it was possible. You held the baby very carefully and just as though he was all you were going to carry. Then, when you had him set, you had a nurse give you the suitcase and you carried it with the hand that was under the baby's bottom. And you gave thanks that your possessions had dwindled so in the passing months that the suitcase was very light.

The nurse who checked her out asked, "Is there no one coming for you?"

"No."

"You must go alone?"

"Yes."

"Have you somewhere to go?"

"There is a woman who is going to take me in."

"And the baby?"

Kay hugged the baby more closely to her. "Of course she's going to take him too," she said.

"Well, good luck."

"Thank you."

Kay boarded a street car and went out to West Philadelphia. She was pretty certain that her room would still be vacant. The landlady had told her that she would not object to having the infant in the house and it was at least one place where the respectability of young Mrs. Warren wouldn't be questioned. Kay had an idea that it would not be too easy to establish herself in a strange place, for her clothes were shabby and the trim square shoulders that had given her the proud carriage were now less trim and square.

The room was vacant and it could be hers for the same price. No charge for the baby. That was a favor to Mrs. Warren because she had been a good boarder and always on time with her rent. The baby was presented and satisfactorily acclaimed. Kay made her way to the little top-floor room.

SHE put the baby on the bed and sat down to think. She had fifty dollars in the bank. That much she had saved out of her nest egg to keep herself and the baby till she could get work. Room and board were fifteen a week. Should she take a week or so and try to get a job in Philadelphia? Or should she get on the train immediately and go to New York where there would be more jobs?

Philadelphia was cheaper to live in and she had a place to live. New York had more jobs and would pay higher salaries. Philadelphia people lived in houses instead of apartments. There would be a better chance of getting a place where the baby would be accepted.

She decided to stay two weeks in Philadelphia searching for work. At the end of that time, if none was forthcoming, she would take her twenty dollars, or whatever was left of it, and go to New York. Things would work out all right. They had to.

She looked at the sleeping baby and a flood of emotion gripped her. He was so tiny and trusting. He had nothing in the world except the little hospital garments, the thin blanket, and her. She mustn't fail him, and never, never must they become separated.

At the thought of separation her eyes grew hot with scalding tears that fell unheeded on her shabby skirt. She thought, "Morals are not silly. Every foolish woman thinks that the laws were not laid down for her but for her sister. If I hadn't been a fool he wouldn't lie there in a cheap cotton blanket with his future dark and uncertain. People who are brave and proud are fools. God forgive me for thinking that I was smarter than any one else."

AND later, when the baby awakened and cried, she held him in her arms and she said to herself, "I love him so much that it hurts. I did not know that it felt that way to love a baby. He is little and weak and I am big and strong. Many things can hurt him but nothing can hurt me, save through him. We fall together or we do not fall at all, and, darling, we must not fall nor even falter."

And she swayed back and forth in the chair and she sang to him, and the childless women passing her door heard her lullaby and they envied her.

Every day she wrapped the baby in his new woolly blue blanket and went out to the employment agencies. She took her marriage certificate with her, for the references said "Miss Bronson," and she was afraid that the agencies would destroy her card the second she left the office.

Nobody had a place to offer wherein an infant would be welcome.

The woman in one agency said, "You are looking for the impossible. A governess must be free to give all her time and attention to other people's children."

"I had a certain type of home in mind," Kay said. "Not a luxurious home. I thought perhaps some family with several children would take me in to help. I would work cheaply and even do light housework."

"There is nothing like that now, and besides, those kind of people get sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls and pay them fifteen or twenty dollars a month."

Kay said, "But it would be a home, wouldn't it? And I'd have my baby with me."

The woman stared at her. "You were a first-class fine-home governess, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you board the baby somewhere? I could place you without him."

Kay shook her head. "I'll keep trying," she said.

But as she turned away from the desk she knew she was beaten. She couldn't get a job here. Maybe in New York her luck would be better.

There were more people and more job.

And so she gave Philadelphia less than a week.

It was terrible arriving in New York. Terrible because she could not forget the other time she had entered the city. Smarty-Cat Bronson with a gardenia on her shoulder and several hundred dollars poked carelessly in a corner of her purse. A taxi. Oh, by all means the Castle and a hired limousine and chauffeur and a disgusting yen for good-looking men in evening clothes. She hated with all the bitterness in her soul the girl who had spent those hundreds of dollars. Good God, how could people squander money when in the city there were women jobless and shabby who wanted nothing but a place to live in peace with their babies?

What right had that square-shouldered, red-headed girl to sprinkle money airily about? Had she earned it?

Had she done anything to warrant the comfort of the Castle and the joy of good food?

Kay looked down at the baby in her arms and wondered that some desperate young mother hadn't murdered that trim, addle-pated female who had turned down a job at the Iris Dawn Shop because it hadn't been quite important enough for her.

"Please tell me how girls live on twenty-five dollars a week."

Kay gritted her teeth at the memory, and thought, "That was the day the Fates were listening in on me, and they said, "Oho, my fine lady, we'll show you how they live on a hell of a lot less!"

She did not take a cab this time. She was going to the Bronx. She had seen an advertisement for a room up there at three dollars a week. No food, of course, but in a neighborhood like that there were always full-course meals for forty-five and fifty cents.

Besides, it wouldn't be for long. She'd get a job right away.

She had telephoned to ask if they would take a woman with an infant in the room, and the answer had been favorable.

AFTER Kay had seen the room she knew they would take anything in it. It was the worst room she had ever seen. It was small and dingy, for the one window backed as closely as the law allowed up to the brick wall next door. There was a single bed, a stool, and a broken-down bureau. No rugs, no closet, and no reason to believe that the room had ever been cleaned.

She looked and said, "No," and walked swiftly away. Her son wasn't going to live there. Nothing on God's earth was going to put him into a room like that.

There must be better rooms. After a horrible hour in which she carried the baby and the suitcase up and down stairs and through dismal dirty streets, she found a room for five dollars. It was furnished no better than the first, but the sun came in the window.

She paid a week in advance and collapsed on the bed, which creaked and groaned and proved to have one of the bumpiest mattresses in the world.

And the next day she looked for work. And the day after that she looked for work. It was no different from Philadelphia. People wanted governesses who could keep their private lives a thing apart. And there were no nice old-fashioned homes overrun with children where a helpful young woman would be welcome.

"I would do housework. I would do anything. There must be something that I can do so that my child and I won't be separated."

"Have you appealed to the women's organizations? They find jobs in the country sometimes for cases like yours."

Kay burned beneath the significance of that "cases like yours." How smug the woman was. She had a job and she didn't have a baby, and she no doubt considered herself much too smart to ever be trapped by life.

But Kay went to a women's organization and they promised to do what they could.

"It must be soon," she said. "I have so little money."

"Do you want to put your baby up for adoption?"

"No. Do you want to put yours up?"

THE woman glared at her. "I'm not in your fix," she said. "I'm not asking for anything."

"And I hope you're thanking your God properly every night," Kay said.

The woman smiled gently. "I am," she said. "I'm sorry if I was sharp with you. Your question startled me because I have a young baby. I will make inquiries and see if I can find a home in the country for you and your child."

"How long would that take?"

"I don't know. A week would be very quick, however."

Kay said, "Then don't bother. Thank you just the same." She walked out of the office.

She knew now what she had to do. There was no choice in the matter. She had four dollars, and in a few days the rent on the room would be due again. She had to give the baby up. If she persisted in her stubbornness he would be homeless and ill. It was selfishness anyway. He didn't know her and he didn't love her. One person was the same as another to him. He would gain by the separation. She was the only one who would suffer, and that was fair. Everything had been her fault. She had danced to the piper's music. She should be the one to pay.

All along, in the back of her head, she had thought of Mama as the last resort. But now that the moment had come she was struck with wonderment at her own assurance. Would Mama take the baby? Mama had a

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streak of hardness, and only when a favor was asked in person could you be sure of its answer, for when you stood there looking directly at her she was too weak to do anything but agree. She might object to harboring the baby. He would be a visible blot on the family escutcheon. Leonard might object. Dear God, what would happen if they refused? Strangers? Oh, no. She took the tiny hand in her own and felt the little pink fingers curl warmly about her thumb. He was so sweet. He was all that mattered in life. She didn't count. She would humble herself as Leonard had never dared hope to see her humbled. They must take her baby into their fine house with its high airy rooms and its warm comfort. God would strike them down if they didn't. The baby must be provided for.

She started a letter to Mama and Leonard. It was a difficult letter to write. There was so much to say and it must be said with such infinite tact and cleverness. She told them at once that she did not expect to come home. If she stayed away they could pretend the baby was a stranger adopted from an orphanage in Chicago.

She told them, too, that she was sorry for her sins and that she would accept being disinherited without a murmur. She would get along somehow and never trouble them again.

She played with the idea of claiming that she had been married a year ago and that her husband had deserted her, but that was dangerous for the baby. Perhaps sometime after he had learned to love the Bronson house the truth would be discovered and Leonard's puritanical soul would rise and order her to take the child away. Even if the child remained after that discovery Leonard was bound to think less of him. No, they must accept the child knowing the truth, or not at all. And suppose it was not at all?

The thought that they might refuse him made Kay tear the letter up and start another. Perhaps this would be worded more ingratiatingly. She made four starts and none satisfied her. One phrase might ruin her baby's chances. One word might bring him all the good things of life. Oh, God must help her to make Leonard so grateful for her downfall that he would grant her any favor.

If only there was some one to go to Mama and ask her to take the baby. Some one who could speak to her face to face.

Jimmy Kerr! He was the person. He would do it.

SHE ran to the telephone. She must talk to him now so that within a few hours she would know the answer. He would speak to Mama. He was her lawyer.

"Get Mr. James Kerr at that number and ask him if he will accept a call with reverse charges from Kelvin Bronson."

A pause. A long pause. Oh, dear good angel who looks after little newborn babies, help me! Make them human beings instead of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Walters all neatly engraved on a Christmas card. Dear angel, my baby has no clothes and they have three automobiles. He is living in squalor and they in luxury. I don't begrudge it for myself. I will gleefully starve if only—

"Go ahead," came the operator's voice after a pause.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Is this Kay?"

"Yes, Jimmy. How are you?"

"I'm fine. And how are you? What's the matter?"

She said, "Jimmy, I have a baby."

Pause.

"Jimmy, are you there?"

"Yes, Kay, I'm here."

"I haven't any money and I'm going mad. Ask Mama and Leonard to take the baby, will you? They must take him. He'll be homeless next week if they don't. Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, I can't tell you—"

"Kay, get a grip on yourself."

"I'm all right, only it's been so awful worrying about him. Jimmy, tell them I have no husband. I don't want them to take the baby under false pretenses. You can tell how they feel. I don't want them to take him unless they do it happily. It would be unfair to put him where he wasn't wanted. You see that, don't you, Jimmy?"

"Of course. I'll do all I can."

"Tell them he's beautiful, Jimmy. He has tiny hands and big shiny eyes. He's only a little thing, of course, but they'll love him. They can't help it."

"I know, Kay. Now pull yourself together. I'll wire you as soon as I hear what they have to say. Give me your address."

She gave it to him. "Wire quickly, Jimmy."

"Right away. Probably within an hour."

"Good-by, Jimmy, and thanks."

"Good-by, Kay."

KAY hung up the receiver and ran back to the baby. She caught him up and held him tightly in her arms. She must hold him so till they came for him, for from then on her arms would be empty. He was going to be Leonard's child, and it was strange that she had lived to see the day when she would beg Leonard to take her baby. Strange that she was to be barred from the house that Daddy had built. She knew they would never forgive her.

But the baby would play where she had played and love what she had loved and Daddy would watch over him, and some day perhaps some one would tell the child about Smarty-Cat Bronson who had failed because she had known everything except fear.

And because he was a Carson he would no doubt feel a mild contempt for a person who hadn't had sense enough to run to cover.

She looked at the child and said, "I have a feeling that I shall never see you again." She kept saying it over and over to accustom herself to the meaning of those words, but she never got so that she could say them without crying.

---

*What answer will Jimmy Kerr send Kay to her pathetic appeal for her baby? Will the puritanical Leonard and her flighty Mama consent to take in the love child? Next week's installment brings the solution to Kay's staggering problem and the conclusion of this gripping novel of a heroine who was man-crazy.*

---

# GOOD BOOKS

## By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS, AND SHAVINGS** by George Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A sprightly book of miscellany with some fairish wood engravings by John Farleigh. Something to keep by the bedside when you feel sleepless and intelligent.

★ ★ ½ **RIVER SUPREME** by Alice Tisdale Hobart. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Captain Hawley puts steamers in Yangtze River. Costs him his wife's love and then her life. His son carries on—he too, loses his wife, who leaves him for another man. In the end the River conquers both father and son—leaves them penniless. Interesting but not breathless.

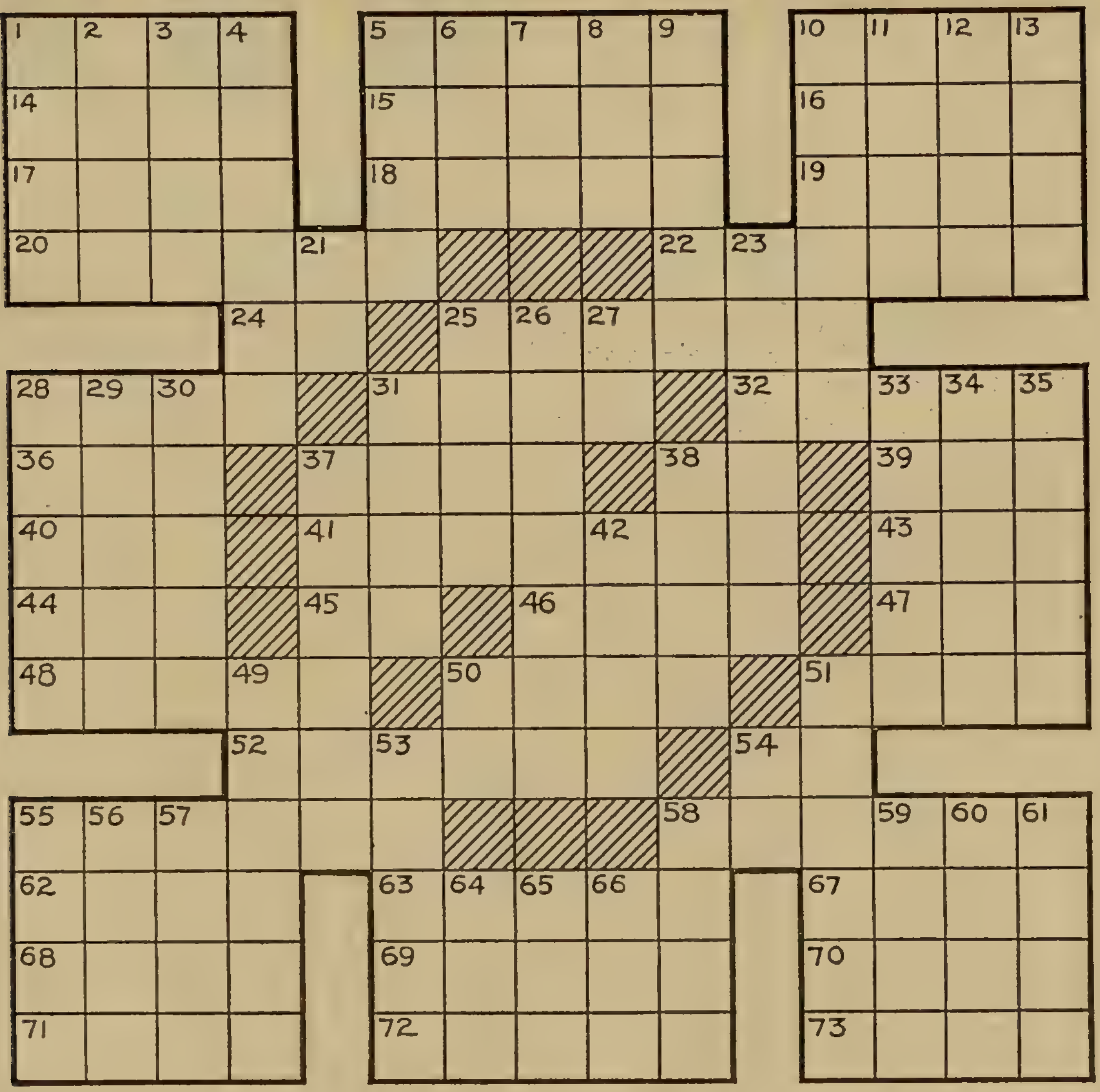
★ ★ ½ **CORNER SHOP** by Philip Keeley. The Macmillan Company.

The Widow Brennan opens a tobacco, newspaper, and stationery shop and through it finds the road to wealth but loses her children. A good yarn.

★ **MAGPIE** by Lois Vidal. Little, Brown & Company.

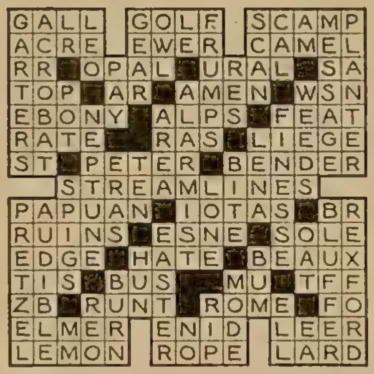
A depressing story of an unfortunate life. It is not even good honest morbidity.

# CROSS WORDS



### HORIZONTAL

1 Passed smoothly, deftly
5 To gather a great quantity of
10 A support
14 A place full of activity
15 A navigator of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
16 Bathe
17 Pertaining to the mouth
18 Void of sense or intelligence
19 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
20 Desired
22 Ethereal salts
24 One or any
25 Am, is, or are not able
28 A retired American admiral
31 Rent
32 Metal piece bestowed for merit
36 Suffix: act, process, or being
37 An air or melody
38 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
39 Reverential fear
40 To recount
41 Binary compound of carbon with another element
43 A light knock
44 An equine
45 Above
46 Roman highway
47 Sooner than
48 Yawning abyss
50 Profit
51 River in Germany



GALL GOLF SCAMP
ACRE EWER CAMEL
RR■OPAL■URAL■SA
TOP■AR■AMEN■WSN
EBONY■ALPS■FEAT
RATE■■RAS■LIEGE
ST■PETER■BENDER
STREAMLINES
PAPUAN■IOTAS■BR
RUINS■ESNE■SOLE
EDGE■HATE■BEAUX
TIS■BUS■■MU■TFF
ZB■RUNT■ROME■FO
ELMER ENID LEER
LEMON ROPE LARD

Answer to last week's puzzle

52 A fruit (plural)
54 Into
55 Of or pertaining to the sea
58 Frothed
62 To instigate or encourage
63 Hesitate
67 Strong wind
68 Naked
69 Blot out
70 Silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant
71 American Indians
72 Import
73 Actually existing

### VERTICAL

1 Performance
2 Italian coin
3 A sixteenth-century czar of Russia
4 Alluvial deposit at river's mouth (plural)
5 Sour
6 Humanity in general
7 Arabian garment
8 A descendant
9 Lining, as of a cistern or well
10 Colorado mountain
11 Scold
12 In excess
13 Sties
21 Printer's measure
23 Grave
25 Coconut fiber
26 Pertaining to a country in Asia
27 The symbol for an element
28 Shrub or tree of the genus Rhus
29 Pertaining to one of the British Isles
30 The top of an altar
31 Snare
33 Noted the time of writing or executing
34 Cognizant
35 One afflicted with a certain disease
37 Keenness
38 City in Arabia
42 Suffix: inflammatory disease of
49 Strikes
50 Depart
51 Wild ass of India
53 Town in Delaware
54 Satellite of Jupiter
55 In Hindu mythology, a progenitor of the human race
56 Border on
57 Interpret (poetic)
58 Liberate
59 A witch
60 The pen name of Charles Lamb
61 Distribute
64 Ten-meter-square area
65 Front of an army
66 Name of a consonant

**The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue**

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# Vox

## MR. FADDIS AND THE POORHOUSE

Detroit, Mich. — Representative Charles I. Faddis's Four-Star letter in June 23 Vox Pop, Relegate the Poorhouse to the Past, was not only of unusual interest but voiced the change in the mental attitude of the thinking public toward an economic condition which is steadily becoming more and more intolerable.

Mr. Faddis writes, " Let each man and woman between certain ages pay each month into some agency . . . a stated sum which will be set aside to provide for an annuity fund for each man and woman after they reach a certain age." Such an agency could undoubtedly accomplish the desired result not only with greater efficiency but at a lower cost than any other method presently known.—*C. S. Stiles, Mutual Income Foundation, Inc.*

Winston-Salem, N. C.—Representative Faddis's letter was about the most fallacious presentation of a subject I have recently seen in print. What he proposes would tend to aggravate the conditions complained of. The spirit of paternalism stifles individual initiative. It is a weakness of human nature not to struggle as long as some one else is willing to take up the burden for him.

We have too many theorists and too many educated men, but too few wise men. So long as we are cursed with such we can only hope to go on from bad to worse.—*F. S. R.*

Charleston, W. Va.—Representative Faddis's Four-Star letter hit the nail on the head. His solution of the problem of caring for the aged and unfortunate should be carefully studied by our lawmakers. However, rather than turn this work over to the federal government, as he suggests, I would advocate that it be handled by the respective cities and communities in which the beneficiaries live.—*Charles Naseef.*

Wallace, N. C.—The Four-Star letter by Representative Faddis is like many others written by supposedly very intelligent persons. It doesn't touch the real situation and the real necessity for taking care of old age and poverty.

A man that is a man prefers to earn his money and provide for himself and family until he is too feeble to get about. Why shouldn't he be given the privilege of working? At the present rate at which men are being thrown out of work because they have passed a stipulated age, even though they are not incapacitated, this country will have an overwhelming population of these so-called aged men within ten or fifteen years.—*H. D. G. Booth.*

## YOU'LL LEARN ABOUT WOMEN FROM THIS—MAYBE

Chicago, Ill.—What has become of the really effeminate, mysterious, charming women? Did they go out of style with repeal? Or did the World War give them too much freedom? Some women are now holding men's jobs when they should be home making meals for hubby. Such women are not a man's dream of what a woman should be. And there are other reasons why women have lost their charm. They boss men too much in business and in public. Their conversation is too brazen. They use profane language.

I do not mean to insult the weaker sex. But such is my opinion of modern women.—*L. Raab.*

## FIFTY ACRES PER MAN

Peoria, Ill.—Bernarr Macfadden's Back-to-the-Land Relief editorial (June 30 Liberty) is the proper solution to recovery. The government has today approximately 500,000,000 acres of vacant lands, exclusive of Alaska, that are available to homestead entry. Assuming there are 10,000,000 unemployed men, there would be an average of fifty acres for each one. Change the present Homestead Law so this land could be given to the unemployed, or sold for a dollar an acre with five years in which to complete the payments. Then advance each family a loan of $200 or less to buy a cow, a breeding sow, chickens, and a horse.—*C. T. Admire.*

Houston, Tex.—Back to the land, says Mr. Macfadden. But find me one acre fit to use and I'll find you a speculator who has " beat you to it " and wants his pound of flesh. The only way to recovery is through the single tax proposed by Henry George in his famous Progress and Poverty.—*Horatio.*

## "DAMYANKEES"

Sandy Point, Tex.—Tell P. W. Price, who wants to know what natives of Massachusetts are called (June 2 Vox Pop), that we have a name for them down here. We call them damyankees.

I liked Brassbound (beginning in May 12 Liberty), by Mary Bickel. It was one of Liberty's best stories.—*Mildred B. Damon.*

## THE BOOK EVERY ONE READS

Passaic, N. J.—H. C. Hamilton may be correct in his assumption in June 16 Vox Pop that the Bible is not the most read book. But it is beyond all reason to say, " Can you name any one who does read it? " With more than 200,000 churches in this country, there must be ministers who read it. My husband and I read our Bible daily, even though we do not attend church regularly.—*Mrs. R. W. Rhodes.*

Denver, Colo.—I can't believe that H. C. Hamilton is real. They just simply don't make people like that, don't you know. Of course everybody reads the Bible. It keeps my soul on top so I can make living worth while. It doesn't make a long-faced recluse of me.—*Daisy G. Lowe.*

## FROM A NOT UPSIDE-DOWN CHINAMAN

Fresno, Calif.—My, my, what a terrible-looking man Rudy Vallee must be. Let's hope Mrs. Charlotte B. Bengunes's little son will not grow up to look like an upside-down Chinaman. For I am a Chinaman, but not upside down, as Mrs. Bengunes wrote about in June 2 Vox Pop.—*Ah Sing Low.*

## CRITICISM MAKES GREAT CAUSES

Johnson City, Tenn.—I helped to create the New Deal with my vote, voice, and pen. I am still a New Dealer.

The New Deal, however, needs criticism more than anything else. Criticism makes great men, great causes, great issues, great parties. If the New Deal is to succeed, it must have competent criticism. Without Fenno and his Hamiltonians, Jefferson would never have been a great man and there probably would never have been a Democratic Party. Without Freneau, Hamilton and the Federalists would never have accomplished so much.

I look forward to disaster for the New Deal unless numerous of its policies are criticized by men competent and qualified to point out errors. No man can see errors in his own judgment, in his own policies. It requires some one on the outside to point out the defects.—*Thomas P. Gore, Attorney.*

## A SECRETARY OF PEACE

Columbus, Ohio—We now have a Secretary of War whose duties are primarily concerned with preparedness for a participation in war. Why not have a Secretary of Peace, whose duties will lie along the way of prevention of war and its attendant horrors?—*R. F. Williams, Realtor.*

## COCKEYED CROSS WORDS

Buffalo, N. Y.—The Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzle is great. We need humorous things these days. One can get ordinary Cross Word Puzzles in all the newspapers. It was a distinct change and to my way of thinking a very nice one.—*Eleanor Allan.*

Decatur, Ill.—I tried to solve Liberty's Cross Word Puzzles for eight years, but when I saw the cockeyed variety I gave up. It is worse than the first ones. Give somebody a chance!—*C. A. Rickey.*

Greensboro, N. C. — I congratulate you on having arrived at a higher estimation of the mental capacities of your puzzlers. If you have complaints from too many people that these new puzzles are over their heads, you may have to put in some designed for the primary class.—*William B. Penick.*

[Watch for Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles one week and conventional puzzles the next week.—Vox Pop Editor.]

## OTHER ADMIRABLE FEATURES

Bunkie, La.—I do not like everything printed in Liberty. But I appreciate very much most of Mr. Macfadden's editorials. Criminal Waste of Relief Funds (June 9) is one that the administration

# Pop

would do well to ponder. Liberty contains other admirable features: Twenty Questions with Answers, Vox Pop, and the Cross Word Puzzles.—*T. T. Trimble.*

### IS CANADA MAKING FASTER RECOVERY?

MONTREAL, QUE.—I know of no magazine that gets such a thorough cover-to-cover reading by Canadians as Liberty receives. I know this from what I see and what I hear in my travels (I am a commercial traveler) from Halifax to Vancouver. Its fiction is right up my alley and I like its editorials and departments nearly always.

If you will recognize a suggestion, though, perhaps you could print a piece showing why Canada's progress on the road to recovery seems to be making so much faster time than that caught so far by any clockers on the American economic tracks.—*Henry Boulanger.*

### MENCKEN RIGHT—OR WRONG?

WICHITA, KAN.—H. L. Mencken's Schoolhouses in the Red (June 16 Liberty) is surely worth reading. He is right and can express his opinions well. Most of our teachers are just blah: they extinguish, not kindle, the torch of learning. One in ten is really good.—*R. C.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I was not amazed at Mencken for his Schoolhouses in the Red, because he is only a bag of criticism. But I was amazed at Liberty for publishing such misleading statements. My belief in Liberty would be shattered did I not suspect that it published the article to make the public think—to make the public investigate why so little has been done for the children.—*William Harrison.*

### STRANGER THAN FICTION

CHATHAM, N. J. — I make it a point to tune in on the Friday evening broadcasts of Liberty's editor and enjoy them. Recently he asked his listeners' opinion regarding love stories, fact and fiction. As a lawyer and active member of the Elizabeth (New Jersey) Police Laboratory, also a magistrate and Referee in the Court of Domestic Relations, I feel I can testify qualifiedly in support of the proverb, Truth is stranger than fiction. Fiction writers often make errors and spoil an otherwise fine story. Take Beauty in His Brain, by Dana Burnet (June 16 Liberty), for example:

I habitually carry and occasionally use a revolver for the grim purpose for which it was designed. My associate, Colonel F. W. Roller of East Orange, New Jersey, and I promote revolver practice among the police and I have been a gun crank and collector all my life, and I know that when a revolver is loaded the rims of the six cartridges are plainly visible at the base of the cylinder.

In Burnet's story, Morton, the lawyer, took out five of the cartridges from the gangster Bracco's gun and passed it back to him. Any man familiar with that type of firearm could have seen the rim of the remaining cartridge under the cocked hammer and in line with the barrel. Bracco would have refused Morton's suggestion that he point the muzzle at his head and pull the trigger to show his faith in his lawyer. A man of Bracco's type would understand the functioning of his personal weapon.

However, this is not said in a spirit of carping criticism. I enjoyed reading the story and have a profound respect for Dana Burnet's ability as a writer. I merely wished to point out a technical error in fiction that spoiled a really fine story for me. I have also read descriptions of fictionized duels in other magazines that were wrong and impossible. —*Roy S. Tinney, Recorder, Borough of Chatham, Morris County, N. J.*

### CLEAN AND NOBLE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Trouper, by Helen Topping Miller (June 16-23 Liberty), contained something so clean and noble in the character of Luke Lindsay that I just must speak a word in its praise. Here's wishing Liberty all the success to which it is entitled.—*J. W. Fitzgerald.*

### MUST MARY STAY SINGLE TO HOLD HER JOB?

TILSTON, MAN.—As the depression lengthens, the more acute becomes the problem of young men and women who want to get married. For instance: John and Mary have been waiting four years already. His salary is not large enough to support both of them, but combined with Mary's they could make a go of it.

However, Mary's employer says that if she marries she must give up her job to make way for some single woman, and so Mary and John's engagement goes on indefinitely.

I think a law should be passed giving redress to girls whose employers discharge them for the sole reason that they get married.—*A. W. Vincent.*

### MONKEYS JABBER AT US

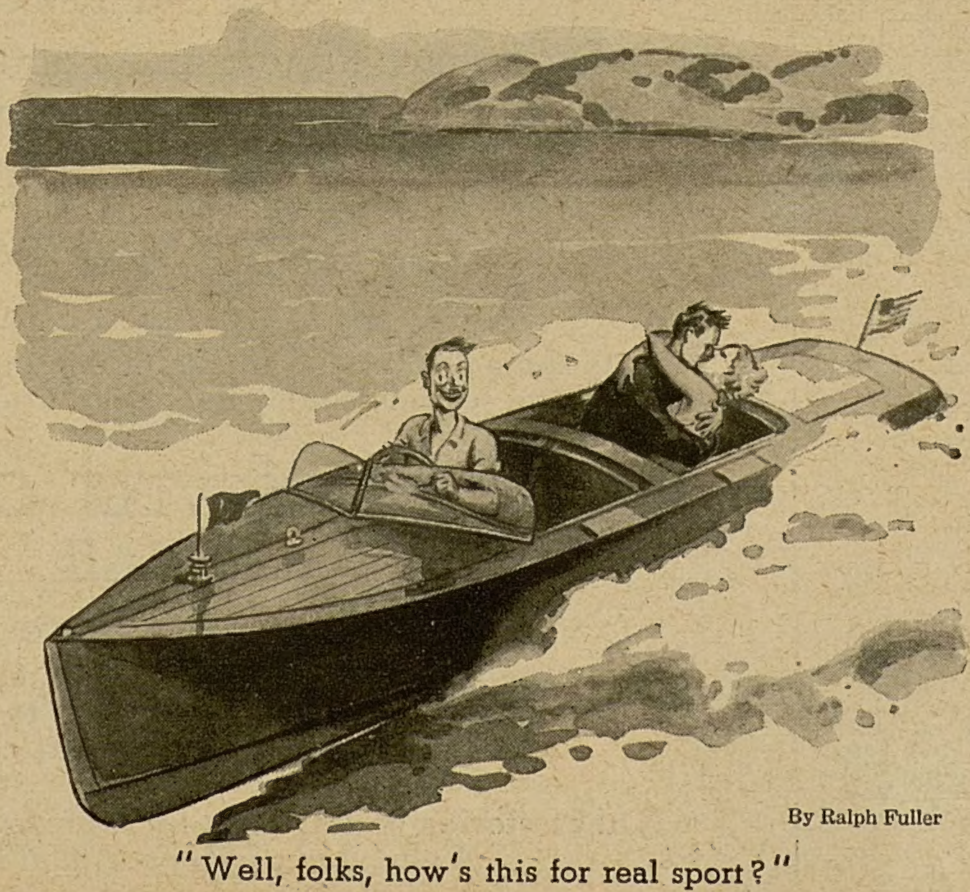
COVINGTON, KY.—In June 23 Liberty John Strachey asks, Why Do You Let Us Foreigners Insult You? I want to answer, We don't! The reason we tolerate English lecturers is because of our sense of humor and our charity for ignorance. Anything a foreigner might say would never startle or disturb an American. We know just what they are going to say before they have said it.—*Mrs. Richard Menefee.*

NEW HAVEN, IND.—We don't let foreigners insult us, regardless of what John Strachey said. We go to the zoo and let the monkeys jabber at us, but we don't consider that an insult. It's the same with the Europeans who come over here and lecture to us. We laugh at them, just like we do at the monkeys. —*G. A. Smith.*

### ARKANSAS NEVER FORGETS

BROOKINGS, S. D.—In 1930 South Dakota learned that Arkansas was suffering from a severe drought. Our people were in only moderate circumstances but we answered Arkansas' call for help. We collected grain, hay, food, clothing, and money and shipped them to our sister state in the South.

Then South Dakota suffered from drought, dust storms, and a plague of grasshoppers. Did Arkansas forget us? Not on your life! Hay, grain, and cotton-seed meal were shipped up to us and Arkansas' governor wired us: "Arkansas never forgets a friend." Our Governor Tom Berry wired back, "God bless Arkansas."—*Orville McCoun.*



By Ralph Fuller

"Well, folks, how's this for real sport?"

### AND LOOK WHAT IS PRICELESS!

PITTSBURGH, PA. — I have been a constant reader of Liberty since 1925. May I pay my very sincere compliments to the publication of one weekly magazine that is widely read and justly popular because it dares to be original and different?

Its editorials are well worth reading, stimulating and thought-provoking, even if one does not always agree with the opinions expressed. Vox Pop is priceless. It alone is worth the price of the magazine.

Liberty is so varied in its appeal that it is good entertainment for each member of the family.—*L. Lola Walker.*

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## PRESIDENTS CONTEST

### SOME $5 WINNERS

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Gerald Damush, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herbert F. Nimtz, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Eugene O'Hara, Augusta, Ga.; Arvid W. Olson, Athol, Mass.; Norman Ruessman, Cleveland, Ohio; Capt. James H. Oplinger, Tyner, Ind.; Jessie E. Russell, Modesto, Calif.; M. M. Kilroy, Arlington, Mass.; Ludwig C. Knuth, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Ia.

**Other prize winners on page 46**

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*Who proposes the novel experiment of enforcing the laws we have . . . "Killing a man is safer here than anywhere else on earth," he says. "When a conspicuous criminal is at large, it is because getting loose, under the grotesque system which now prevails among us, is at least twice as easy as staying in jail."*
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**Beginning**

## WILD WINGS

By Bogart Rogers and Frank M. Dazey

The thrilling love story of one mad flight

## NORMA SHEARER—THE ENIGMA OF HOLLYWOOD

By Clara Beranger

Is she a goddess or an inexorable machine? Here is the estimate of one who knows her well

## WHY ROOSEVELT GOES TO HAWAII

By Upton Close

A revelation of the hidden perils and problems of population which led the Navy to persuade the President to consider them at close range

Other stories and articles by Holworthy Hall, Philip Wylie, James Hopper, and others

# BLOW-OUTS COME WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT THEM

TED, YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING PRETTY FAST. AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF A BLOW-OUT?
WHY, THESE TIRES ARE ONLY FOUR MONTHS OLD. THEY WON'T BLOW-OUT!
1
BUT BANG! THEY DID HAVE A BLOW-OUT
2
THE CAR WON'T STOP! LOOK OUT!
3
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED IN BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS
4

# HERE'S REAL BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

## New Goodrich Silvertown With Life-Saver Golden Ply Gives Months of Extra Mileage, too

EVERYBODY'S happy. Car running smooth as a top. Roads perfect. But, don't forget, it takes more than that to prevent a blow-out—especially if one of those tiny, treacherous heat blisters has started to form inside the tire. Then it's just a matter of time until BANG! A blow-out! And what starts out as a pleasure trip, often winds up in a wreck—or worse.

### *What causes blow-outs*

When you are traveling 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour, the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific! Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms. It grows and grows until BANG!—You have a blow-out.

To protect motorists from blow-outs—to give you a tire that *will* stand up under today's high speeds, every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists *heat.* Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented *before* it begins. Isn't this evidence enough that this tire may save *your* life . . . will give you months of extra miles? And remember, this blow-out protection—plus longer wear—is really FREE! Because Goodrich Silvertowns—the only tires in the world with the Golden Ply—cost *no more* than other standard tires.

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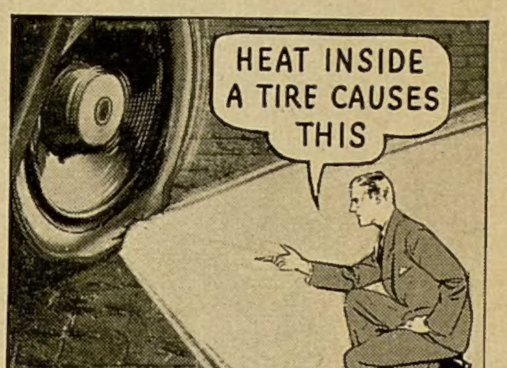
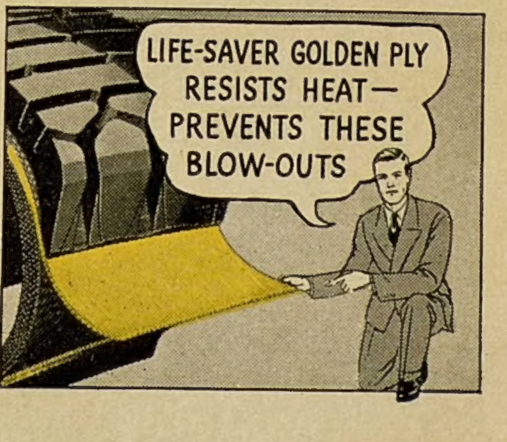
**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 396, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

*The* NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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